



PHILADELPHIA FROM STATE-HOUSE STEEPLE.



PHILADELPHIA:

ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT AND J. W. LAUDERBACH, PUBLISHERS.

A CENTURY AFTER:

Picturesque Glimpses

OF

PHILADELPHIA AND PENNSYLVANIA

INCLUDING

FAIRMOUNT, THE WISSAHICKON, AND OTHER ROMANTIC LOCALITIES,

WITH THE

CITIES AND LANDSCAPES OF THE STATE.

A PICTORIAL REPRESENTATION

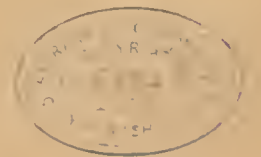
OF

SCENERY, ARCHITECTURE, LIFE, MANNERS AND CHARACTER.

EDITED BY EDWARD STRAHAN.

Philadelphia Edition
11

*Illustrated with Engravings by LAUDERBACH, from Designs by THOMAS MORAN, F. O. C. DARLEY, J. D. WOODWARD,
JAMES HAMILTON, F. B. SCHELL, E. B. BENSELL, W. L. SHEPPARD,
and other Eminent Artists.*



PHILADELPHIA:

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THE SCHUYLKILL FROM LANSDOWNE.

PREFACE.

THIS work explains its own plan, with the best eloquence of pen and pencil; and, like the City and Region to which it is dedicated, is a self-demonstrating Panorama.

Yet a preface is as proper to a book as marrow to a bone. The "Pith of a bone" being, as Rabelais observes, the condensed essence of the nourishment that is in it.

It is fitting, then, to express in a few words the plan of this publication, which is a delineation of PHILADELPHIA—the city fitly chosen for the nation's centenary festival—as it has been developed by a hundred years of the freedom proclaimed from its own Town Hall.

To this development nothing contributed so much as the wealth of Pennsylvania in two minerals far more precious than gold—Iron and Coal. These riches, discovered long after that Independence whose declaration is the pride of Philadelphia, came in like a dowry offered by Nature, expressly that the city, already most precious to the nation from moral considerations, should be fitly furnished with material wealth to maintain its dignity. It is, then, especially appropriate that the State which confers the real benefits of opulence should be depicted beside the City which created the ideal of Independence. Philadelphia, therefore, with the noble Commonwealth in which it reposes, the sister cities which vie with it in developing Pennsylvania's mineral and agricultural wealth, the beauties of Allegheny landscapes, the charm of interior valleys and rivers, are all eminently appropriate to a work of this memorial character.

There is no other city where the varieties of wild landscape so closely surround and so boldly invade a civilization given over to material industries. Besides the broad Delaware, the exquisite Schuylkill, a stream far more beautiful than the Arno, bathes one side of the city, and into this Italian sheet of water slides the wild Wissahickon, coming down pure from its "savage gorges and cold springs" as primitive as a stream of the wilderness, yet easily accessible to the

most sedentary citizen. The conditions of climate, which blend at this particular spot the characters of the arctic and semi-tropical regions, combining the summer southern fruits, birds, and insects, with the sports of northern snow and ice, add peculiar variety to its artistic aspects.

That among the edifices of Philadelphia is the cradle of our national liberties, is perhaps honor enough for any metropolis; but it is to be remarked that, in addition to Independence Hall and other historical specimens of pre-Revolutionary architecture, Philadelphia contains the noblest specimens of pure Greek style in the country; and a wealth of private homes, its greatest pride, the models of middle-class comfort to all the world.

To illustrate this City and this State with all the resources of Art is the design of the present work. For that purpose the most skillful artists in the country have long been at work, and it is the privilege of the publishers to assure the public that the engravings prepared for "A Century After" are unapproached for artistic beauty, spirit, and accuracy by any previous publication.

The metropolitan character and productive arts of Philadelphia; its patriotic position in reviving the American commercial marine destroyed in the late war, by the equipment of a fleet of European steamers; its importance as a nucleus of railways which connect the whole country together; its world-famous colleges, whence have sprung Schools of Law and Medicine that lead all others on the continent; these, with other features which give it intellectual or physical importance, will be portrayed or described.

Unique as this Manufacturing Centre of a free Commonwealth is on the globe to-day or in all past time, the moment has come to fix its image in the eyes of the people. With its almost complete two centuries of existence and its hundred years of independence, it is now ready to receive the homage of its children who love it, in the shape of a descriptive and pictorial portrait.

A CENTURY AFTER.



VESTIBULE, INDEPENDENCE HALL.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

A PICTURESQUE bluff covered with pine-trees, on the Delaware, was chosen in 1682 as the site of Philadelphia. The first inhabitants lived, not uncomfortably, in caves hollowed out in this bank. Rapidly advancing from east to west, Philadelphia is a page that has been written, like a Hebrew manuscript, from right to left.

Colonies always plant cities in a regular geometrical form; it is the old feudal and barbarian systems that have left us the agglomerated streets of Europe and Asia—so artistic, and so inconvenient. Penn laid out his capital as methodically as the Romans did theirs when they used to colonize. He ruled his streets straight out towards the west, naming them from the trees they displaced, such as cedar, spruce, and sassafras; not, as Mr. Longfellow has it, to appease the dryads whose haunts he molested, for he had a horror of the heathen mythology, but because he meant his city to be a rural city, and to rustle eternally with the breath of trees and shrubbery. The lateral streets he intersected with others running nearly north and south; and in designating these his imagination seems to have failed; for he gave up naming the streets, and simply numbered them.

A Court-House was completed in 1710, and sheltered the Assembly, until 1735. This structure being outgrown, the building now known as Independence Hall, but originally as the State-House, was begun in 1732. The site of the new structure was selected on Chestnut Street, which thenceforth and until now is the principal thoroughfare. The location was then rather beyond the growth of the city, and the edifice remained for some time the westernmost that the capital could boast. A little tavern—a suburban garden structure—was opposite on Chestnut Street, to which in 1701 Penn, the Founder, liked often to walk for an innocent glass of home-brewed beer; and the fine trees belonging to this hostelry long swept the old hall with their shadows.

The last of the primeval elms from the inn-yard was felled in 1818; the genial Governor, Richard Penn, in memory of his worthy ancestor, had paid it and its fellows the tribute of a tear; as its long branches crashed against the eastern wing of the State-House, the citizens looked on with thoughtful regret, feeling that it made a link directly between the epoch of Independence and the Foundation. Often had the little grove shadowed William Penn, as he made the inn a station in his suburban walks, giving "black Alice" her punctual penny in return for the live coal for his pipe,

"And quoting Horace o'er her home-brewed beer."

The ancient Court-House, for which Independence Hall is the substitute, after standing one hundred and twenty-seven years at Second and Market Streets, was pulled down in 1837; and its belfry and arched passage-ways,—its broad sweep of external stairways, descending to the pavement in double curves from the balcony on which Whitfield had stood to preach,—vanished as other colonial

relics have done. The State-House, though but four or five blocks away, was so entirely beyond the heart of the town as to seem like a citadel without the walls. There were no pavements on the streets around it, and the children jealously watched its rise from the field where they had been wont to go whortle-berrying. The architect was Andrew Hamilton, and it was finished, according to the original plan, but without the steeple, in 1744, after twelve years of effort.

There is no more sturdy style in the world than that of "a solid red-brick mansion of the Georgian era," as an English writer relishingly remarks.



CORRIDOR, INDEPENDENCE HALL.

The architecture of the Augustan age of England, which got its finishing touches from Pope and Horace Walpole, and culminated in Blenheim, is singularly devoid of pretense, convenient, snug, and satisfying; while its dumpy ornaments of balustrades and urns, marble trimmings, string-courses, tablets, corner-dressings, and lintels with wedge-shaped keystone, have an expression all their own, and the red of its bricks acquires with age a becoming gloom that only needs letting alone to be perfect. The present steeple, erected forty-six years ago in the taste of the original, shows the more decorative side of the Queen Anne

style in its wooden urns that hold nothing, its Ionic pilasters sketched out on the tower, and its wreath around the clock-face; the halls inside are ornamented, like some of Hogarth's interiors, with mouldings, panelings, and grotesque faces above the doorways. Altogether, the Hall is a richly satisfactory specimen of the palace architecture at the close of Queen Anne's great reign of victories.

Mayor Allen opened it with a grand banquet, in honor of Governor John Penn, in the autumn of 1735. The fine building then sat in a muddy desolation; in the square on either side was a long shed, for storage purposes, and for the bivouacs of the Indians, who used to rush to the Provincial shelter at every difficulty, and who loved to vary with the wonders of the town the ennui of their noble and vacant lives. The building was afterwards extended with clerks' bureaus and legal offices so as to span the whole block; an addition without a gain. Otherwise it stands, much as it stood in the Revolution, and looks equally sturdy and uncompromising in the leafy shadows of summer or hooded with snow in winter.

When England, almost simultaneously with its acquisition of India, was to lose America, the building put up for such different purposes was ready to shelter the sublime treason of 1776. On the 4th of July of that year the Declaration of Independence, drafted by Jefferson, Franklin, Livingston, Sherman and Adams, was adopted by Congress, and ordered to be engrossed. It was publicly read on the 8th, from the platform of the observatory erected in the State-House yard, for watching the Transit of Venus, by the American Philosophical Society.

The principles on which the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania was founded were a direct preparation for the Independence declared from her metropolis. Penn's theories of jurisprudence were imbibed from Locke, and from Algernon Sidney, who, in a year or two after his Quaker friend's departure, died for them on a scaffold. "Obedience without liberty is slavery," was a maxim of Penn's; and his foundation of absolute religious and civil freedom was the highway he built up in the wilderness for the great advent of Liberty, which afterwards illumined his metropolis. Never was there arranged by fate a correspondence more apposite than that the City of Penn should enunciate the principles of Franklin. Penn's doctrines were the terror of the very monarch from whom he derived his charter; their enforcement in practice had dethroned and slain that monarch's father; and in their due course they developed and blossomed into American Independence.

In Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" there is a fine dialogue between Penn and Peterborough, the friend of Swift and Pope. The scene of their talk is laid among the forests of Pennsylvania, and is founded on a passage of Spence, where



STATE-HOUSE.

Peterborough says he took a trip with Penn to his new colony. As Landor supplies the conversation between the aristocrat and the friend of freedom, it goes pretty much in favor of the latter. As the two discuss, from their horses' saddles, the principles of government, Penn sends forth, over his black mare's ears, the opinion that it is men of genius who are wanted in a government, fully as much as what are called men of business. "As if men of genius," indignantly cries Penn, "were not men of business in the highest sense of the word—of business in which the state and society are implicated for ages!"

This golden definition was well illustrated in the revolutionary era, when the finest body of men at that time sitting in any of the parliaments of the world conceived and maintained the theory of our Republic. These statesmen had the courage to break an old order, the valor to maintain the new one, and the wisdom to fortify it with laws and a constitution. The first and second Congresses of our nation comprised the flower of the characters of that age, an assembly more perfect in the ideal qualities of such a body than any Roman senate. As a whole body they ruled higher for talents, firmness and good judgment, than any national assemblage known to history. "Lord Chatham said," remarks Franklin in a letter, "he thought it the most honorable assembly of men that had ever been known;" and he doubles this valuable opinion of the great Commoner with the corresponding sentiments, worth more to his mind than ours, of Lord Cobham, the Duke of Richmond, and the Duke of Manchester.

But the external treatment of Independence Hall, rather than what was done in it and the interior aspect, is the business of the present paragraphs. The men of the early Congresses, and all that they dared and did within the walls, will be more appropriately considered when we come to visit the inside of the building. Valuable museums of sacred relics are now kept up in the east hall, where the Continental Congress met, and in the corresponding chamber across the corridor. The overwhelming associations connected with these places will be treated of at a future opportunity, and the subject, now, will go no farther than the vestibule.

In that vestibule, visible even from the street, is seen an object of the highest interest,—the bell which tolled triumphantly while John Nixon read the Declaration in the State-House yard.

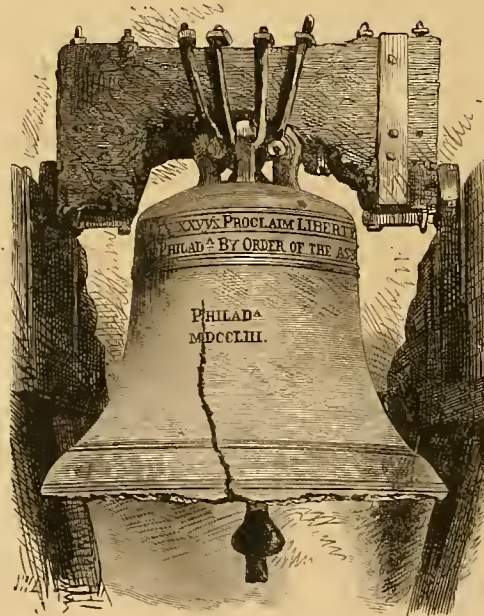
When the Pennsylvanians were building their State edifice, they ordered an English bell. It was finished to order and brought across in 1752; but the tones learned in Britain could not be repeated in the land prepared for Democracy. The bell, on its first trial in this country, was found to have lost its voice. It was ordered to be recast, and there was skill enough in the colony to do the task; the



INDEPENDENCE HALL.

bell now examined by visitors is, therefore, American in its workmanship, as by right of its national office it ought to be. Pass and Stow were the artificers who undertook to remodel this largest mass of bell-metal in the colonies, and the imperfection caused by too sturdy a stroke of the clapper on the trial passed away, with the British form and outline of the work. For the "greatest bell in English America," as the Speaker of that day called it, a new device was chosen; this was the selection of the same Speaker, and the motto adopted shows the irresistible leaven of freedom among the people, even a quarter of a century in advance of the Declaration. The words executed in relief around the bell are from the tenth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus: "Proclaim Liberty throughout the Land unto all the Inhabitants thereof." It was with this device of good Speaker Norris's choice that the great bronze mouth was encircled when it pealed forth the new liberty to the crowds in the square. The bell in being remelted had corrected its tones—whether this indicates that the citizens threw their spoons and jewelry into the melting pot is not known; but Norris, in a letter, says it surpassed the imported one, "which was too high and brittle."

The bell has long been relieved from active service; a deep chiseled cut is seen in one side of it; having uttered the magic sound of "Liberty," it is now absolved from all meaner utterance: and it sits in its stout old age like a dumb Invalid, uttering to the mind a clearer sound through its inscription than it ever uttered to the ear with its clapper.



OLD CHURCHES.

THE oldest in the city is the Swedes' Church, on Swanson Street, below Christian. In the Swedish village named Wicaco,—the region afterwards called Southwark,—in 1677, before the site of Phila-

delphia was fixed, these Northmen built their log cathedral. As was common enough at the time, the building was a fort as well as a church, and the only windows were the loop-holes, through which the old matchlocks were

to be pointed at the Indian marauders. A thrilling fight took place here late in the seventeenth century, the defence being conducted entirely by Amazons, with that readiness of resource which always characterizes female warfare. A grand-daughter of the Swedish burgher, Sven Schute, a woman born in 1692, participated in



SWEDES' CHURCH.

the fray, and related it afterwards in London, where she died at a great age. A friendly squaw,—a medicine-woman,—coming with herbs to the house of the Svens, gave notice of an intended attack from her tribe. The Scandinavian ladies were engaged in soap-boiling at the moment, and nothing seemed more

natural than to convert the kettle of fat into ammunition for defence: they accordingly lifted the boiling vessel into the church, not forgetting the fire-wood required to keep it hot, and then with their conch-shells sounded the alarm. All the women of Wicaco gathered in the church, and as the warriors began to undermine the foundations they received on their bare, red backs a spirited fire of the terrible material, which in due time sent them off howling and parboiled. May not Defoe have heard of this incident, and used it in a well-known episode of *Robinson Crusoe*?

At length the Swedes determined to build a temple worthy of themselves and of New Sweden. Their compatriots of the State of Delaware having erected, in 1698, a fine church in the village of Christinaham, just outside of Wilmington, the Swedes of Wicaco dedicated this edifice in 1700. They subscribed both in money and work, and hung a great bell—said to have had silver in its metal—within the belfry. The glebe belonging to the church contained twenty-seven acres. An inlet from the river led up to the building, and its shores were lined on Sabbath-days with the canoes of the congregation, moored in the shade of the great sycamores. The Archbishops of Sweden sent a series of commissaries, authorized to serve as pastors. They were allowed a house and farm, with the salary of a hundred rix-dollars. When the present church was being built, and all the congregation were contributing the labor of their hands, the priest was seen among them, humbly carrying the hod.

The stout old sanctuary, built so as to look without interruption or obstacle on the Delaware, is long since imprisoned in a mass of common-place buildings. It faces towards Otsego Street, from which it is reached through its own cemetery. The beautiful orchard and tuft of sycamore-trees have disappeared; and the clashing and hammering from the neighboring Navy-Yard have taken the place of the songs of garden-birds, whose abundance so struck the fancy of Wilson, the ornithologist, that he selected this sequestered cemetery for his last rest.

Christ Church was begun in 1727, (just before Independence Hall), and finished with its graceful steeple in 1754. It must be remembered that at this date the State Church of England was the preponderating religion of the colony, and that Anglicanism had some authority for demanding an adequate shrine. The efforts of the "hot church party" had been for a long while in bitter conflict with those of the Friends, and in due time had prevailed.

The steeple—one of the most tasteful designs of its day—was built with the profit of two lotteries, and cost two thousand pounds. On the mitre was engraved the venerable name of the first Bishop, William White. The chime of



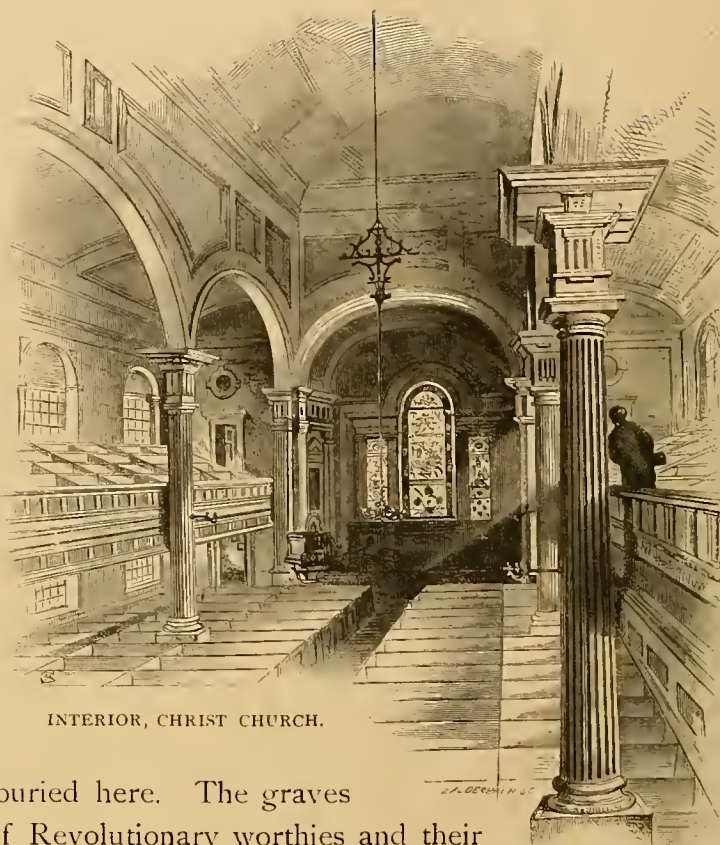
CHRIST CHURCH.

eight bells, cast in England, by Lester & Pack, cost nine hundred pounds, and was long unique in the country. Summoned by these bells, the whole collection of Revolutionary worthies assembled to worship at the beautiful shrine. During Washington's presidency, the yellow four-horse chariot and grooms were punctual at service, and the beloved magistrate received from the congregation a homage almost beyond what is properly paid to man. Christ Church now stands in the midst of sordid business traffic, yet, on the Sabbath, its ancient dignity returns, and over the pavements, deserted except by worshippers, the faithful congregation streams up to the portal, where so many noble memories enter before them.

The Bishop—the ever-venerated White—was twitted in the July of 1776 with the risk of hanging. He had just sworn allegiance to the Union. "I perceive by your gesture that you thought I was exposing my neck to great danger by the step I have taken," he said; "I know my danger, and that it is the greater on account of my being a clergyman of the Church of England. But I trust in Providence; the cause is a just one and will be protected." He died on a pleas-

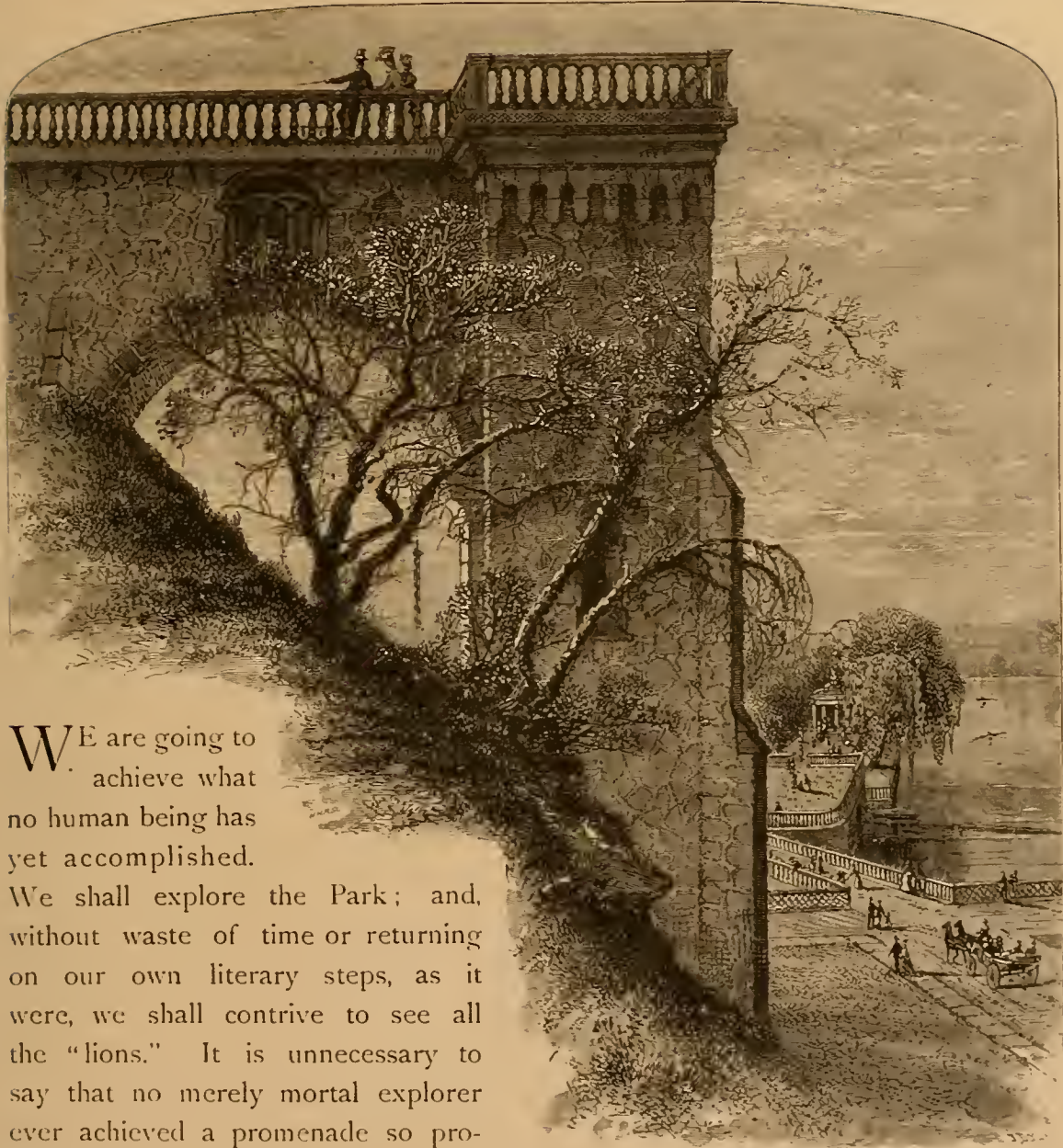
ant Sunday in 1836, and was buried here. The graves around are full of the bones of Revolutionary worthies and their families. Robert Morris, Richard Asheton, and many others who worshipped here, lie peacefully in the shade of walls that have shaded the whole noble assemblage of the "Republican Court,"—the President, his counsellors and staff, the famous Generals who achieved the Revolution, the skeptical Jefferson, as well as the humbly-pious Washington, besides the foreign ambassadors who accumulated in Philadelphia as the young nation was recognized by one European power after another. Here, at one time, and for many years, rested the remains of the gallant Mercer, who at Princeton gave up his life for his country. Here, also, for nearly sixty years, mouldered the bones of the witty, erratic, conceited, and—as modern historians have shown—treacherous Charles Lee, whose vanity led him to endeavor to supplant Washington, but failing in that ambition he would have gone over to the British, like Arnold, if death had not interfered.

No better spot for meditation can be found by those Americans whose love of country is of a reflecting and retrospective kind than Christ Church, and no shrine is more hallowed with the sacred dangers of the epoch of Independence or the rich blessings of a Century After.



INTERIOR, CHRIST CHURCH.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.



OBSERVATORY NEAR THE BASIN.

WE are going to achieve what no human being has yet accomplished.

We shall explore the Park; and, without waste of time or returning on our own literary steps, as it were, we shall contrive to see all the "lions." It is unnecessary to say that no merely mortal explorer ever achieved a promenade so productive.

The hardest pedestrian, exhausting the longest summer day, comes home footsore, and, asked if he noticed this or that, answers wearily: "No. I was tired, and brought up half-way. The Park is impenetrable."



ARCHED PATHWAYS—FAIRMOUNT.

But no limitations of time or endurance need hinder our description. It shall be an Asmodeus, of which the crutches are pen and pencil; its passage may be limping, but it shall be tireless; and its eyesight shall pierce not alone through Asmodeus's roofs, but through the earth itself sometimes, to discover the lessons of life or the memories and secrets of the grave.

The site of FAIRMOUNT PARK was prophetically marked out for feats of landscape-gardening. Some Edens are predestinate. The Adam of this new region, PENN himself, said in 1701, "my eye is on Fairmount." He meant to build his manor there. And certainly no site for a Governor's park could be so attractive as the

graceful little mountain, the first eminence that met the pioneer's eye in ascending the beautiful Schuylkill.

Long after this—yet also long before its acquisition as a city pleasure-ground—the adjacent knoll became one of the typical gardens of America. As "Pratt's Garden," the estate, now merged in the Park, and localized as "Lemon Hill," attracted the botanists of fifty years ago. The late Mr. A. J. DOWNING—that artist in living landscape, whose pleasant destiny it was to cover the country with gardens—tells of this American Versailles, awarding it praise and prominence in his quietly-enthusiastic manner. Speaking of the spot in 1841, in the



FAIRMOUNT GARDEN.

celebrated work he has left on Landscape-Gardening, he mentions it as "a familiar example of the Geometric style;" and goes on to inventory the quaint, Frenchified parterres devised by PRATT on the ruins of Robert Morris's estate: "Pratt's Gardens, when in their perfection some ten years ago," he observes, "were filled with a collection of the rarest and most costly exotics, as well as a great variety of fine native trees and shrubs, which, interspersed with statues and busts, ponds, *jets-d'eau*, and water-works of various descriptions, produced certainly a very brilliant though decidedly artificial effect. An extensive range of hot-houses, as well as every other gardenesque structure, gave variety and interest to this celebrated spot."

The scene thus extolled is obliterated at present among the attractions of a vastly larger domain; but it is well to remember that, near the entrance of FAIRMOUNT PARK, there is included, as a mere contracted nucleus, an earlier masterpiece; a plot which, after having served as an estate for the Revolutionary financier, became in our fathers' youth the most elaborate garden in the country.

FAIRMOUNT PARK is unique in America in one respect. Every foot of ground teems with association. It is no raw creation, laid out in an inert and sleeping suburb, far in advance of a city's march of improvement, and ignorant of a history. Long before we were a nation, this garden was trodden by footsteps that are now historic; its very sods are sensitive; they vibrate to the memories of near two hundred years.



THE FOREBAY.



VIEW FROM TERRACE, NEAR
STAND-PIPE.

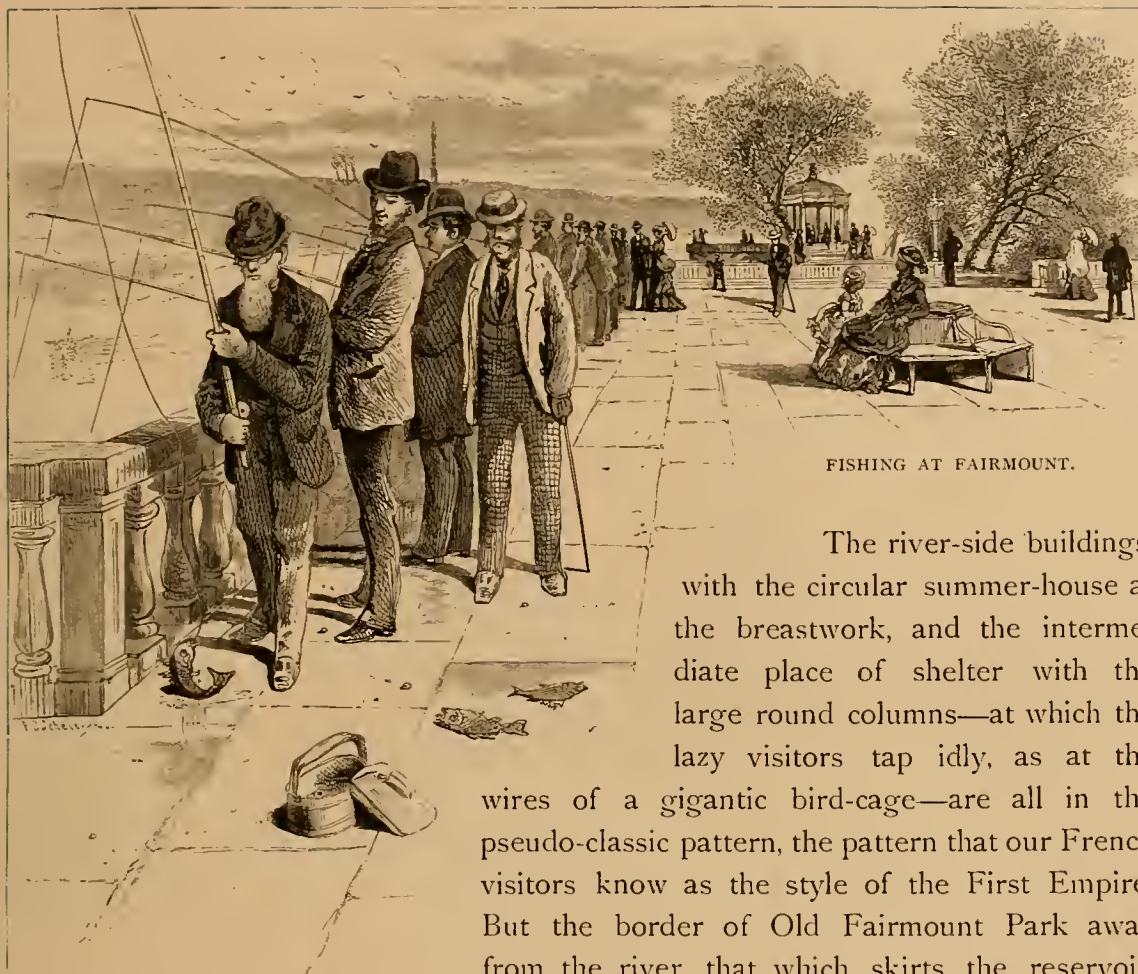
The name of "FAIRMOUNT PARK" now extends its defining outline around the enormous landscape to the north and west, though the cognomen "Fairmount," in the minds of old-fashioned citizens, applies more expressively to the basin and little garden connected with the water-works. We shall soon take leave of "Fairmount" in its restricted sense, to make acquaintance with "Fairmount" at large.

The scene we are about to explore contains nearly three thousand acres, divided by the river Schuylkill into the East and West Parks. We begin with the East Park. We tie up the thongs of our walking-boots, and with stout heart we begin the exploration.

At once we step back half a century as we enter the trim little garden that basks at the base of Fairmount Basin. Everything is in the taste of 1822, the year when the water-works were put in operation. Steam was used for a few years anterior to the completion at that date of the dam and the large wooden water-wheels; the latter are now yielding to turbines, with an ultimate pumping capacity of twenty-four thousand gallons a day.

Straight, narrow pathways lead to the fountain, to the prospect-houses and belvederes, to the wheel-houses and race. The art of that day was very Greek indeed, and we constantly find ourselves in porticoes and peristyles that are ultra-Athenian in pattern, while the material is as carefully restricted to wood as they say were the earliest huts of the Greek builders. As an exception, the bust of Graff, the engineer who designed this Marly, is set up under a monument of Gothic design, an elegant little canopy in white marble. A few statues stud the grounds: that of Leda with her swan, whose slender jet falls into the forebay near the stand-pipe, is an American antique. It was at first the ornament of the old water-works, on the site of the present Municipal Buildings, and was modeled to represent Miss Vanuxem, a reigning belle of the day. William Rush, an ingenious carver of figure-heads for Philadelphia's infant marine, executed the statue; from the same hand are the images of Wisdom and Justice (ornaments originally placed on a triumphal arch for Lafayette's reception in 1824) which now occupy the Saloon. Do not be shocked if you perceive a certain chilly atmosphere while contemplating them; from those wooden faces twenty centuries—of weeks—look down upon you; and the Saloon used to be the engine-house of the works.

Near by, in the waste of waters outside, the pouring sheet of foam falls over the dam, and the surplus water from the pumps rolls into the Schuylkill again from the low arches at the river's edge. Here the finny tribes of the stream congregate—the cat-fish and rock-fish, the golden carp long ago escaped from garden ponds near by and multiplied since, and the black bass, newly introduced by pisciculture; and here, among others, idle gentlemen of independent fortune assemble to angle for them, precisely as similarly-situated Izaak Waltons fish perpetually from the bridges of Paris. The same faces are seen day by day in this group of city sportsmen.

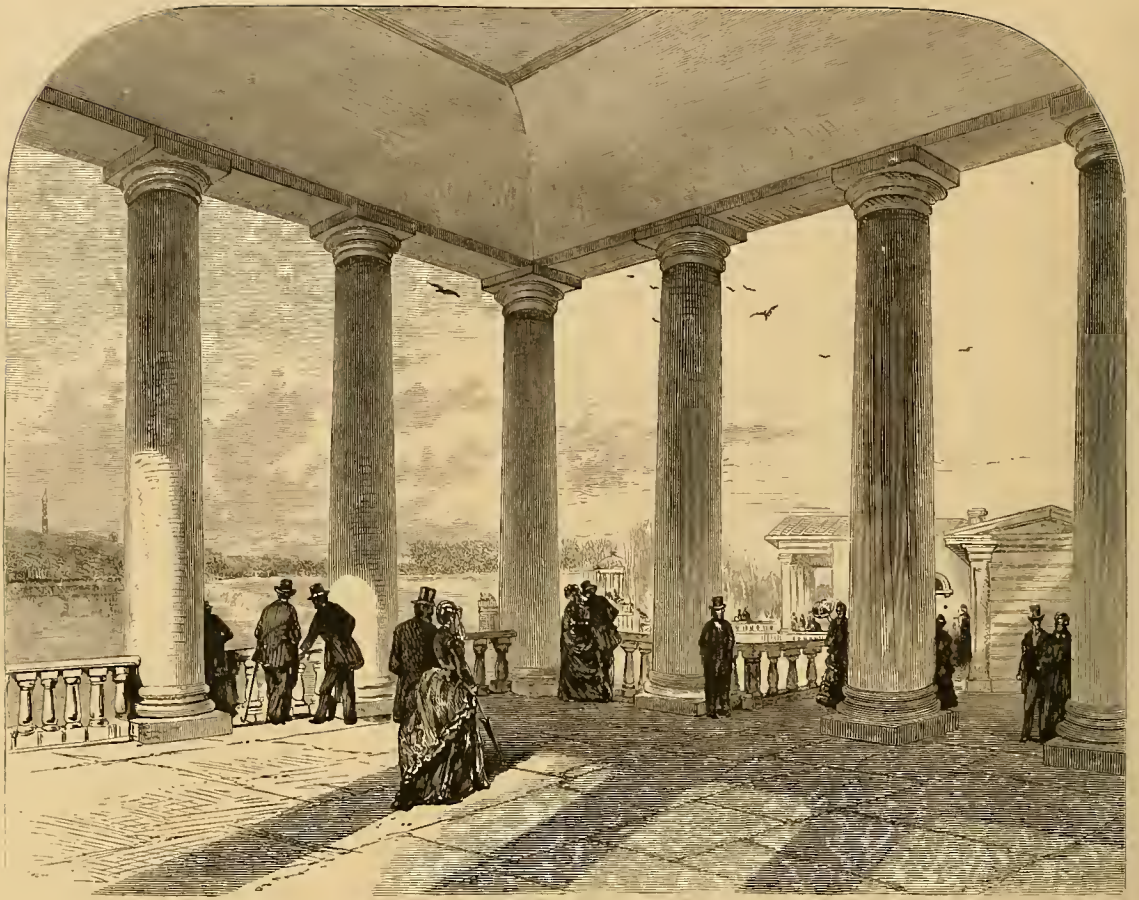


FISHING AT FAIRMOUNT.

The river-side buildings, with the circular summer-house at the breastwork, and the intermediate place of shelter with the large round columns—at which the lazy visitors tap idly, as at the wires of a gigantic bird-cage—are all in the pseudo-classic pattern, the pattern that our French visitors know as the style of the First Empire. But the border of Old Fairmount Park away from the river, that which skirts the reservoir,

shows another order of forms, and very sturdy and cyclopean they are. The rocky side of the basin overshadows the visitor as he enters the garden, and nods frowning above his head; the stony ravines which cleave the hill are spanned—where the pathway winds up in zigzags—with gloomy and humid arches, doubled and mounted on each others' shoulders, and altogether as grim-looking as the grottoes and caves in "Boboli's ducal bowers." High above them, just like one of the square bell-towers of Florence, rises an imposing structure—in the merciless language of prose, a stand-pipe; a causeway leads up to it from the hill, over a circular arch: and so rich and harmonious is the design of these utilitarian structures, that the tower and vine-hung system of arches and terrace-walks appear altogether like an illustration of Turner's for the journey of Childe Harold. Italy itself is not always so Italian-looking.

We dwell on these details—among which every step makes a picture—to point out how compact and architectural are all the features; so different from



PORTICO OVER WHEEL-HOUSE.

the garniture of some parks, made up principally of structures in rustic-work that bristle like porcupines with fibres of dead bark, and look generally like straw ornaments on a "what-not." Among these ponderous edifices, built for use yet turned to ornamental account, the artist is tempted to fill his sketch-book with effects, and forgets to wish for Europe. The diagonal edge of shadow under a great arch, the iron gloom of native rocks, the trail of vines in a steep gully down which an unraveled rivulet is depending, the square cut of a tower whose cornice, almost a hundred feet above the river, drives into the sky like a chisel,—these are grouped in a way that might tempt foreign artists from abroad, rather than allow our own to go thither for their themes.

We clamber up the zigzags,—it is the beginning of what our muscles are to pay for this exploration,—and arrive at the summit of the basin, partitioned into several reservoirs.

From the eminence of Fairmount Basin the pedestrian can throw his comprehensive glance, not merely upon the many-bridged Schuylkill, but likewise upon the features of the land. Toward the westward the view extends across the river to the crest of Belmont, whose tufts of hemlocks are planted at a height of two hundred and forty-three feet above tide-water. Old Fairmount Garden lies immediately beneath; the space just to the north, between the Basin and Green street, is laid out with straight walks, fountains and resting-places, in the style rather of a Square than a Park, and forms a suitable introduction to the meandering avenues and wild beauties of East Park. To the eastward lies the city, with its spires and domes, among which are conspicuous the cupola and cross of



FOUNTAIN AND STAND-PIPE.

the Cathedral, and the group of temples at Broad and Arch streets, as well as the fluted shafts of Girard College.

The rim of the basin is so extensive as to afford not one, but many, points of observation, and a still greater variety of views is obtained from the terrace or observatory connected with the adjacent stand-pipe. The purpose of this observatory is by no means restricted to ornament; its massive pier conceals the pipe through which water is pumped to fill the stand-pipe just by, whose great elevation

secures a flow into the upper stories of the city mansions: as the visitor paces the fine level causeway of the observatory, the rush and pulse of a great arterial system of water-supply is going on incessantly beneath his feet.

We pause and loiter on the elevation, loth to descend from the eminence of so enviable an outlook. Other visitors are pausing also,—reading books in the arbors, watching the racing-shells upon the river, or catching on their brows the fresh hemlock-scented breeze. There are those, too, who consider an arbor on a hill the very place for a little quiet flirtation, as if privacy was nowhere so certain as in such a spot. But getting up on a pedestal is never the safest way to avoid being seen, and the doings



ARBOR ON BASIN.

on the hill-top may come to be proclaimed on the house-top. Of all cruel betrayals, however, of love's blind confidence, there is nothing to compare with the revelations that sometimes have been made by the camera-obscura, in the neighboring pleasure-grounds at Lemon Hill. Fred and Georgiana, straying from a croquet-party, have just discovered a pretty nook in the shrubbery; Fred's arm—after much hesitation and desperate plucking-up of courage—has found a sort of orbit in which to surround the waist of Georgiana; when lo! from the terrible

lens of the camera, a complete picture of the transaction is projected on the field of vision; the cynical instrument has recorded the whole sweet comedy, for the benefit of disrespectful and scoffing spectators. It seems too cruel a thing to do; but there is no reporter or interviewer so utterly unfeeling as the camera-obscura, and if you will take Georgiana there yourself, it will do it again.

The idlers at the base of the reservoir, however, are more abundant than those at its top. On fine days the garden, with its saloon, porticoes, and summer-houses, is thronged; nurse-maids and holiday servant-girls, in startling magnificence of costume, gather wisdom by inspecting the machinery in the wheel-houses. The rock-fish and black bass and whiskered "catties," biting with considerable keenness at the bait of amateur fishermen, make the scene a lively one around the dam, both for themselves and for the spectators. The neat little steamboats at the landing (there are five of them now built) are heavily freighted with excursionists. Children are devouring gingerbread and getting into mischief. It is the Tuileries Garden as contrasted with the Bois de Boulogne. It is domestic and humble,—a sort of big open-air nursery; the pomps of equipages, and procession of fashion, are to be found in the freer portions of the Park.

The driving begins at the Green street entrance, skirts the promontory of Lemon Hill, and pours forth over Girard Avenue Bridge into the ample latitude of the West Park. As we descend from the Reservoir and proceed northwardly, we are soon involved in the stream of smoothly-bowling carriages; but since we are pedestrians, we may indulge ourselves with a more leisurely view of things than their occupants can enjoy. In a fine open space, between the East Park main drive and the river drive, not far from the Brown street gate, we are struck by the great monument to Lincoln, a structure thirty-two feet high.

Hereabouts is the sole chalybeate spring known to visitors of Fairmount Park. A many-colored Moorish structure, like a kiosk, surmounts the fount and its drinking-vessels, and here, as at "Hathorn" or "Congress," in Saratoga, we may see daily drinking the few enthusiasts who adopt the iron-flavored water as a regimen. Every stranger, as a matter of course, tastes the fountain on finding himself in the neighborhood, on the principle we all blindly follow, that anything nauseous must be somehow good for the soul. It is likely that the spring was known to William Penn himself; his farm of Springettsberry lay hereabout, and he probably alluded to this fountain in a letter wherein he says: "There are mineral waters, which operate like Barnet and North Hall, that are not two miles from Philadelphia." The water is medicinal enough, doubtless; but it is almost a satire to include such a dose of physic in a great pleasure-ground. The true

medicines of the Park are Exercise, Recreation, Air, Beauty, and healthy Fatigue; and the owner of a good horse, or a sound pair of legs, who will come and take these delicious remedies every day, will have no need of the mineral spring.

A short distance within the Green street gate is the Art Gallery, wherein a sufficiently interesting collection of paintings and statuary is always kept up. It is hardly necessary to describe an enterprise now in its infancy, a collection constantly changing, and a gallery which at present is but an earnest of what it is meant to be in the future. Many thousands of visitors, however, have already blessed the day when the idea of this local Louvre took effect, enabling them without trouble or further journeying to get admission to such fine gallery-pictures as Rothermel's "Gettysburg," Pauwels' allegory of American Immigration, and other important works, to say nothing of interesting retrospective sketches, such as Birch's painting of the hill of Fairmount, as it appeared before the establishment of the water-works. The Fairmount Park Art Association is a body of disinterested citizens who give their time and means to collecting artistic monuments for the decoration of the Park, and to establishing a standard of taste for the proper discrimination and arrangement of such objects as may be offered. They have shown what they can do in the way of eliciting funds, by obtaining donations amounting to such figures as ten and twelve thousand dollars per year: the statue of the "Penserosa," and the bronze group of "The Dying Lioness," by Wolff, of Berlin, have been purchased. A contribution of twenty bronze cannon was made to the Association by Congress, in June, 1874, as material for an equestrian statue of General Meade. May the cultured gentlemen who unite to form the body keep their standard high, and admit no Art into this peerless landscape that shall form an insult to the beautiful Nature around!

We are still lingering near the entrance, and, in point of geographical extent, have as yet covered absolutely nothing of the Park. The eminence of Lemon Hill is just before us; opposite, on the other side of the river, and likewise within the Park, is Solitude, formerly the home of John Penn, grandson of the Founder of our State.

The various portions of the pleasure-ground are still designated by the names of the private estates which went to compose it, such as The Hills (or Lemon Hill), Solitude, Sedgely, Fountain Green, Mount Pleasant, Rockland, Belleville, Ormiston, Edgeley, Woodford, Strawberry Mansion, Sweetbrier, Lansdowne, George's Hill, Belmont, Ridgeland, and Chamouni: so numerous are the individual interests which must be sacrificed when a city gives a present of three thousand acres to the public. The circumstances under which the scheme took its rise, and was

gradually prepared for, are curious enough, and date back to the location of the hydraulic works at Fairmount.

Up to the establishment of these works, in 1822, the Schuylkill had attracted many wealthy citizens by its singular beauty, and its waters laved the finest residences of the post-Revolutionary period. The various notables who lived on its banks will be mentioned as we describe the successive estates, while societies of gourmands met upon its shores to fish and to feast, with infinite jest and humor, and quaint affectations of mystical brotherhood. It was for a long time the chosen locality of the rich, who found in its endless resources a gratification for every kind of taste, and the attractions of a perpetual watering-place. The operations of 1822, however, changed the face of affairs: the breastwork thrown from bank to bank to dam the water, altered the whole character of the river as far up as the cataract of the Falls of Schuylkill; the latter was suppressed, and is now only a tradition: the channel filled up, and the river became a sort of lake, a great deal broader than formerly, and almost deprived of a current. The last-named feature, which is so favorable to the regattas of the Schuylkill Navy, was anything but a welcome one to the residents of the river-side mansions. Whether justly



or not, the locality got a bad name on sanitary grounds. The use of the water-power on Wissahickon Creek for various mills and factories came in likewise to damage the attractiveness of these sites, and the Schuylkill banks were no longer tempting to the same class of investors. From such causes the value of ground did not advance with that of other environs of Philadelphia, and the Commission, when the time came to estimate the lands sequestered for the Park, were able to put a price on these acres something less than ruinous. In 1857 a number of public-spirited citizens clubbed together and bought the estate of Sedgeley, north of Fairmount, and presented it to the City as the nucleus of the Park. The idea thus started became quickly popular, and Councils were pushed on by public opinion to the purchase of land on a scale unprecedented in this country for such a purpose. While the Commission were valuing the grounds included in the plan, a second act of munificence surprised them, still more imposing than the donation of Sedgeley. A "Man of Ross" was found, while the neighboring property-owners were haggling, eager to sacrifice the ancestral acres of his race, as a free gift to the people forever. This was Mr. Jesse George, whose farm covered the magnificent mount now known as George's Hill, which eminence is the fittest pedestal of his honest fame. "This property," said Mr. George, in a simple and touching letter to the Commissioners in 1868, "has been the uninterrupted home of my ancestors for many generations." His generous act of dedication to the public was done "with a view of preserving it to their memory." Unwilling that his plantations should be cut into city lots to fill the pockets of speculators, he gave up the land, reserving only the use of a water-course, and saying simply to the Commission: "Your purpose will carry out my views." A sister, who enjoyed certain rights in the property, joined in the gift; and now, as the dainty visitors pause in their equipages to throw an approving glance at the surprising outlook from the crest of George's Hill, they feel that they are debtors to the unpaid liberality of the fine old Pennsylvania yeoman.

This general review of the manner in which the Park came to be made up of many parks, is a fit subject to occupy us for a moment or two as we stand at the foot of Lemon Hill, the first of these subordinate estates, and itself a pioneer in landscape gardening in its old form of "Pratt's" Grounds. The terraces laid out by the worthy artificer are still beneath our feet, and over them we ascend to the mansion, which is merely a modification of the edifice he built here about 1800. But the recollection of the shrubberies, alleys, vases and busts of the former garden must yield in importance—though it remains freshly enough in the minds of the older inhabitants—to memories a great deal older.



VIEW OF FAIRMOUNT WATER-WORKS FROM LEMON HILL.

As "The Hills," this crest of land was the country-seat of Robert Morris, whose risking of a large private fortune in the equipment of the war made the American Revolution possible. All the bravery of Washington, and diplomacy of Franklin, and eloquence of Henry, and culture of Jefferson, would have vaped away into romantic failure, and our patriots have been the actors of an eventless tragedy, if this capitalist had not ventured in the breach the whole of what he was worth in the world. This he did simply, cheerily, and as a matter of course. It seemed to him merely a fortunate opportunity that he was on the spot, able to feed armies with his bounty, although the splendid boon would reduce him from affluence to beggary if the war were lost. The anecdotes are numerous which show this spirit of uncalculating generosity in Morris. The race of capitalists who offer everything they have to their country, without a thought of aught but the success of the cause, is quite extinct, and we look back to this wholesome, jovial-faced, broad-cheeked financier, who found money in exhaustless sums whenever it was wanted, like a fairy prince, as to a lost type. Once, when the war was most desperate, and resources were lowest, and the leaden spouts of Philadelphia had been all melted into bullets, Morris was at a ball at the Spanish Minister's, Señor Juan Miralles. Washington had just written to the Secretary of the Board of War in dismay, to say that the last cartridges had been wet, and were useless. When the Secretary, Judge Richard Peters, came with his anxious face to the ball, where our pretty great-grandmothers were stiffly moving in the *minuet de la cour*, Morris left the dance, conferred a moment with the Secretary, and told him of an opportune cargo of lead just arrived at the wharf, of which he was half-owner; without a thought of reimbursement, he first gave his own half of the shipload, and then treated for the remainder with the owners, who were present, and gave that. Surely if anything could make the portly Cræsus dance lighter than ever the rest of the night, or even perchance attempt a *bolero* or *fandango* with Donna Miralles, it would be the knowledge that a hundred stout hands were making cartridges on that eventful night, and supplies dispatched to the troops before morning.

The waves of the sea were propitious to Morris's patriotism, and were perpetually giving him the hint toward further bounties, which hint he was not slow to take. Beside the opportune arrival of lead, military stores and warm clothing turned up in the same apposite way: a ship laden with such materials unexpectedly arrived to Morris at a moment when Washington's great heart, wrung at the sight of nakedness and destitution in his heroic camp, was ready to relinquish hope. With uncalculating pity, the capitalist unloaded his costly cargo straight

into the camp where it was needed. Whenever the fortunes of the war were at the lowest ebb, a merchantman or privateer was sure to arrive at the wharves of the financier containing the exact supply needed. The combatants got the habit of relying upon him. "What can you do for us?" said Washington, through the War Secretary, when the French fleet failed him and he conceived the plan of giving the invasion its finishing stroke in Virginia. "Let me know the sum you need," said the money-king, simply. And the estimates of Washington, for which Morris pledged his own notes to the amount of about one million four hundred thousand dollars, sufficed for the transport of the army into Virginia, where the British troops were captured at Yorktown. It is cheering to know that the enormous faith which led the Treasurer to make such offers was not betrayed. Although he lost one hundred and fifty vessels during the hostilities, yet his financial operations were on the whole successful, and he came through the war, as he wrote to an English friend, "about even." His ruin arrived later. It is but little to the credit of the narrow legislation and ungrateful leaders of that date, that Morris was soon after made to descend these terraces in the footsteps of a constable, to be placed in a prison, and that the close of his open-handed career was darkened with debt and misery, the results of great prophetic enterprises far in advance of his epoch, which swept half the States of the Union into his calculations, and which other capitalists now more fortunately imitate.

In 1791 he advocated the Schuylkill, Susquehanna and Delaware Canal Company; in 1795 he formed, with two partners, the North American Land Company; the latter enterprise, by which six million acres of wild land were to be disposed of, failed through his connection with one of the projectors, John Greenleaf, and caused his ruin. He had partly built a marble villa, (not far from the present Washington Square,) whose extravagant luxury shamed his eyes as he lay in the Prune Street Prison. He was released on the passage of the Bankrupt Law, in 1802, after four years of confinement, and crept into a small retreat on Twelfth street, above Chestnut, to hide his mortification and die—a victim of the ingratitude of republics.

Morris's pretty rustic lodge, with its crown of chimneys and circular two-story bay and low piazza, has disappeared from the Hill; what we see at present is the mansion substituted for it by the ambitious Henry Pratt. But some of the enormous trees on the lawn are of the Revolutionary epoch. One of these, a tulip-poplar, about a hundred yards from the portico, appears to be the largest of its kind in the Park or elsewhere; and, with a couple of gigantic pines,



LEMON HILL MANSION.

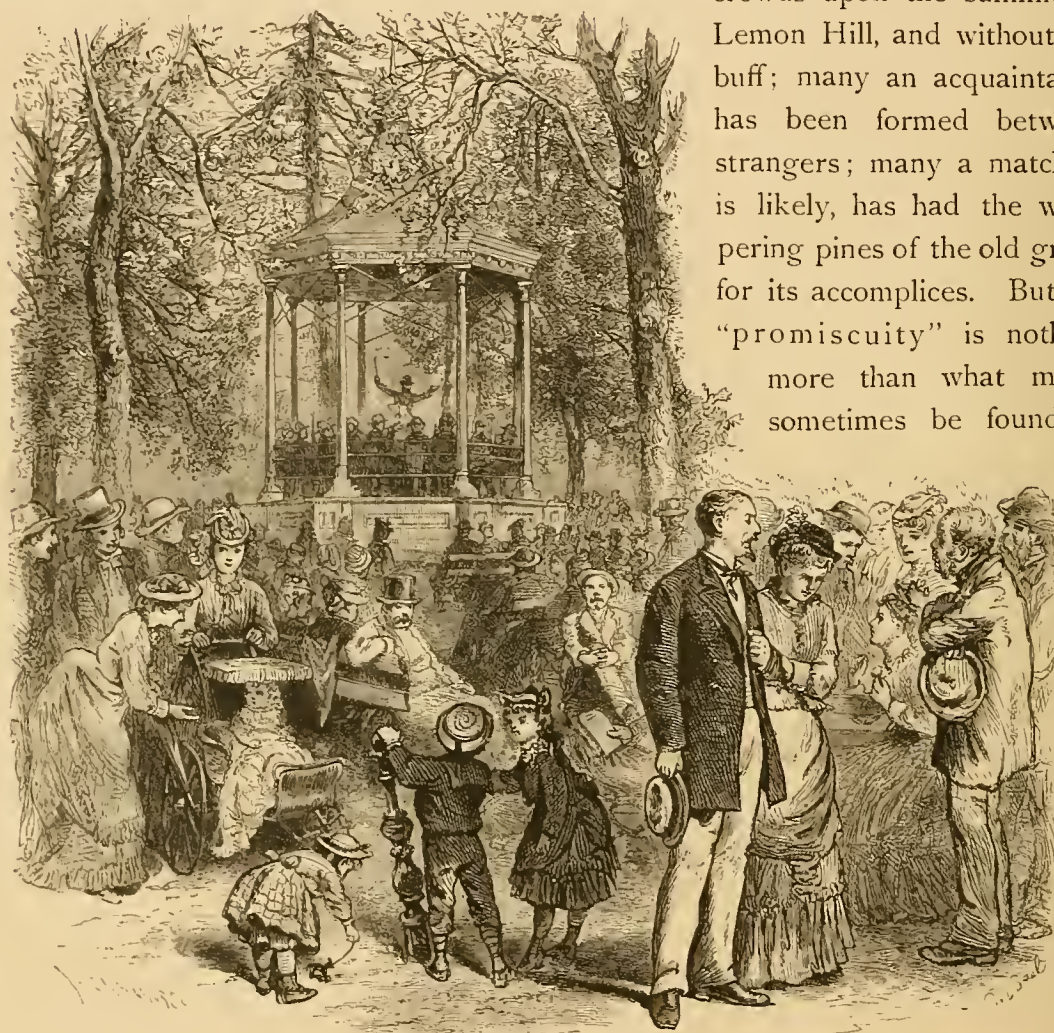
its neighbors, forms a triangle of monuments to Independence. Under the shadows of this proud group have often loitered the forms of Franklin the shrewd, and Judge Peters the witty,—both Philadelphians, but, in a larger sense, Americans; of Hancock, and of John Adams, who, while representative in Philadelphia, lived not far away, at Bush Hill; of Samuel Morris, fearless hunter and Captain of the First City Troop of Cavalry; and of many officers of the bravest forces that time has seen.

The broad plateau, on every fine day in summer, is covered with youth and merriment; to look at the infinite, changing throng, it seems as if sickness, decrepitude, and misery had been obliterated from the face of the earth. Here, too, we are struck by the easy good-nature of an American crowd, and its native

spirit of chivalry. A visitor from Europe, in any such scene as this, is sure to be impressed with the manly deference with which ladies are treated, and made to feel as if they were simply a social equal—a distant relative of everybody present, to be deferred to with simple good-nature, but not beset with unwelcome gallantry. Yon handsome damsel, who has left her party at some rustic game at Sedgeley, comes down to the saloon for a glass of soda-water, and on her way back carries an apron-full of croquet-balls she has hired. She moves through the crowd of young clerks in their shirt-sleeves who stud the turf, with as little embarrassment as if they were her brothers. This pair of pretty school-girls have brought a book of poetry, which they are devouring on a bench together. Yonder beautiful widow promenades alone, except for her little child, whose recreation is the object of her visit. The people on the grass and garden-sofas just make way for the solitary goddesses wandering through the groves, but take no kind of offensive notice. How odd this seems to our continental visitors! As they well know, there is no place of public resort in Europe where such a pleasant domesticity is possible. At the London "Zoo," or at Hyde Park, a beautiful girl must not stray for one minute out of sight of her mother or her footman; at the Bois de Boulogne, or elsewhere in Paris, she must have her attendant if promenading, her authorized protector even if driving in a carriage, her white-capped housemaid to assist her in shopping expeditions. At the Villa Reale, in Naples, such a *signorina* could not remain ten seconds without hearing a compliment insinuated from behind into her ear, in a soft tenor voice, delicious in quality and detestable in import. In the Prater at Vienna, as several of our innocent countrywomen have lately found to their cost, it is practically impossible for ladies to promenade without a male escort, who must not only be a gentleman, but a sort of gladiator, able to take up the dueling-sword at any moment with some white-jacketed Austrian officer who has "forgotten himself." In justice to European civilization, it must be granted that the gallants so offending conceive that they are acting within their rights; a long inheritance of traditional customs makes the woman who goes alone to a public resort seem to proclaim something which in our country she certainly does not. But the exemption of the United States from this inconvenient, if not disparaging, need of a continual escort is none the less wholesome and grateful. The fact is, that in America beautiful women are produced in such multitudes that the escorting powers of society would be utterly exhausted if every belle had to be attended. A kind fate, therefore, or a healthy advance in public feeling, has here ordained that beauty shall be self-protecting. It is by no means to be inferred that flirtation, and a great

deal of it, does not accompany our system. The rights of coquetry are cosmopolitan. Many a bachelor has respectfully addressed a pretty neighbor in the

crowds upon the summit of Lemon Hill, and without rebuff; many an acquaintance has been formed between strangers; many a match, it is likely, has had the whispering pines of the old grove for its accomplices. But the "promiscuity" is nothing more than what might sometimes be found in



MUSIC STAND AT LEMON HILL.

the houses of the inhabitants, and the American lady, whether accessible or reserved, is simply treated according to the suggestion held out by her manners.

Beside the house is a pavilion for musicians; a good band plays here in fine weather, on days alternating with those on which the music is heard at George's Hill and at Belmont. The instrumentalists are invariably the countrymen of Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner; while the selections quite ignore the "music of the future," and as constantly proceed from Italian opera, or opéra-bouffe. It must be rather a sad thing to be one of the German musicians who are so

abundant in this country; they are constantly fated to play melody in which they do not believe, and to be called bores if they play that which has been composed by their own countrymen and which is the music of their convictions.

When the Teutonic pipes are warbling, all the multitude collects and listens. The garden-seats are filled with delighted women, and the cavaliers are standing near. Our musicians have no complaint to make of the want of auditors; better off than men of most professions, as long as they are in business they advertise themselves to a multitude of ears. They are heard by men, women, and children; and—what might seem to indicate almost a strained attention—they are heard to the point of wearing off the grass: the turf hereabouts cannot be renewed often enough to keep even a musical memory green; it is ground away to the stubs, though that would appear to be an unexpectedly harsh effect of “the listening ear;” where the band plays, the Hill is bald.

The royal liberality of the rule which allows the whole turf to be walked upon, is perhaps more appreciated than any other single feature. Nothing makes the ordinary citizen feel so much like a landed proprietor, strolling on his own lawn, as this freedom of range over the green sod. He proudly points out to his visitor from other regions that “there is no *keep off the grass* in Fairmount Park.” His children play on the sward, picking dandelions, or returning with wilder flowers from the secluded ravines. Up to the present time, notwithstanding the immense multitudes distributed over the grounds, the disturbance has not affected the greenness of the turf, except in a few crowded spots, which have, so far, been allowed to suffer rather than break a glorious liberty. With the advent of still more enormous numbers, restriction may be necessary; but it is to be hoped that this coming-down to a general doom may long be avoided, and that the fields and slopes may continue to be what they are now—a landscape dotted everywhere with human figures.

There is no part of the whole scene which, when the band is not playing, need miss it less. Lemon Hill is a resort of birds, and a plantation of pines. The former, with their varieties of reed instruments, make the Hill sometimes resound with a whole orchestra, to which the Æolian lyres suspended by nature in the pine-tree are added as a harp-symphony. The winged musical societies have for half a century known the suburban Schuylkill as a place where they could discuss their melodious affairs with little fear of interruption. They have become astonishingly tame, and an explorer of quiet habits need never lack a bird within a yard or two of his head. The pine-trees form a grove surrounding the house, and are associated with fine specimens of oak, horse-chestnut, maple,



SHOWER ON LEMON HILL.

tulip-poplar, and other trees. The terraces to the east are set out with the usual flowering shrubs, such as spirea, pyrus japonica, wygelia, lilac, deutzia, and forsythea. But the shrubbery and deciduous trees must yield in dignity to the pines.

A finer grove of these impressive trees is seldom seen. The top of the Hill seems like an acre cut out of the deepest recess of a primitive Maine forest. The principal pair of pine-trees—known to be older than revolutionary date—are celebrating their supra-centennial years, from May to May, in thick confused whispers far up in the air. The remaining nobles of the company are but little younger. Like all pines of great age, the foliage begins its growth at a considerable height. Successive loppings of decayed branches are always necessary as such trees grow older, gradually denuding the trunk to a more and more lofty point. The majesty of a century-plant of the coniferous kind is therefore a different thing from the beauty of a fresh young evergreen, bathing the earth beneath

its brooding boughs with dew and shadow. These great pines are living pillars, firmly planted like the columns of a cathedral, and lifting up rich capitals, wrought with a leafage that has proved to be more enduring than marble often is. From the far-away tops proceeds a never-ceasing murmur. In a gale, such as frequently passes down the river and cuts the top of Lemon Hill, the volume and energy of the sound are really startling. It is impossible, on merely shutting the eyes at such a time, not to be persuaded that you are upon some rocky coast, hearing the tumble of a heavy sea after a storm. The rise and fall of the roar, as well as its character of sound, make the illusion perfect. You open your eyes—the sky is deep blue and full of merry winds, and the birds are boldly rocking on the boughs, ready to sing in the pauses of the gale. It is but a storm of joy.

The tempests that assault the Alpine altitude of Lemon Hill are always of a comical cast. The summer showers, abundant enough in our changeable climate, are certain to take all the visitors by surprise. Suddenly, while the young people are bending over their croquet, and the younger people are chasing their trundle-hoops and butterflies, and the youngest people of all are gravely riding their wooden hobby-horses in the carrousel, the air darkens: a hood of clouds has rapidly drawn itself over the scene, the sports are fitfully lighted up by a quick glimmer, like a reflection from a mischievous mirror, and the first drops fall, surprisingly big and ominous. Then the rush begins. The girls run in to the mansion shrieking and laughing. Those who have washable dresses let them trail over the wet grass, those who are in silk quickly pin the skirts over their heads, and arrive at the house like so many dominos thronging in to a masked ball. The young fellows come after, loaded down with implements of the games. The honest old house suddenly becomes juvenile again, being filled in all its pores and recesses with youth and laughter. The lower piazza chokes up: the upstairs balconies foam over with gay and radiant heads. Meanwhile the rain increases, and at length comes down in straight, solid cylinders like slate-pencils, that dint round holes into the ground. The pines are angrily roaring, and the thunder rattles from time to time. The imprisoned crowd are eating ice-creams, and impertinently regarding the storm as a melodrama, got up for their particular entertainment. When the lightning breaks, there is a sudden vision—the Schuylkill flashing like an iron shield, the village of Greek porticoes and pediments which makes up the water-works suddenly gleaming with the lustre of ivory, and relieved against the green side of the reservoir like a cameo. The long bridge at Fairmount shows all its arches, resembling the sockets of a row of teeth, and, so to speak, grins from bank to bank; then the flash is gone, and the

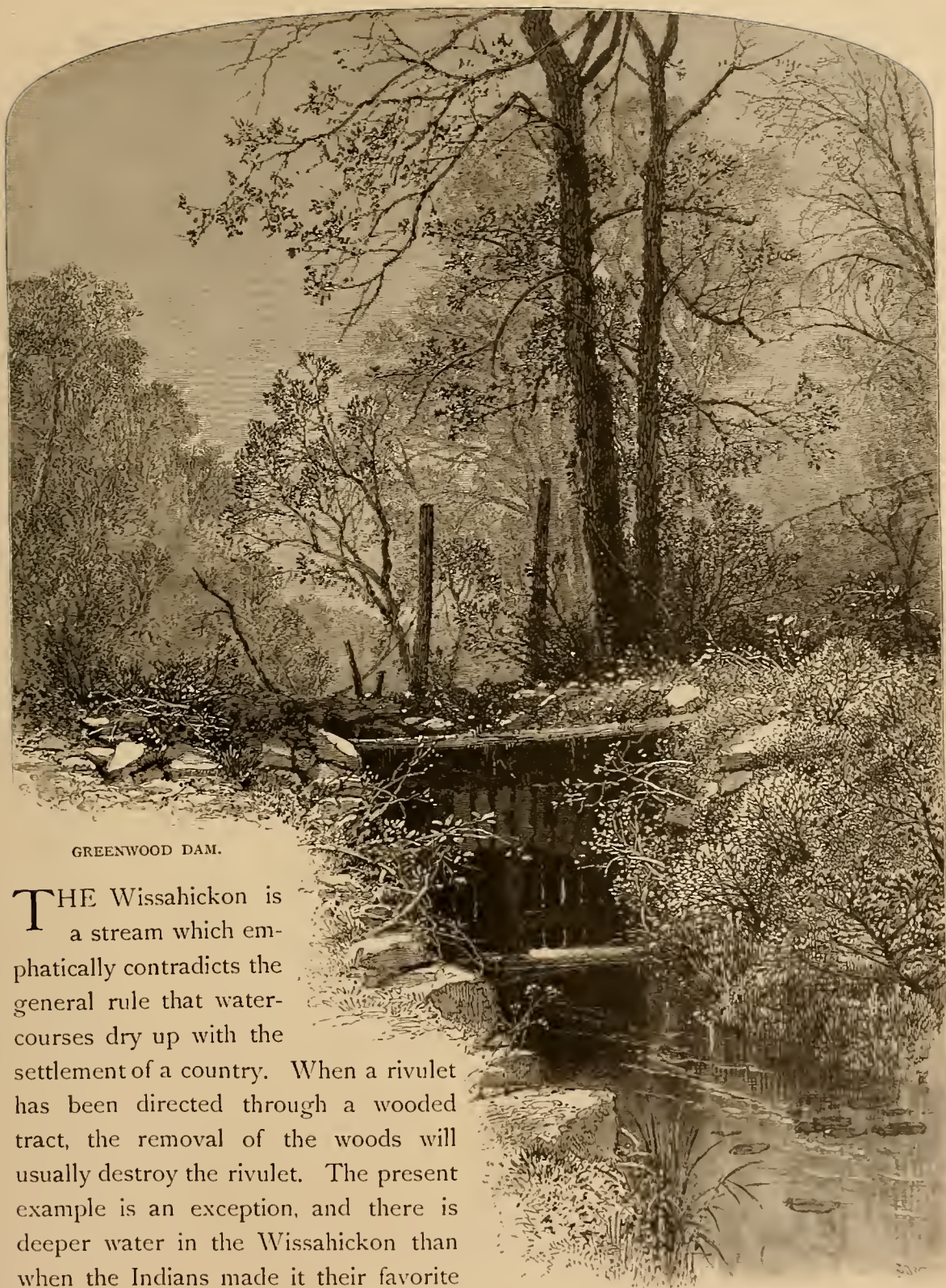
landscape is dark again. The Bastile of prisoners presently grows uncomfortable—the time is long, the crowd is stifling, the provisions, perhaps, as will happen in a siege, have given out. Then, when it is least expected, the sun breaks forth merrily once more; the trees around the porticoes wave their branches, heavy with rain, and frame the prospect with arches of dripping silver; the river turns blue, the prospect of the water-works and distant city basks placidly in the late light, and the descending sun catches on the distant spires and crosses and makes them glitter against the sinking clouds, while the glad youngsters participate in a general jail-delivery.

Lemon Hill on its eastern side descends by terraces in the direction of the Park entrance on Brown street. Here the stroller may slake his thirst at a little drinking-fount, enclosed in a marble niche, more convenient than the neighboring fish-pond, and yielding a pleasanter flavor than the chalybeate spring.

The Garden and Lemon Hill are adjacent to the thickly-built part of the city; they are foot-beaten, crowded and democratic. Leaving out of the question for the present the larger breadths of West Park, we will prove that wild and lonely scenery can be viewed without crossing the river, and will introduce the reader to Wissahickon Creek, which enters the Schuylkill on this side at the upper end of East Park, within two miles of the entrance.



FOOT OF LEMON HILL.



GREENWOOD DAM.

THE Wissahickon is a stream which emphatically contradicts the general rule that water-courses dry up with the settlement of a country. When a rivulet has been directed through a wooded tract, the removal of the woods will usually destroy the rivulet. The present example is an exception, and there is deeper water in the Wissahickon than when the Indians made it their favorite

hunting-course. The cause of the anomaly is this: a quantity of new streets have been cut through the heights about Germantown and Chestnut Hill, developing in their excavation numerous natural springs; these are now drained into the Wissahickon, enriching its resources, and creating the strange instance of a torrent actually augmented by civilization.

Four hamlets, in 1683, composed the township bought from Penn by a well-to-do and cultured band of Germans, incorporated as the Frankfort Company. Three of them were named in the German tongue, Sommerhausen, Crefeld, and Krisheim; the fourth in English, Germantown. The settlement, only a year younger than Philadelphia, proceeded to advance, neck-and-neck with the capital. The emigrants were affectionately attached to Penn, who had converted some of them to his doctrine in old Europe; his visit to the original Krisheim, in Germany, had been paid in June, 1677. The Frankfort Company were the pioneers of German emigration to this country, since become so enormous. Their agent in America was a young Doctor of Laws, of high culture and probity, named Francis Daniel Pastorius. The headquarters of his agency were in Germantown, where his mild compatriots raised acres upon acres of flax, and spun it under their low, German-built gables. The settlers surrounded themselves with memorials of their former homes in the Old World, planted vineyards and made an abundance of beer, and connected their lives as easy-going settlers with their former existence by means of souvenirs and costly importations. Pastorius was a botanist and horticulturist. A New England poet, attracted by the moral and material beauty of the early Pennsylvania settlement, has painted the peaceful serenity of that Frankfort band in their Arcadian exile,

“Where, forest-walled, the scattered hamlets lay
Along the wedded rivers Through the deep
Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to creep—
The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of sleep;
All else was still; the oxen from their ploughs
Rested at last, and from their long day’s browse
Came the dun files of Krisheim’s home-bound cows.”

Cresheim Creek is a wild rivulet whose name perpetuates the point of departure of some of these earliest emigrants from the Fatherland. The relics of Pastorius and his company are lost, except in his writings and the nomenclature of the district. It is not known where he was buried. The Wissahickon, which was the Baptistery and haunt of troops of German mystics, changed its solemn character. The active water of the stream was used to turn a chain of



DEVIL'S POOL, MOUTH OF CRESHEIM CREEK.

mills which stretched, a few years ago, for miles back from its confluence with the Schuylkill. On a small affluent of the Wissahickon, a Hollander, Wilhelm Rüttinghausen, assisted by his sons, Claus and Gerhard, ran the first paper-mill built on the continent. This family, whose name became anglicized into Rittenhouse, afterwards gave birth to the first and greatest of American astronomers. The use of Wissahickon as a milling stream continued until the establishment of Fairmount Park, when the old mills were successively removed, leaving the virgin waters as pure as they were before there was an America.

Not far up the Wissahickon, from its mouth, is Greenwood dam, a sort of key to the artist's position in taking sketches, since the views on every side make the most beautiful effects. It is a nook where in all directions are distributed the materials that a painter loves—the old bridge, the sluice escaping around an abandoned water-gate, the ridges of rocks tumbling up the hills in fantastic shapes, the precipices dark with clinging woods.

The secluded spot where Cresheim Creek empties into the Wissahickon is still more impressive, and as different as possible from anything one expects in park scenery. It is like a gorge in the most tameless mountain-pass, and reminds the traveler of some of the capricious movements of the Saco near its head-waters. To attain its bed in the cradle of the Wissahickon, Cresheim leaps wildly down in a little cascade, and then expands into a black and whirling pool, enwreathed by thick ancestral trees, where it murmurs sullenly for awhile before escaping into the eager current of Wissahickon's rock-chilled waters. After any of the annual spring freshets, or in other seasons towards the twilight of the day, the black witches' cauldron of this diabolic pool is not to be forgotten by those who have approached it.

A savage place—as lonely and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

It is the amazement of every visitor who is taken there. Though but a morning's walk from the city, this barbaric scene is a taste of the primitive wilderness in its rudest expression. A Park containing such a bit of Nature is already full-furnished, and hardly needs the hand of "improvement."

The first settlers on these streams had but few callers from Philadelphia. A German-speaking race, at Germantown was their neighbor. They called their woods the Wilderness, and never in their wildest dreams imagined that visitors from the great city would penetrate their wild haunt as a mere matter of pleasure.



DEVIL'S POOL, CRESHEIM CREEK—LOOKING DOWN.

The nook where Cresheim Creek hesitates and collects its faculties before making up its mind to plunge into Wissahickon is as secret a spot as can be found in the Park. It is not to be discovered without some perseverance and some pedestrianism, and practically is a safe spot for the lonely wanderer who wants to hug his solitude in the bosom of Nature. Ladies do not often come to the Devil's Pool. If any feminine explorers reach it, they are delicate city girls out of the villas of Germantown, bearing down upon it in a flutter of conquest and forced bravery, strong in numbers and amply provided with male defenders, surprising the rocks with a spread of skirts cut in the daintiest summer fashion, and bending over the black mirror of the Pool countenances that are ready to pale at the thought of their own courage. Beautiful enough in any part of its length, it is only at this enchanted basin that Cresheim becomes dramatic; a stream may be graceful and smooth and shady for miles together, but your picnic party or your pair of lovers will follow it without interest until it gathers itself up for a fall, or revolves upon itself in a maelstrom. It is when hesitating that a woman is most lovely, it is when coiled that the serpent exerts its fascination, and it is when dilated for a plunge into the larger stream that this shy rivulet becomes poetical. In the deep cauldron of the Pool is concentrated the essence of its career; it takes the water stolen from far-off country springs, the ripples of innocent rills blue with forget-me-nots, the freckled shadows of pebble-paved brooks that have never been troubled with darker guests than minnows and dragonflies, and here in this black bowl it makes them all seem sombre. Under the shade of evergreen trees and within the hollow palms of the rocks it stirs up a cup of mystery and of sorcery, and the puzzled city visitors feel that, whatever it is all about, the fifth act of the play is somehow reached at this spot, and that the stream was not the same in its milkwarm rustic life in the open country, and will not be the same after the green curtain drops upon it at its emergence, where the dazzling sunlit flow of Wissahickon stretches before its *embouchure* like a row of footlights. So the rare visitors—the cits and fashionable dames who have left their carriage at the little wooden bridge just below, or the genteel cottagers from Germantown and Chestnut Hill—feel rather strange and shy at the Devil's Pool, like auditors at a drama in some foreign language, recollecting that superstitious colonists in the infancy of the Province really did resort here for mystical observances; that rites of baptism have been murmured over the stream in strange German jargon, before the region was well known to settlers of our race; that the Hermits of the Ridge must have knelt often around the dark basin, and that the murmur now in their ears has formerly been the accompani-

ment to strange and wizard rites. The rocks and crevices around have been explored, too, by more sordid and less disinterested seekers, looking after gold as the Monks for truth. In an earlier state of geological science than our own, the bending of a witch-hazel wand was sagely considered to be a better indication



DOGWOOD—CRESHEIM CREEK.

of the presence of precious metal than the mixture of quartz rock with granitic rock, or the character of river-sand in the pan-ful; and amateur wizards, in those times of robust faith, did actually go plodding about with their harmless switches, alike over sandstone and limestone, igneous and sedimentary formations, rocks made of sea-shells and rocks made of slate, waiting until the hazel should twist and reveal the mine. Not half a mile below the outlet of Cresheim Creek the solid rock has been excavated to a depth of thirty feet by some of these primitive Argonauts.

Just here, too, was the scene of a skirmish during the long, skillfully-defended action at Germantown, Cresheim turning slowly in its pool, and sending thence to the sea, certain stains of

patriot blood that cost dear and traveled far. Just below the mouth of the Wissahickon, again, between that stream and the Falls of the Schuylkill, is the site pointed out by the neighbors as the "Battle-Ground,"—the spot where the British left flank, composed of Hessian Chasseurs, under Knyphausen, were

cannonaded by the prudent Armstrong, who dared not risk a bayonet charge, and thus saved his portion of our troops for future use at Yorktown.

Between these two points of combat—from the “Battle-Ground” near the mouth of the Wissahickon to the scene of the engagement on Cresheim Creek—the distance is about four miles. Yet the mouth of Cresheim Creek, though so solitary and remote, is by no means the uppermost point on Wissahickon which the Park includes. The reach of the latter stream up which the Park stretches is in fact seven miles.

Wissahickon Creek, as a feeder of the Schuylkill within the city limits, and important as an immediate contributor to the civic water-cistern at Fairmount, has been imprisoned for these seven miles and made a Park ornament. The motive, in a utilitarian sense, is the purification of the drinking supply. Already, at the time when the Park was projected, the grasp of trade had been fastened on the wild Indian stream for a great distance, and the usefulness of its strength for turning machinery was being put to the test in many mills and factories: it was easy to foresee the time when the Wissahickon, stained with dyestuffs and poisoned with chemicals, would be but an unsafe conduit for the city to drink at. So the outline of the Park was stretched into a very irregular shape to include the first seven miles of its length, and the enclosed mills were suppressed, or allowed to remain with a fixed period of determination. To this wise foresight it is owing that, in the first place, the city has a drinking-water greatly purer on analysis than that of any of the principal American towns, and that, in the second place, one of the most beautiful of known water-courses is snatched from the grimy fingers of manufacture, and reclaimed for the wilderness. Some of the mills have the right of running for a short time longer, on such privileges as a five years’ or a seven years’ lease; but their number is inconsiderable, and their influence on the purity of the Schuylkill crystal is practically naught; while the Wissahickon stream is every hour dissolving away some last vestige of mortar and cement, or crumbling under its tongue the foundations of some deserted structure that formerly dominated and overshadowed it, and thus licks itself clean again from the contamination, as wild creatures will.

Besides the factories, in the days before the Park’s existence there were the rural taverns,—rustic structures suitable for the entertainment of the trotting-parties that haunted the “Ridge” and the “Wissahickon Road.” Several of these, under proper restrictions, have been allowed to remain for the present, and they furnish welcome stations where modest refreshments can be procured or horses baited or row-boats hired for exercise on the water. Not far from Greenwood Dam, as



THE WISSAHICKON—SUMMER.

the artist at luncheon-time furls his white umbrella and closes his portfolio, the refreshing porticoes await him of Maple Spring Hotel,—an abode consecrated by the residence of an oddity who proudly tells you he is an artist himself.

A self-taught sculptor, and a natural Jack-of-all-trades and mechanic, the hero of "Maple Spring" was first discovered in the depths of the Anthracite Coal-Region, at the brisk mining-town of Ashland. His mission there was to teach the rough colliers the beneficent influences of Art. "See this twisted laurel-root," he would say, lecturing a group of blackened miners over a circle of "glasses all 'round," "to your uninstructed eyes it appears a mere shapeless snag; but turn it over, give a hitch to its tail and a jerk to its head, let the light fall on these glass beads I have inserted to form its eyes, and you have the original Demon of the Coal-mine, to whom you are all in slavery." And the lecturer would conclude by singing, in a cracked, quavering voice (to which the Demon kept good time) some Plutonic stanza about "Down in a coal-mine, underneath the ground." The figures in his sculpture-gallery, augmented by his daily industry, grew to be an enormous museum. Every object in the animal kingdom, every possible and impossible bird, reptile, or quadruped, together with the whole crew of Demonology, was represented or caricatured in the collection. Well-known human characters, political or otherwise, likewise found their representatives in this imperial gallery of statues, by no means flattered in the matter of likeness. For each prominent object the inventor had his jocular anecdote or legend. Curiosities from the mines, and mysterious-looking bas-reliefs in hard coal, resembling Egyptian idols of basalt, were added to the series. Not too proud to prop up his artistic career with a practical basis of trade, this Phidias of the mountains kept a house of entertainment; he was always ready to drop his inspired chisel for the duties of hospitality, and poured out ale and eloquence impartially. When the collection had swelled to many hundreds, the genius found his sphere among the colliers too contracted. Emerging from the mines, he moved eastward with all his laurels to this romantic spot, and established himself as the unrivaled artist and landlord of "Maple Spring." He has converted the place into a kind of Prospero's grotto. All the imps and familiars of the Black Art seem to have congregated around his person. To see him in the midst of his demoniac congress is to realize the witches' Sabbath of *Faust*. You ask for the proprietor, and with some little ceremony the bar-tender leads in the mysterious creator of so many phantasmal existences: you look at him with curiosity. "Fayther" Smith, as the colliers used to call him, is (or was, if he has not perchance anticipated this publication, and slipped the cable of life while the printer is copying his eulogy) a personage of

incalculable antiquity, all except his hair, which is young every Christmas. You see a compact, active old man, with flexible hands and a quizzical face, thatched over with a superb edifice of dark locks, as glossy and serpentine as his own bunches of laurel-roots. The museum into which he introduces you is simply a gallery of twisted wooden monstrosities, dug up out of the wild laurel-thickets of Pennsylvania and Maryland. In every gnarled root or complicated branch the prolific fancy of the artist sees a goblin or a caricature. Lopping the offshoots here and there, mounting the specimen, and brightening it up with a "lick of varnish," the senseless wood is changed into a form of art. As the result of this singular industry, continued over so many years, the saloon is thronged with an infinity of the strangest creatures; reptiles in groups and knots, fighting or embracing, or coiled in slumber; birds on the nest, squirrels and wood-tortoises, with many a creature that it would require a new Adam to name, squirm and writhe over the walls and shelves. There are large mirror-frames composed entirely of the dropping necks and tapering heads of snakes; others seem like families of birds'-nests, out of which the cunning eyes of brooding hen-birds are lifted. In the midst is the family portrait-gallery of the Devil: Mr. and Mrs. Beelzebub, with the reigning princes of their dynasty in China, India, Mexico and Africa, are set up in the most accurate likeness, and the most appalling abundance. Of each hero the proprietor knows the inmost history and the most discreditable story, and, taking the figure in his hand, will make it turn and jump and hide and run, in illustration of the proper point of the lecture. In the balcony close by, the inexhaustible artifex has made a great series of stained Gothic windows, ingeniously patched up out of rejected fragments of colored glass; and the view from these casements commands a singular system of terraces, fountains, cascades, rockworks, labyrinths, and flower-beds, laid out on the slope of the hill by the same tireless genius. What wonder that the ingenious old man firmly believes his museum to be the most marvelous affair in the world, and is firmly persuaded that the Park Commission, his new landlords, ought to purchase it of him at a round price, for the perpetual benefit and instruction of the citizens!

The road which sweeps between the door and the stream is broad and good. It is one of the most romantic carriage-drives in the western hemisphere. The row-boats which are for hire here, or at the other neighboring hotels, are in constant request for parties of holiday-makers. So many young women have learned to row of late days that the assistance of the awkward sex is voted quite unnecessary, and nothing is more common than to see the stream occupied

by boats full of beautiful creatures urging their way over the lake-like expanse, like so many barges of Cleopatra, propelled by fair arms, and enlivened by choruses of sopranos. Whether at "Wissahickon Hall," at "Maple Grove," at the "Log Cabin," or further on at the "Valley Green" and "Indian Rock" hotels, the entertainment is temperate and cleanly administered, the assistance to the tired horse or hungry driver is timely and welcome, and these establishments are rather the guardians of order than the accomplices of license along this shy, shadowy road. The highway in question is devoted almost entirely to pleasure, and is not a business thoroughfare. Though broad enough and smooth enough for the evolutions of an army, it is only known to shake to the tread of multitudinous festival parties—German societies with oak-wreaths around their heads, or omnibus loads of school-girls in white muslin, or, less social, the solitary trotter of the unmatched steed, who is alone, because nobody can keep up with him or pass him. The road is laid out, with considerable expense of engineering skill, on whichever side of the precipitous Wissahickon will best afford a passage: when the bank becomes too mountainous the carriage-way raises no quarrel, but humbly passes over, as at the Red Bridge; the visitor has thus along his whole course the most level footing underneath his steps, and the wilder side of the stream, unspoiled by any path, opposite his eyes and reflected in the water. A rocky precipice, veiled with the drooping boughs of hemlocks and pines, and planted thick with oak-trees, is constantly before his sight: the birds, which have never been seriously disturbed since the occupation of the continent, sing riotously in the thick forest. Jutting angles of rock crop out at great distances up the steep bank, or rise giddily a hundred feet higher than the water. The full current of the stream is in most passages as placidly level as a lake, swimming dreamily onward to taste of the two rivers and then broaden to the sea. In the autumn, while the white haze of Indian summer hangs over the hill-sides, or collects in a thick blanket on the bed of the Creek, the banks are dressed in Titanic bouquets of the most gorgeous colors, the scarlet and yellow of the different maples relieved against the iron-red of the oaks and the blackish-green of the pines. In winter the sheet of water clothes itself in crystal armor, over which the merry steel of the skater chases the most eccentric arabesques; as winter progresses the full tides come down and break up the ice, which freezes again on the next cold night, thus melting, piling together and re-congealing, until the whole system of patched and piled up block-work is finally carried down to the river in the thaws of spring. The "freshets of Lammas-tide," at the beginning of August, were always dreaded by the early settlers, and are still formidable.



WINTER ON THE WISSAHICKON—MOONLIGHT.

On the bank of Wissahickon, close to its junction with the river, oral tradition places a bloody incident of the battle of Germantown. The date is October 4th, 1777. General Armstrong, with three thousand of the Pennsylvania Militia, had been instructed to march down the Manatawny (now Ridge) Road, to Robison's Mill (then Van Deering's), and dislodge the left flank of the enemy, a detachment of the mercenaries of Hesse and Anspach. While Washington is moving back with orderly deliberation from his unsuccessful attack on the British main body in Germantown, Armstrong's baffled train-band is threading its way in active retreat through the tangled hill-paths the Pennsylvania gunners knew so well. A band of the Continentals, in bucktail fur-caps and blue shirts, rushed into an old deserted mansion as if for shelter. Their pursuers, a squad of Hessian chasseurs in bear-skin caps, dashed through the Wissahickon and made for the ruin, half hidden in the reddening autumn woods and in the thick fog of that October day. As the Germans, in the proportion of twenty to ten, began to ransack the house for fugitives, one of them saw through a window the figure of a woman standing on the precipice across the stream, and making the wildest gestures of warning. The signal was not heeded, and the rooms and garrets were fruitlessly searched by the eager soldiers, when smoke began to issue from the cellar, which had not yet been explored. The house had been in fact used by the British for the deposit of some powder; and as the Continentals, emerging from the cellars and retreating safely through a hidden gully or underground passage, issued a hundred yards away in the woods, the kegs they had ignited gave issue to a tremendous explosion, which sent through the air the fragments of the building and of the bodies of the too-confident pursuers. This legend gives interest to the well-remembered site of Robison's mill.

The Battle of Germantown, whose wide-spread action brushed at one side the banks of the Wissahickon, was more particularly concentrated around the old Chew Mansion, a structure still existing in the heart of that ancient burgh. The fights hereabout, whether at Cresheim's mouth or Wissahickon's, were episodes. Washington showed in his action at Germantown his masterly qualities of prompt action and dignified withdrawal. His surprise movement on the sleeping camp of Germantown, though unsuccessful, was not lost. What proved his sagacity in making it was, that the British troops were too thoroughly amazed and discomfited to pursue their advantage. All the resources of Howe's barracks-full of reserves in Philadelphia, of tory American forces and hired Grand-ducal troops, did not fortify the invaders to the point of chasing up their victory.

OLD CITY RELICS.

CARPENTERS' HALL, THE CRUCIBLE OF OUR UNION.

ALTHOUGH the Declaration of Independence in one sense created this nation, the earlier councils of patriots from the thirteen Colonies were the true beginners of our Union, and these councils were held, not at the State-House, but at Carpenters' Hall. When the Colonies—filled with angry sympathy with Massachusetts for the oppression of her liberties, the denial of her right to try offenses committed on her soil, and the closing of her port—determined to meet and deliberate on measures for the common defense, the capital of Pennsylvania was chosen as the largest and most central city,



CARPENTERS' HALL.

—it had then about 30,000 inhabitants and 5000 houses. Summer was but just over, as the day agreed upon came round, and the Assembly had adjourned without making any provision for the offer of the State-House to the gathering of delegates. The Carpenters thereupon proffered their new building, erected five years previously. It had already been used for town-meetings

held to protest against the acts of Parliament, and the association of master carpenters, formed in George I.'s day, was made up of sturdy friends of independence. The First Congress, however, which met in this Hall of the Carpenters on September 5th, 1774, was by no means a unit for liberty. Pennsylvania herself was partly represented in it by a brilliant politician of royalist sentiments, Joseph Galloway, whose proposal that the king should

appoint a President-General over all the colonies was warmly supported by Duane of New York, as well as by the youngest delegate, John Jay, and thought "almost perfect" by Rutledge the younger. Nor were all the Colonies represented in this experimental congress, nor the sympathies of all of them secure. Nova Scotia, which had been invited to join cause with its fellow-colonists, sent no delegate; nor did East and West Florida and Georgia. The stupendous idea of trying to stand by force against the hoary government of England shocked even the stoutest minds. "We have not men fit for the times," said John Adams, "we are deficient in genius, in education, in travel, in fortune, in everything; I feel unutterable anxiety." Great Britain, fresh from its clustering French victories, was at that moment the dictator of the world. Yet the planters of America found in their farmer bosoms that simple, uncalculating courage which leads to sacrifice and greatness. The modest young Virginia land-owner, whose experience of soldiering was gained by service in Braddock's luckless expedition against Fort Duquesne, had proposed in his State Convention to "raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march at their head to relieve Boston." And the other hunting 'Squire from Virginia, Patrick Henry, himself as eloquent as Washington was laconic, shouted here in Carpenters' Hall, "Oppression has effaced the boundaries of the Colonies. I am not a Virginian, but an American! An entire new government must be founded." Henry's rich genius, expressing and fixing the best thoughts that were in every mind, went far towards creating, here in this plain Hall, the conception of America. Day by day,—under the pressing test of this incongruous meeting,—as mind sharpened mind among these travelers from heretofore jarring sections,—their councils became more harmonious, and they prepared for union. On the 18th of October they adopted, along with the most pathetic appeals to England not to force them to a war, those Articles of American Association which really were the beginning of our united government.

All honor go with this sturdy building, the crucible of our union, which closed its quiet grasp upon these men from north and south, until their antipathies yielded, their hearts beat time together to a common harmony, and they were prepared for concert! The valor which made Americans fight for liberty was common as the soil, cheap as gold in Ophir, the unregarded inheritance of everybody; it soon swept out from Independence Hall in all its armor, and covered the country. But the lesson, far more difficult to the raw young land, of mutual forbearance, of feeling for a distant grievance, of working together for a plan, was the lesson fostered by Carpenters' Hall. Moderation,

that most difficult virtue for inexperience, was the great achievement of the First Congress. Moderation was what Lord Chatham praised it for—"solidity of reasoning and wisdom of conclusion." Moderation taught it to give each Colony but a single vote in its own councils—a wonderful measure to carry against the pretensions of the richer and more populous commonwealths. Moderation taught it to rest the rights of the Colonies on the historical basis rather than on the law of nature; by this sagacious resolution the form of mutiny was avoided, the odium of war cast on the oppressor, the lessons of English history were made to be ours, and the laws which the English commoner has enacted for his protection are our own to-day, to study and apply.

The Congress of 1774 met as aforesaid, with a Virginia chairman (Peyton Randolph), a Philadelphia secretary (Charles Thomson), and a provisional chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Duché of St. Peter's, whose "first prayer in Congress" was an inspired suggestion of one of the representatives. The Congress adjourned on the 26th of October, and turned the building over to the Carpenters once more. Randolph's portrait adorns the room in which he presided, restored to a careful likeness of the aspect it wore in its great day. The guild of Carpenters, founded in 1724, is still active and respectable after its one hundred and fifty years' existence, and numbers ninety members at the present time. The guild-hall is a comely building, in perfect preservation, of imported brick, laid in a pattern of alternate black and red. Its plan is cruciform, and embraces one room—the historic one—fifty by forty feet in size, and lighted by twelve windows; this is open to the public. The edifice stands between Third and Fourth streets, south of Chestnut; its inscription commemorates the Toils of War for which "HENRY, HANCOCK AND ADAMS INSPIRED THE DELEGATES OF THE COLONIES WITH NERVE AND SINEW."

PENN'S HOUSE. FRIENDS' ALMSHOUSE. FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.
PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

Market street descends to the river Delaware by one of the steepest grades now left to indicate the old hilly configuration of the city. It is a region of great warehouses and ugly brick-walled alleys; it is not attractive, except on Sunday, when the deserted temples of Mammon resemble a Tadmor in a brick-paved wilderness. But in a little court in this region stands the earliest gubernatorial mansion in the State, a house once buried in whispering orchards and trellised

with grape-arbors. The court was named for Lætitia, William Penn's hoydenish daughter by "sweet Guli Springett;" she was a spirited, self-willed damsel, who looked upon the new province in America as an enchanted kingdom, in which she should be princess, with a court of gallant explorers around her, and unnumbered red-skinned vassals to do her commands. The wild girl used to visit the estates of the first planters, and there try with her own little hands to use the flail among the threshers—retreating from the unequal competition with tears and shame to bury her defeat in the kind bosom of her father.

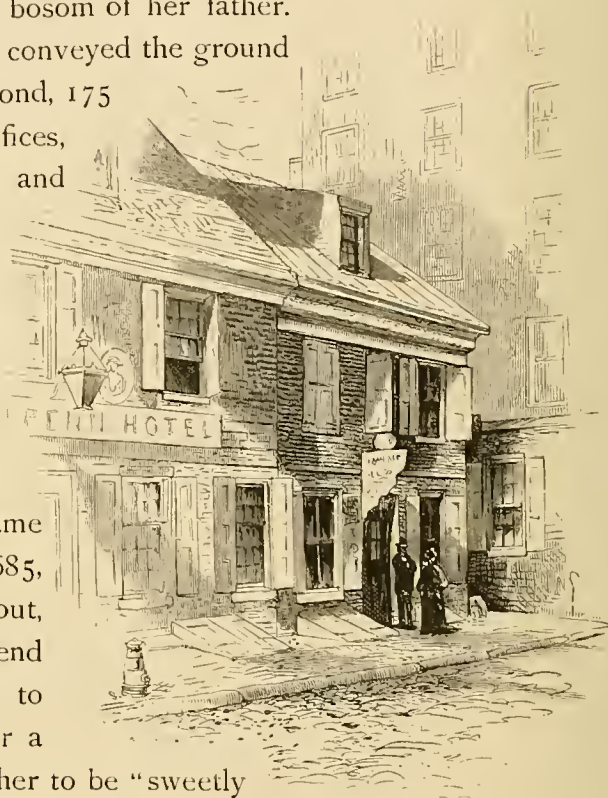
To Lætitia Penn, in 1701, the governor conveyed the ground on "High Street," from Front to Second, 175

feet deep, with all the "houses, edifices, buildings, easements, liberties, profits and commodities."

The life in America soon palled upon the poor Quaker princess. "I cannot prevail on my wife to stay, and still less with *Tishe*," wrote Penn to Logan, in great straits, in 1701. He was then popularly called in Pennsylvania, *Lord Penn*; the title of "Lord," attached to his name in William Bradford's Almanac for 1685, was ordered by council to be stricken out, and Bradford cautioned not to so offend again. When "*Tishe*" was to go to England in 1701, the Friends gave her a

certificate of good conduct, certifying her to be "sweetly tempered" and "courteously carriaged," and, according to Quaker custom when a proposal of matrimony is

on foot, declared that she was under no marriage engagement in the colony. She wedded a brisk merchant, William Aubrey, who quarreled about his wife's portion, and would have come with her to Pennsylvania to claim her American estate, but that "his wife's regard for the country was at a low ebb." Of all the "houses, edifices, and buildings," included in the Lætitia Court gift, there remains the nucleus of them all, the governor's house and first American residence. It was begun in advance of Penn's earliest visit, by the Lieutenant Governor, Colonel Markham. Gabriel Thomas, who went out in the "*Welcome*," said he then saw "the first cellar digging for the use of our governor." It



PENN'S HOUSE.

was immediately finished for the proprietary's use, and occupied by Penn in 1682, while the new city ran up briskly around it. It had an orchard of fruit-trees on the Second street side; was open to the water on the east ("facing the harbor," as Penn had stipulated), and had an avenue and great gate on Second street, from which "governor's gate," in 1685, the news of Charles II.'s death and the proclamation of James II. were solemnly read to the clustering townspeople. The low, solid, unboastful structure is an ale-house now, accessible to all comers, and reads through all its degradation a wholesome lesson of candor and simplicity to the public. Penn's "slate-roof" house, on Second street, above Walnut, was destroyed in 1867; it was a more ambitious edifice, not built originally for the governor, but occupied by him in 1699 and 1700 with his family; here his second wife, Hannah Callowhill Penn, gave birth to the only member of all that prolific family ever born on our soil,—“John Penn, the American,” whose infant cries shook the slate-roof in 1699, and perhaps vexed the skittish spirits of Lætitia. From it was buried Braddock's successor, General Forbes, with a military pomp and grand ceremony.



FRIENDS' ALMSHOUSE.

FRIENDS' ALMSHOUSE, approached by a court from Walnut street, near Third, is the remaining portion of a cluster of wings and tenements begun about 1713, and finished with an edifice fronting on Walnut street in 1729. It was used exclusively for indigent quakeresses, and jocularly called the Quaker Nunnery: a few "decayed" Friends are still maintained in seclusion and respectability. Its interest, to those who have the love of American literature at heart, is largely due to the rumor that here the Acadian refugees (who swarmed in Philadelphia on the dispersal of the French from Canada) might have been tended, as described in Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline." A mere poetic fiction does not demand the very gravest adherence of the antiquarian. If not here, the labors of the gentle French nurse must have been expended at a neighboring edifice, the old City Almshouse at Fourth and Spruce. If the "Nunnery" ever did receive male

patients, then here might Gabriel be watched by his faithful Evangeline, and in the Catholic cemetery at Sixth and Spruce streets must the ill-starred pair have been buried. The outline of the narrative is known to most readers of poetry: its earlier form is stated by Mr. James T. Fields as follows:—

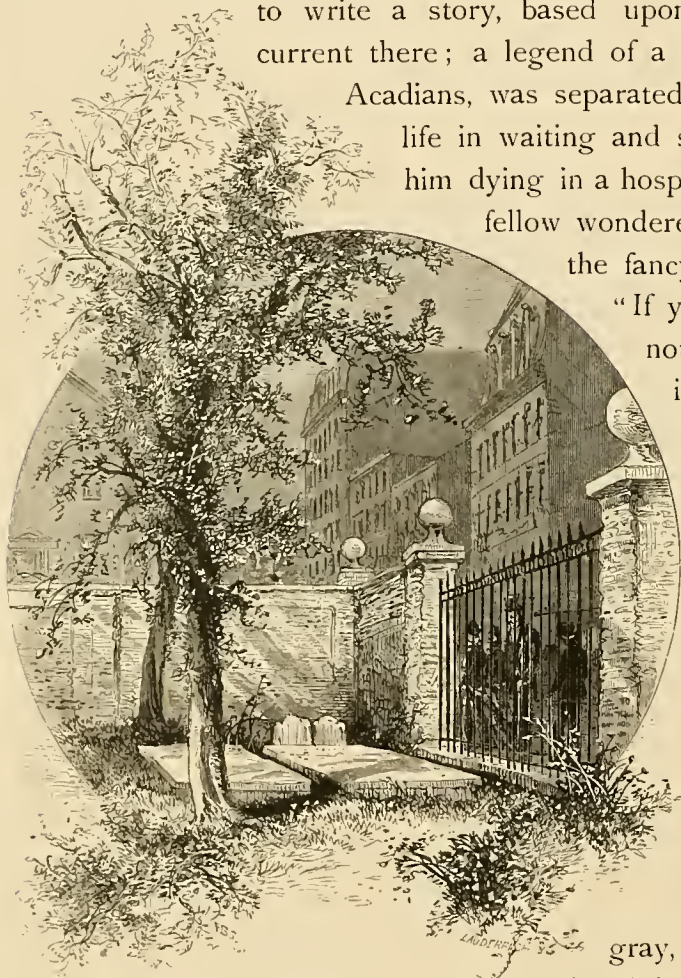
Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner the friend said, "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story, based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; a legend of a girl who, on the dispersion of the

Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital when both were old." Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him,

"If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" To this

Hawthorne assented, and moreover promised not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. Hawthorne rejoiced in the great success of Longfellow, and loved to count up the editions, both foreign and American, of this now world-renowned poem. To the visitor at the quaint, almost hidden building, the form of the olive-skinned,

gray, Norman woman must be plainer to the sight than the mere walls and furniture of the Retreat.



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

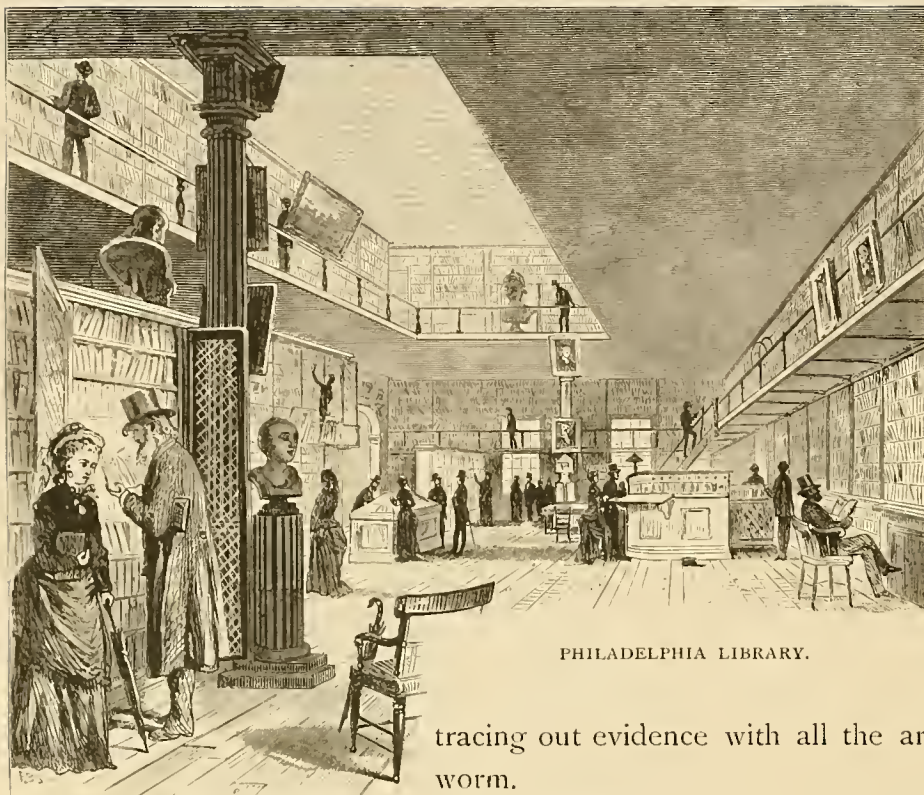
FRANKLIN'S GRAVE is in the cemetery of Christ Church, at Fifth and Arch streets. Beside him lies his faithful Deborah, who in early life forgave him so much neglect and married him so trustingly, while in his maturity she made him so wise and notable a partner. Her letter describing the furnishing of the new house in Franklin Court, in which she addresses him so fondly as "*O my child!*" gives a perfect picture of this lady's practical and housewifely character. "Your

time-piece stands in one corner, which is, as I am told, 'all wrong.' In the north room where we sit we have a small Scotch carpet, the small book-case, brother John's picture, and one of the King and Queen. The room we call *yours* has in it a desk—the *harmonica* made like a desk; * * * the pictures are not put up, as I do not like to drive nails. I have taken all the *dead letters*'—(the first postmaster's modest pile of dead letters,) "and had them boxed and barreled up." She concludes with the familiar expression of "my child," and exclaims, "there is a great odds between a man's being at home and abroad!" The gravestone is a flat slab, near the street, at which point an opening has been made in the wall for the convenience of spectators: the inscription is of the simplest kind, and only in books are to be seen the epigrammatic words which Franklin devised for himself, expressing his belief in immortality, and faith in his "Authour:"

The body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
(like the cover of an old book, its contents torn, and
stripped of its lettering and gilding)
lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost, but will (as he be-
lieved) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOUR.

The statue of Franklin, by Lazzarini an Italian sculptor, the gift of Mr. Bingham, stands in a niche in the front of the PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY, at the corner of Fifth and Library streets, and the edifice is often popularly called the Franklin Library. "When Franklin hears the State-House clock strike twelve, he always nods his head," proverb-loving old men say to their grandchildren. The Library Company of Philadelphia, whose collection of 101,000 books is sheltered in this old building, was founded in 1731. The kernel of the whole catalogue is the Loganian Library; James Logan, the first Secretary of Pennsylvania, gave his collection of 2000 volumes to the city, and the "Loganian" books are still shown to all comers without restriction, according to the provisions of his will.

The Philadelphia Library possesses a great many rare and curious works; a foretaste of its riches may be had from the central case in the first room, wherein



PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

a good many valuable manuscripts are shown under glass. Curiosities, relics, and mementos occupy its somewhat dingy recesses, and in its labyrinthine alcoves and cloisters may be seen the poring students, consulting references, ferreting authorities, and

tracing out evidence with all the ardor of the book-worm.

A valuable legacy, hampered with conditions, was made a short time ago to the library by Dr. Rush: the executors of his will are erecting, by his order, a splendid library edifice on South Broad street, to be proffered to the Library Company when completed. Acceptance of the gift will, accordingly, mean a removal from the time-honored site opposite Independence Square.



THE RESORTS OF PHILADELPHIANS.

ATLANTIC CITY.

A SUMMER suburb of Philadelphia, where the ocean provides all the business and entertainment, is Atlantic City,—a timber capital laid out on the sea-beach at the nearest convenient point across the peninsula of New Jersey. The metropolis of Penn claims, indeed, to be a port city, using in that sense the mile-wide channel and broader bay of the Delaware; but the Commonwealth has no actual sea-front, and to reach the Atlantic the inhabitants must borrow for a bridge the whole span of the adjacent State. The transit hardly occupies two hours. Citizens regard the ocean as their “country-place,” leasing or building cottages along the beach, and visiting their families there daily in the hot term, with no more interruption to business than would occur if their villas were fixed in some eligible spot in the rural interior. There are pleasant Woodruff parlor-cars attached to the expresses, and the merchant has hardly time to satisfy himself that there is nothing in the evening paper, when he is bowled smoothly to the immediate vicinity of his summer cottage. The streets of pretty buildings which form a wooden chess-board beside the sea are fresh and coquettish. The town is but twenty years old; and, besides, the sandy soil and absence of rock-foundation preclude the attempt at ponderous stone villas. It is to a seriously-built city what a lady's July muslins are to her more deliberate and awe-inspiring toiles of the winter. The jaunty little town is bright with every pearly tint that a painter can extract from his paint-pot; it is trimmed around the balconies with fantastic frills of scroll-sawing, or jutting timbers carved like a Russian peasant's roof-tree, or sham-Gothic capitals that perk themselves up in a propitiatory way and ask, “Wouldn't you take me for real stone if I were sanded?” It is roofed with shingles, cut and stained to look like slate, with saucy mansards, little towers that would be taken for chimneys, and fanciful *pignons* just able to support their weather-vanes. Every house in Atlantic City is some man's castle, doubtless; but some of the castles would not stand a very long siege. These fretwork strongholds vary in size; some are so small that you are tempted to put them on the centre-table, like the carved cottages from Switzerland; while others, the public-houses, are so big that with their balconies stripped off you would declare they were factories. The hotels, indeed, are rather gigantic; but they run into length, not height, and look



PACIFIC AVENUE.

like ordinary tall buildings that had been advised to lie down on their sides and grow; even so did the giant Gargantua, "as quickly as he had banqueted, stretch himself out on a good bench and go to sleep, without evil thinking or evil speaking." The United States, the Sea-View House, and Schaufler's are representative hotels, devoted respectively to the fashionable, the democratic, and the Teutonic elements of our civilization. Besides these large representative inns there are a dozen prominent hotels of more or less importance, and about a hundred boarding-houses, an abundance of houses for temporary hire, and, added to these mercenary accommodations, the dignified privacy of rich men's homes. Such varied buildings, with the churches, compose the town. The element that is missed, and whose absence leaves visible the agreeable picture of a city entirely given up to pleasure, is the work-day element. The sea-side city differs from the commercial city in having no gloomy warehouses, no storage-houses devoted to trade, no soiled pavements vexed with thundering drays, no hot factories giddy with steam and belted wheels, no counting-houses peopled with big books and pale clerks—in short, none of the curse laid on fallen Adam. The wharf of this town is not crowded with heavy merchandise, but strewn with sand, tracked with pleasure-carriages, and trodden by people intent on idleness alone. It is pleasant

to see occasionally a happy village devoted to nothing but recreation. Every house in the place assists in the impression, joins the conspiracy, puts on its liveliest paint and prettiest ornaments, and pretends at least to be comfortable and cheerful.

The dried white sand blows up from the beach, banks itself in some of the porticoes like snow, spreads over the pavements, and runs races in the wind under your feet; the corner curb-stone is hidden under a pile of it to-day, to be blown clean to-morrow. A curled ribbon of sea-weed is wrapped around the front pillar like the sea-weed that clings to the palaces of Venice. In a town which the ocean constantly dresses out with its sands and shells and foliage it seems as if the precautions of common civic life were a joke. The policemen in uniform who pace these marine streets and guard the doors, hardly appear as if they expected to be taken seriously; the street-cars, rolling on tracks gritty with sand that lately paved the ocean, seem like a pretense; the rows of street-lamps that twinkle at night might be expected to fade suddenly, like a mirage. But the police and cars and lights go on with their business as gravely as in "real" cities.

The beach is laid with a footway of heavy plank, on which the promenading, and most of the flirting, is done. Every afternoon, for two miles, it is thickly peopled with citizens on dress-parade. The usual Chestnut street promenade of Philadelphia has long been famous as one of the most beautiful sights of that big brick Babylon. The Philadelphia girl, say the natives, with every appearance of belief, is not only the fairest of the continent, but she knows how to walk with ease, self-possession, and simplicity, without consciousness of notice, and without efforts to attract it. The Philadelphia male, say the same disinterested critics, is the only citizen of the Northern States who can walk the street as if the pavement did not burn his feet, and who does not seem rushing to some business engagement with the speed of despair. These citizens, it is claimed, besides their good looks, have the art of lounging gracefully, and pacing as if they could afford to do it. Notwithstanding the great increase in the number of equipages of late years—since the possession of a suitable driving-ground has made the ownership of carriages almost indispensable—the Philadelphians are a city of walkers; the prosperous people still turn out, and show their more contented faces among the crowds that fill the pavements; the promenade is not, as elsewhere, merely a concourse of business men making parade of their misery, or of women care-worn, shopping, hardened, tired, or painted. It is a procession that includes the "best persons." It is what Paris would recognize as one of her own boulevards of *flâneurs*.



BATHING HOUR.

Now the pretty wooden boulevard at Atlantic City shows the same procession, almost as identical as if just poured upon it from the original decanter. It is an extension of Chestnut street. The reader has only to look out for a recognition of the same fair faces, with the embellishment of greater happiness and more studied idleness, and with the last traces of care quite smoothed away.

To the delights of bathing are added the sports of crab-fishing at the "Thoroughfare," near the railroad bridge, and of sailing and fishing in the boats kept for hire at the "Inlet," which crosses the beach beside the light-house: these diversions give rise to incessant jokes, a little sea-sickness, and endless adventures.

The reader probably knows the routine at an American bathing-city, from the average of which this does not par-

ticularly differ. About mid-morning, with certain variations for the tide, the sojourners prepare to bathe. Little toilet-houses stud the beach, the hotels possessing long lines of them, and the private residences having individual boxes of their own in particular points on the nearest spot opposite their street. In one of these wardrobe-cases Brother Jonathan struggles into his flannel suit, and emerges when in full rig, feeling like a circus-performer in his novel uniform; he meets by appointment his favored maid, or his daughter or wife, who is hardly recognizable with her Bloomer suit of braided cloth, but who still tries to look jaunty, in her ruffled and belted frock, while a scared-looking chip hat conceals her hair, and moccasins, small as if made for an Indian baby, her feet. Brother Jonathan chooses for his partner the place adapted to her wishes, holds her hands firmly as the billow rolls over them, and assists her to regain her footing, making it a matter of pride not to lose his own. When the sea determines to play off its tricks, and sends some tenth or eleventh billow more powerful than the rest, it is his business to recover his balance first, fish around boldly in the water for his wrecked companion, ingeniously recognize her by some emerging ribbon or shoe, or other lifted signal of distress, and swim off to any reasonable distance for her hat. Having tucked up her hair for her, hung her over his arm a minute to let the salt water run out from her mouth, and planted her on her feet, with a polite assurance that she looks fresher from her dip and that drowning is becoming to her, he assists her to further immersions, or teaches her to float and to swim. The bath over, he retires to his wardrobe-room again, where he goes through struggles like those of a confined Medium to force his damp person into his clothes once more. Then, rejoining his rosy mate, he waits on her to the hotel, confers a sandwich upon her, and leaves her till the next meeting, at dinner-time, or at the evening hop.

The frequenters of Atlantic City are inveterate bathers. The ocean is not a mere excuse or pretense; they seek it to make its most intimate acquaintance. Almost everybody repairs to the water at about eleven o'clock. Many of the gentlemen have already tested the billows, in the privileged swimming-bath, without the inconvenience of flannel, at sunrise. Another large party bathe in the afternoon; in the evening, amid all the stir of fashion on the beach, amid the promenading and fine toilets and stylish driving, the sea still receives its bathers with decorum and gentleness, lifting its waves high around them in a privacy of foam.

For every taste and every guest, the salt tub is ready, receiving countless relays of incumbents with the same refreshing welcome.

The air of Atlantic City has been compared with that of Nice. There is nothing perceptibly acrid or sharp or saline about it; it is but rarely laden with fog. The action of the sun upon such a breadth of flat country as here leads up to the beach produces an equalizing and temperate effect, absorbing the moisture as quickly as it rises, and resulting in a rich, dry climate like that of favored regions far inland. For this reason this resort is known far and wide as the dry sea-side *par excellence*, and is unhesitatingly recommended by the doctors to invalids who may even be suffering from bronchial complaints.

The finest sight of Atlantic City, morally speaking, is not her grandest hotel or most elegant equipage—not the tower of her beacon, the regularity of her ten-mile beach, or even the majesty of her ocean. It is the charity of her Nursery for the children of the poor. This establishment was the first of its kind in the country, and was due to the healthful imagination of certain wealthy gentlemen of Philadelphia (or, shall we conjecture, of their wives?) who fancied that a sight of the Atlantic and the sports of the shore would be a good regimen for the invalid offspring of the indigent. The charity was opened with the best results. Here all summer long, to the number of fifty or sixty at a time, the little sick urchins from the poor man's home are brought to breathe the pure air and enjoy the limitless space, and to play fearlessly with the monstrous ocean. Hundreds of frail little lives are probably saved by this means every summer, and the good example of a sea-side children's home is being imitated, only too tardily, at other resorts.



CHILDREN'S HOME.



CAPE MAY.

FROM time immemorial the citizens of Philadelphia have made their bathing-place of the Atlantic near the mouth of the Delaware River,—resorting to Cape May as the wealthy Romans used to resort to Baiæ and Capri. To reach the spot they were at first obliged to overcome all the inconveniences of bad roads and primitive boating facilities, until the invention of Robert Fulton and Oliver Evans gave them the power of reaching the spot with the speed of steam. In about three hours by locomotive, or in nine hours by steamer, they can now follow the axis-line of the long State of New Jersey, and arrive without fatigue at its southern extremity. Here the powerful surf of the Atlantic rolls upon the extremity of the peninsula, or drives the fresh water before it up the broad channel of Delaware Bay.

The curious feature of the little city of Cape May is that it combines the fashionable watering-place with the rude provincial settlement. From the early part of the present century it commenced to grow, as an humble aggregation of rustic houses and marine shops, where the fishermen and harvesters of the neighboring inlets might come to sell their produce, visit the doctor, or leave their sunburnt children at the school, or gather for worship in the low-roofed church. The primitive buildings of this state of civilization still remain, covering a large flat area that stretches back from the sea, and sheltering a permanent village population of fifteen hundred souls; but this rude maritime settlement is now everywhere overshadowed and pierced by gorgeous modern structures, that lift their ornamental fronts among the weather-stained walls, and make a

contrast like "cloth of gold matched with cloth of frieze." The ambitious hotels have usurped the whole sea-front. The street-corners are occupied by fanciful shops for the sale of stylish trifles. Splendid equipages with liveried drivers dash between the rude antique houses. Modern villas of fanciful device are steadily pushing down the boatmen's cottages and the humble country stores.

All through the winter and spring this aristocratic element is fast asleep. The monstrous hotels are as lifeless as the temples of Palmyra,—their carpets are stripped from the floors and hung, to prevent moulding, in festoons over the stair-railings; in the centre of the parlor floors, where the figures of the dance are wont to be woven, are mountains of chairs; vast heaps of crockery are built upon tables in the dining-halls, and the pantries are piled with transparent structures of chandelier-globes, goblets, fruit-dishes in dozens, and salt-cellar in hundreds. Only the steps of a solitary watchman echo from time to time through the corridors, to prove that the lethargy is only sleep, not death. At the same time the private cottages stretch along the streets in long, inanimate rows, like the backbones of extinct monsters stranded by the sea, and emptied of the nerve and marrow that gave them purpose and energy in the battle of life. During these months the original and natural life of Cape May creeps timidly into notice. The rustic shops are visited by half-idle farmers, buying saddles, ax-handles, bags, or stoneware for the toiling wives at home. The village respectables come out and exchange modest visits,—the schoolmaster and his wife calling upon Mr. and Mrs. Editor, the boat-builder and carpenter discussing the price of timber, and the clergyman receiving timid calls from the old maids and widows of the place. As spring opens, a new wave of animation steals over the village, prophetic of the great change that the warm weather is to bring. Truck gardens are manured with sea-weed and crushed crab-shells. The eggs of the horseshoe crab are collected in great quantities to feed whole aviaries of "spring chickens,"—accounting for the strange, sea-like flavor that city guests will presently notice and wonder at in those India-rubbery fowls. As June progresses, the farmers in the vicinity paint their boats, the fishermen grease their wagons—for in this amphibious region the yeomen are sailors, the sailors yeomen, and the distinction between sea-faring and land-culture is merged in a pleasant confusion. Old nags—their coats as furry and salty as those of Neptune's sea-horses—are clipped, curried, and made presentable; the father mends up the old harness with home-learnt skill, and rubs with oil the cracking cover of the dearborn; the son buys a box of paper collars; the gingham-gowned daughter pays additional visits to the barnyard, feeds the hens with a novel

CAPE MAY.

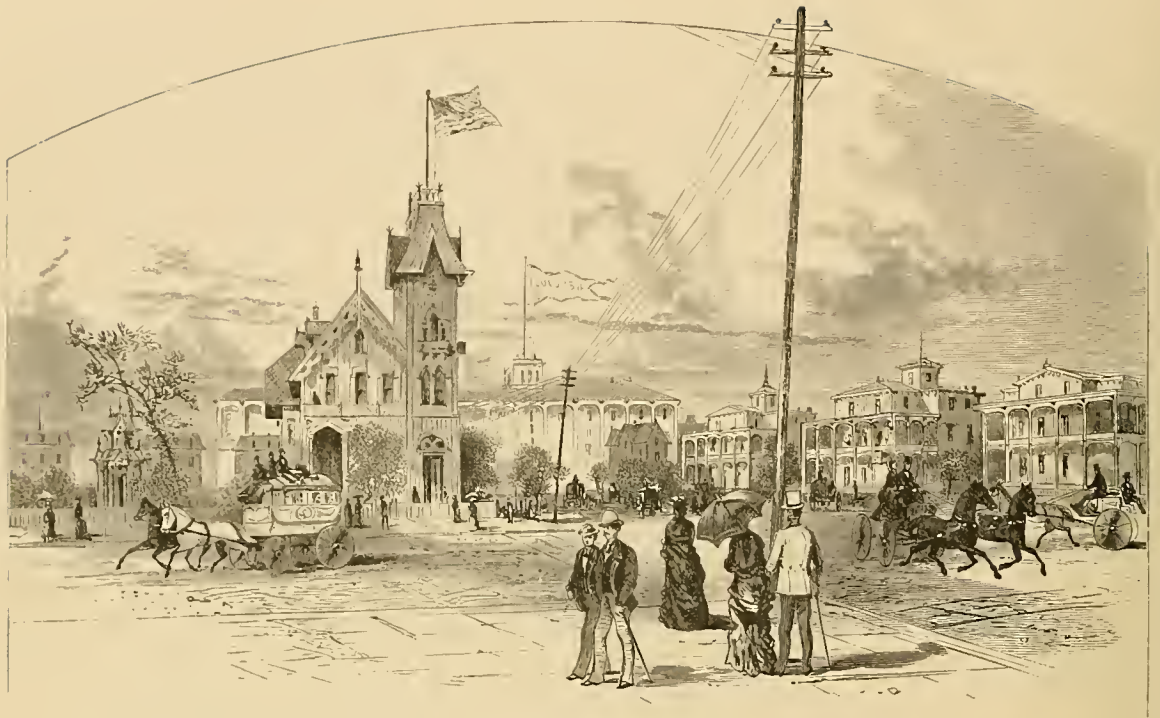
prodigality that astonishes those mild pensioners, and, like the immemorial girl of the fable, counts by scores and hundreds of dozens the fortune-bringing eggs that are not hatched, and may never be. If the summer's business turns out well, the girl will come out with money for several new dresses, and the boy, after driving city belles all July and August, will be ready to marry a country one in September.

With the advancing season come certain signs that indicate to the citizen that July is at hand. The amphibious farmer of Cape May begins to prepare for his crops. His harvest is the rich citizen. "John," he says to his son, "drop the oysters in brackish water in the inlet yonder, and take

ON THE BEACH.



A CENTURY AFTER.



COLUMBIA AVENUE.

care you let them fall hinge down. Give them as much water to drink as they see fit." That is the easy way in which the Cape May caterer feeds his bivalves for the inevitable oyster-stew of supper-time. A lean oyster, dropped properly into the liquid mud of the channels, where the soft water overflows him, will become firm and fat in a single night. "Ben and Tom," continues the purveyor, "you must put the wheels on to the old wagon, and prepare to scoop me up a couple of bushels of soft crabs every day while the season lasts." At the same time, the old man knows that he has a sure and liberal market secured for all the fine hay he has reaped from the salt meadow, for the Indian corn and tomatoes he has planted in his garden-patch, for the yield of the potato-acre, and for the calves and pigs whose infant graces are ripening behind the barn.

Thus, when the season fairly arrives, every member of the farmer's family is thrown out, like a tentacle, to suck in wealth and gain; every article of value in his possession is utilized, his goods are hired, his industry is directed to the same end, and the city man who employs the rough, freckled countryman to drive him for his pleasure, hardly feels the truth, that this homely rustic may be prepared, with the result of his accumulated savings, to buy him out ten times over.

At the hotels, for a month before the earliest and hardiest city visitor appears, there are carpenters hammering, painters hanging like spiders from the eaves of

lofty hotels, upholsterers stretching carpets, plumbers and gas-fitters darkly burying miles of pipe inside of solid walls. Then, on the eve of the opening-day, regiments of exiled and melancholy cooks come down by the train, with their white caps folded up inside their French chests; whole choruses of negro waiters arrive, chattering and whistling; silent, stout men wander into the village with little caskets containing violins or oboes. Finally, the dazzling hotel clerk assumes his sweet smile and fixes himself like a jewel at the desk, and the season is opened.

Cape May is inferior to Newport in the solidity of its buildings, but, with that exception, is, perhaps, the most substantial looking of our sea-side resorts. The finest hotels are more solid and ornamental, for example, than the finest of Long Branch. The Stockton House and Congress Hall are summer palaces that easily vie with the most splendid at Saratoga. Besides these, there are the Columbia, Atlantic, Sea-Breeze, United States, and Ocean Houses—each of them the favorite with certain classes and families, who loudly cry up their chosen resting-places. During the months of July and August the town literally becomes a Philadelphia-on-the-Sea; the visitors are old Philadelphia neighbors, who greet each other as they drive on the beach as they have habitually greeted each other in driving through Fairmount Park. The hotel parlors are filled with old acquaintances, glad to meet again after brief separation. The balls and “Germans” of the winter months are imitated in the “hops,” and largely patronized by the same class of people. And beside the tender encounters and formal recognition of the ball-room floor, there is the immense common-room of the ocean, where beaux and belles, in marine costumes, meet without the possibility of formality or haughtiness.

The bathing at Cape May is so perfect, that visitors habituated to it are apt to look with contempt upon any other beach they may try. The surf is mathematically regular, and just high enough for pleasure. A good bather can take the outermost and loftiest roller, while the more timid can arrange themselves along the graduated waves that fall in towards the shore in musical *diminuendo*. The even sand-beach stretches for an indefinite distance out under water, with a safe and accurate slope, over which the advancing tide is scored into breakers with the regularity of clock-work. There is a broad and smooth pavement of sand left by the retreating surf, on which promenaders may walk with comfort and luxury, while carriages can bowl smoothly upon it as on an idealized Macadam, or equestrians may pace with the spent waves washing over their horses' feet. This superb natural road extends from Poverty Beach, a

desolate part of the coast eastward from Cape May, about ten miles to Diamond Beach, a locality reached after rounding the southern point of New Jersey and passing up along the side of Delaware Bay. The latter beach is named from the abundance of pebbles forming the shore, many specimens of which, being of rock-crystal, may be polished into the semblance of precious stones.

The regular life of Cape May—we speak now of the habitual existence of old *habitués*, not of the visits of the fashionable moths who flutter down for a day or two—is a delicious, lazy round of exercise and pleasure, calculated to tone the nerves and brace the system for winter work. Breakfasting about eight, the guests devote the after-breakfast hour to reading the morning papers, discussing the news and their matutinal cigar, demolishing ten-pins in the alleys, and thinking about the crisp bath that is to come. About 11 A. M. the rows of uniform wooden cabins that strew the beach in front of the principal hotels, and the more commodious ones erected by private cottagers, begin to give birth to a tribe of strangely-dressed creatures, who meet and advance to the water hand in hand; these are the ladies and gentlemen whose fine skirts and fanciful canes have lashed the porticoes of the hotels in the earlier part of the morning. Now, covered with gypsy hats and flannel suits, they look like mad people from an asylum. When refreshed by the bath, they emerge, dress, lunch, and lose themselves in a delicious nap until dinner-time—the men being usually guilty of another cigar at this period, whose smoke melts languidly off into the dreams of their *siesta*—the ladies spreading the pillows with their hair, which dries as they sleep, themselves looking the while like mermaids strewing their tresses over rocks of marble. Dinner is taken at an hour early enough to permit a drive in the pleasant late part of the afternoon. At five the approaches to the hotels are thick with the carriages, either brought to order or hopeful of an engagement. About sunset the roads are covered with the world of Cape May, whirling in all directions to enjoy the prospect and the afternoon sea-breeze. The beach is dressed for a great distance with a firmly-bedded artificial road, forming a fine *boulevard*, upon which the splendid equipages can display themselves to the best possible advantage. Back in the country the roads have of late years been much improved and laid out anew in various directions, forming agreeable drives through a peculiar and impressive, though flat and wild, country. The best material at hand for dressing these roads is the oyster-shell, which is laid by many a ton upon the level turnpikes around Cape May. The New Jersey farmer believes in nothing but what he calls a “good, old-fashioned, shell road,” packed with the hard envelopes of oysters that are killed in cold blood.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



ENTRANCE TO ACADEMY.

“IT is such a luxury,” said Ronconi the opera-singer, “to throw out the voice in the Philadelphia Academy!” This fine building, this triumph of acoustic accommodations, is situated at Broad and Locust streets, and the grand ball which marked its opening took place in 1857. It is of dark brick and stone, in the Italianized Byzantine style, so common for all our large edifices that are not churches; the architects were Le Brun and Runge. Besides its delicious *nursing quality* for the voice, this is in advance of most opera-houses in the world for interior beauty and dimensions. The stage, framed with twin pairs of enormous and graceful Corinthian pillars, upon which Bailly’s colossal caryatides support the arches, is singularly effective: as a stage, again, it is uncommonly commodious, distancing nearly all the theatrical stages of Europe in

dimensions. The auditorium, ninety feet wide, is one hundred and two and a half feet deep; that of La Scala in Milan, and that of San Carlo in Naples alone are somewhat larger. The allegorical paintings on the ceiling by Schmolze are real works of art. It seats twenty-nine hundred persons, the average of European theatres only containing places for two thousand.

The musical taste of Philadelphia is a rather singular union of profundity and naiveté. Observers at a distance,—especially professional observers,—not holding the clew, have often wondered at the fact that certain famous vocalists have appeared there with the most delirious success, drawing the quiet inhabitants out of their houses in hordes, while others equally famous, or very nearly so, have sung to empty benches, and presently have had to pack up their stage-wardrobes and decamp in fury and despair. The peculiarity is not an unwholesome one, and depends on the condition of public and private criticism in the city. The press critics are in several instances persons of the highest competence, enthusiastic lovers of the art, and, as auditors, fastidious and instructed in a high degree. The towns-people include many connoisseurs similarly “advanced” and educated. There is in both departments the greatest intelligence of independent judgment, with the least imaginable tendency to clannishness. All this leads to a state of things that is the despair of the impressario. The population is a fixed one—not a changing collection of visitors indulgent towards any novelty. The situation is quite different from that at London, or Paris, or Berlin, or Munich, or Milan. In any great city of fluctuating population the maintenance of musical recreation is a constant and recognized necessity; the professional critics of such capitals always acquire a particular tone of urbanity and catholicity—a tolerance not necessarily venal, but extremely broad. The star performers visit such places in turn, and are received by the press, if they have any sort of desert, with an easy and rather cynical approbation, which is certain to be seconded by the support of some fraction of the changing population. In this way respectable mediocrity has the chance of a very fair temporary success. But let respectable mediocrity set her face before the audience composed of resident amateurs, and in the glare of a press filled with virtuosos,—she had better set it in the jaws of a lion. A chilling disdain, worse than a storm of hisses, emanates from the crowd in the auditorium, who let the initial test-performance drag itself through in freezing decorum, and studiously absent themselves thereafter. Why should people leave such comfortable homes as those of Philadelphia for any performer that is not an absolute star? The audiences here are, at first view, the representative or ideal audiences, whom the blandishments of inflated incompetency cannot beguile, and

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



VESTIBULE OF THE ACADEMY.

whose judgment is re-enforced by the opinion of cultured critics in the daily papers. But a little consideration will show that this very independence of opinion is perilous to the business success of the art, and that without business success no art can stand in this world. Your newspaper critic, if he happens to be a virtuoso, with his own piano-parties in full blast through the winter, is liable to lack in catholicity as much as he is able to furnish in knowledge; this sort of critic has his uncontrollable hatred of Bellini, or his fond recollections of Sphor, or his private adoration of Wagner. His public criticisms are fashioned upon some

special theory of what is excellent in art, rather than upon the standards that an indulgent world has determined to accept. Printed criticism of this sort is sure to display the most startling incongruities. The "free lance" is found rushing forward to attack, on the sudden, some performer with a world-wide fame, or unexpectedly rising to champion a third-rate artist who does not show the faults of its own particular dislike. Thus the support of musical art is rather capricious, just because it is not ignorant. It is not to be relied on for charity towards a rising talent, and it is almost as contemptuous as the red Indians towards declining age. Tamberlik, Mario, have had bitter hours in Philadelphia; and when it came to such faded voices as those of Schillag and Di Murska, the opposition was merciless and final. At the same time, a public of this sort will have its own favorites, whom it will support long after their power to excel is really gone, simply because it has marked and approved them in earlier days. Nothing can match the fidelity of an audience composed forever of the same virtuosos: when it has stamped a favorite, it abides by that favorite till death. Thus Brignoli, loved when his tenor was fresh and strong, might bring his rusty throat here to-morrow with the certainty of support. He belongs, in the minds of the Philadelphians, to the famous day when the Academy was new, and they discovered that they were an opera-supporting community.

The opening of the grand opera-house was made brilliant by the glorious tones of Gazzaniga, who eighteen years ago was a novelty in this country, and whose admirable method, still effective in teaching, was then supported by the charms of beauty and liveliness. Artists painted her as the Traviata, and her bust still decorates the halls of the grateful Academy she opened. It was a pleasant season, the first at the gigantic opera-house. The building was not only big, but abundantly decorated and furnished; there was nothing barn-like in its huge dimensions; the upholstery and walls, of a judicious shade of crimson, relieved the white-and-gold rainbows of the successive tiers. The vast opening of the stage, with its noble frame of doubled pillars and caryatid figures, was filled in with a crimson "first drop," so illusively painted with velvet festoons by J. R. Martin, of Berlin, that the curtain of Xeuxis could hardly have been more deceptive. When this rolled up, the unparalleled dimensions of the stage were found full of the richest scenery and furniture, amongst which the thread of the dramatic story and the embroideries of the music were gradually developed. The audience, on the other side of the footlights, was brilliant and proud—a complication, in fact, of social "circles," each circle knowing intimately its own "set," but ignorant as the grave of the people in the circle just outside of it.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



FOYER OF THE ACADEMY.

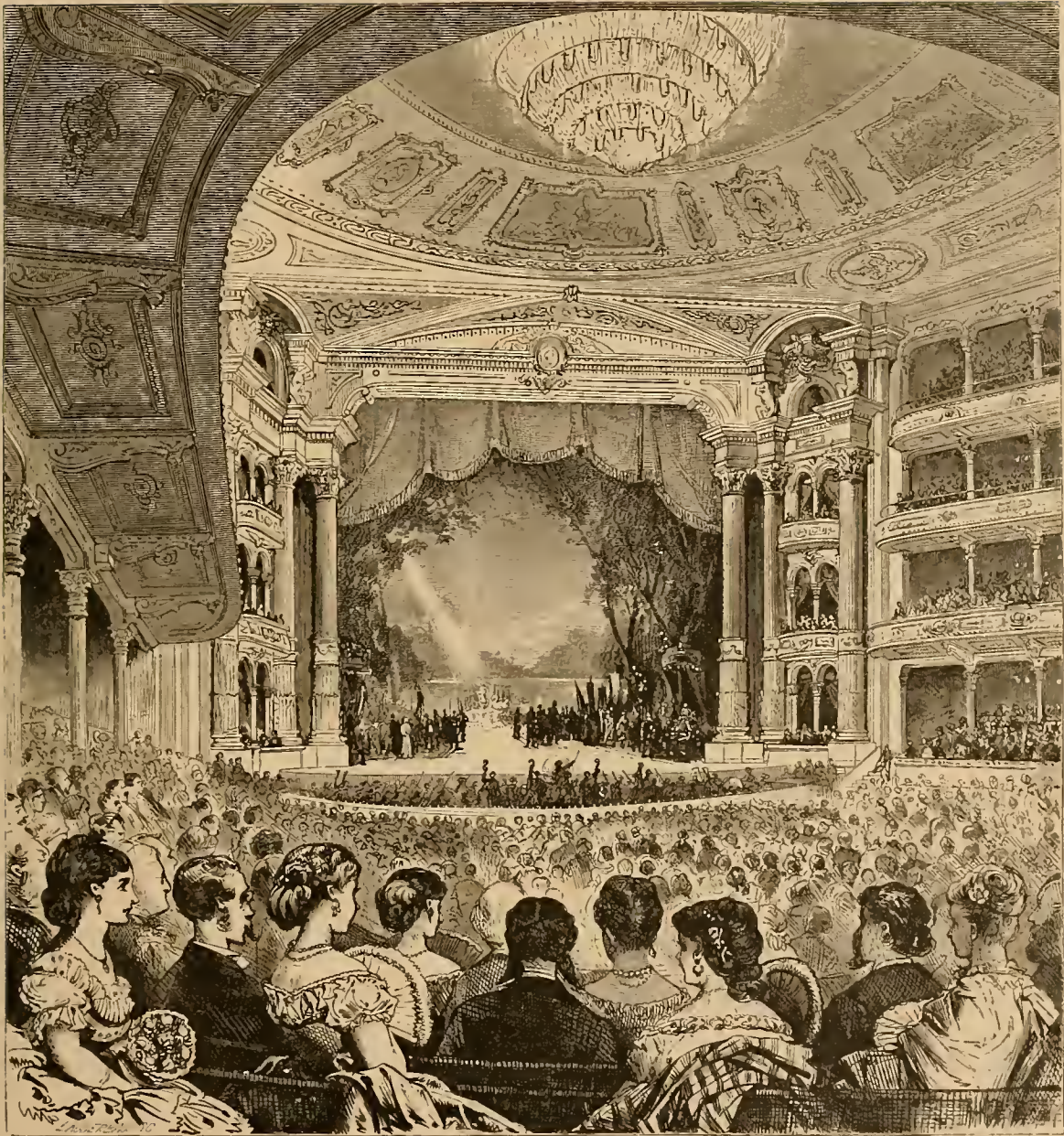
The first six orchestra rows, according to the terms of the subscriptions, were occupied by the stockholders; the purchase of stock giving a lasting right to the occupancy of one of these favored seats. It was a splendid privilege, and held very cheap at the money, that of being allowed to sit in one of these marked fauteuils, under the eyes of the whole house, and in full blaze of the sun-like chandelier. Every man of means was eager to become the owner of stock, and by this easy method proclaim himself, in the most obvious manner, as a member of the republican aristocracy. It was not so great a joy, however, to the managers, who rebelled not a little at having to give up the best seats in the house to a throng of well-dressed persons who added nothing to the receipts of the performance, and simply reposed on their right of pre-emption.

The whole plan of the building met with general approval. The lofty and handsome foyer, the broad staircases, furnishing such abundant means of exit, the corridors for circulation outside the tiers, all were naturally admired, and have not yet been matched on this continent. The edifice is as large as the limitations of acoustics will permit, and is unexcelled for the virtue of gathering up the sounds emitted from the stage and delivering them in perfection to the hearers. The latter are served by every convenience. There can be no better house for getting about in, or for getting out of. Even the amphitheatre is accessible and pleasant, and in the family circle below, a certain set of artists have formed the habit of going with their wives and children, creating a little social *salon* in that less aristocratic retreat, and carrying thither some of the best-educated ears and most cultivated musical memories to be found anywhere.

The history of the Academy has not been uneventful. Citizens remember the enormous crowd which filled the building on the occasion of the Prince of Wales visiting this country, when, in addition to the rush for good places, a number of influential dandies got upon the stage as supernumeraries; the ladies in their stalls, and Patti, and perhaps Royal Highness itself, were then not a little amazed at the sight of enormous opera-glasses, carried down to the footlights in the hands of the stage soldier, and very coolly directed into the boxes from that advantageous position. The poor "captain of supernumeraries" got a terrible blowing-up; but the offending individuals had argued that, if a cat may look at a king, a puppy may look at a prince, and departed very well contented with themselves.

Italian opera has flourished on this stage whenever it was well presented, and the performers capable; mediocre exhibitions have been a little too severely punished. At this Academy, as has been intimated, it is either a rousing success or a flat failure, and a comfortable, good-natured support of second-class merit is almost unknown. German opera has been well sustained, since the pleasant time when Bertha Johansen showed the towns-people her fine interpretation of *Fidelio*: the opera of that name had a great run, with performance of all the various overtures. Mme. Rotter, who made such a graceful soubrette in *Fidelio*, made a good soubrette too in the *première* part in *Fra Diavolo*, where her jolly and innocent style was highly appreciated. In this opera Herr Habelmann, then young and handsome, rolled over the rocks so conscientiously as the dying brigand, that he broke an arm; the pile of rock-work, owing to the exceptional height of the stage, yielding him a fall of greater altitude than ever tenor had on the boards of a theatre before.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



ACADEMY OF MUSIC—INTERIOR.

Adalina Patti, now too long a stranger to the American boards, has frequently sung in the Academy; the operas in which she is best remembered being those invariable selections of young beginners, the "Sonnambula" and "Lucia." Her career began in this city, where her first efforts, as infant phenomenon and child-violinist, are curiously recollected by play-goers. Her sister, Carlotta, has often filled the great dome with her superb singing in "*The Magic Flute*." One of

the most creditable feats of this institution, and one justifying its claim to be called an Academy, was its production of "Notre Dame," the opera written by Mr. Fry, a Philadelphian, and the principal composer America has yet produced. The opera, however, fell flat, though an excellent representation of *Quasimodo* was given by Mr. Seguin, and a fine combination of scenery and spectacular effect covered the stage; the lack of a competent prima-donna—an old want whenever English opera has been concerned—was fatal to the success of the work.

The history of the stage in this city of the Quakers is more brilliant than might be expected. Notwithstanding the most determined opposition, a dramatic show was opened by Kean and Murray, in 1749, forty-three years before the Puritans of Boston made up their reluctant minds to permit the exhibition of rope-dancing "as a moral lecture," in 1792. Nicholas Rowe was the first dramatic author regularly represented in Philadelphia by a full company. "The Fair Penitent" was played by a set of actors from England, under Lewis Hallam, in the large room over William Plumstead's storehouse, on the east side of Water street, at the corner of the first alley below Pine. The first actual theatre was built in 1759, on Society Hill, at the south-west corner of South and Vernon streets. David Douglass and his wife, Miss Cheer and Miss Morris displayed the unaccustomed spectacle of towering wigs, glass jewelry and red heels to the innocent city bloods, whose most daring costumes till then were guiltless of false pretense and tinsel. The next year, 1760, Douglass built and equipped his long-famous "South Street Theatre," a structure which lasted until 1800. This was the scene of the Capuan revels of Howe and his army when they occupied the American capital during the revolutionary war. The officers opened the theatre with a theatrical company under their patronage, the more talented among them displaying with pride their own skill in acting or in decorating the stage. Here poor young André fluttered away the last months of his promising but vain life, devising pageants, leading the revels, and lending his artistic talent with brilliant effect to the production of the plays. The Major, together with a Captain Delancy, were the chief scene-painters of the British play-house during the brief irony of its splendor. A drop-curtain painted by Major André continued to be used habitually, for years after the theatre had turned national again—as long, in fact, as the house stood.

In 1792 occurred a split between the members of a large and conspicuous dramatic company, whose appearances were made sometimes in Philadelphia and sometimes in New York. A capable tragedian, Thomas Wignell, with Mr. and

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



ACADEMY OF MUSIC—EXTERIOR.

Mrs. Morris, seceded, and set up his own company, the attraction being Mrs. Morris, a tall beauty on very high heels, whose charm was in her looks rather than in her art. Of this company Mr. Dunlap, the historian of the stage, says, that it flourished for many years, more uniformly, and with actors of higher estimation, than the rival company of New York, conducted by John Henry.

A determined opposition to the drama was still maintained in the post-Revolutionary period on the part of a goodly number of excellent people, who regarded theatre-going as a form of amusement especially demoralizing to the young, and who consequently discountenanced it, even to the extent of asking legislative interference with the players. Within a decade of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, an animated debate on the subject of suppressing the theatres took place in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and the law-makers of the adolescent State argued, according to their enlightenments and predilections, with all the fervor that legislative orators are accustomed to assume when they only about half understand the theme they are discussing; for it is fair to presume that many of them had never seen a theatrical performance, and but few sufficiently often to form very intelligent ideas as to the moral or immoral

influence of the drama. As a fine art, however, the drama found able and eloquent champions in such men as General Anthony Wayne and Robert Morris, and the sturdy common sense with which they backed their argument carried the day in favor of the theatres.

The opening of the Chestnut Street Theatre in February, 1794, was an important event in the theatrical annals of Philadelphia. For more than three-score years this handsome house was the chief home of the drama in the City of Penn. It was forced to succumb some twenty odd years ago to the march of improvement, and a newer, sprucer, and more ornate house, half a mile distant, now bears its name. The original Chestnut Street Theatre was the "Old Drury" of Philadelphia, and its classic and imposing frontage, with its row of columns flanked by not undignified statues of Tragedy and Comedy, promised well for the character of the dramatic fare provided within its walls. The Chestnut was strong in its stock companies, and old play-goers have fond recollections of some of the combinations of great actors and actresses that have appeared there in times gone by. The reputation of the old Chestnut as a stock theatre has, in a degree, been inherited by the Arch Street Theatre, in Arch street above Sixth, which under a succession of managers has maintained itself in the favor of the public by the strength of its companies. The Walnut Street Theatre, at Ninth and Walnut streets, has been for a very long term of years the "star" house of Philadelphia. This theatre may be considered as the home of Tragedy, just as the muse of Comedy has shown a preference for the Arch, and its boards have been trodden by all the great dramatic performers who have appeared before Philadelphia audiences since its erection. It was at this theatre that Rachel gave her last performance in America, and it is said that the severe cold which she caught through the chilling draughts of the stage was the incipient cause of her last and fatal illness. The character personated by the great French tragedienne on this occasion was "*Camille*," in "*Les Horaces*." Before the erection of the Academy of Music, wandering operatic and concert troupes were accustomed to appear from time to time at the Walnut, so that the house may be said to have a musical as well as a dramatic history.

Dramatic performances of various kinds are given at the Academy of Music nearly every season, as well as at the regular theatres. It is customary for stars, who, for various reasons, are unable to effect engagements at the smaller houses, to solicit the patronage and applause of the public at the Academy. Not to mention the great English-speaking artists who have from time to time appeared there, it is sufficient for our present purpose to allude to the fact that it was

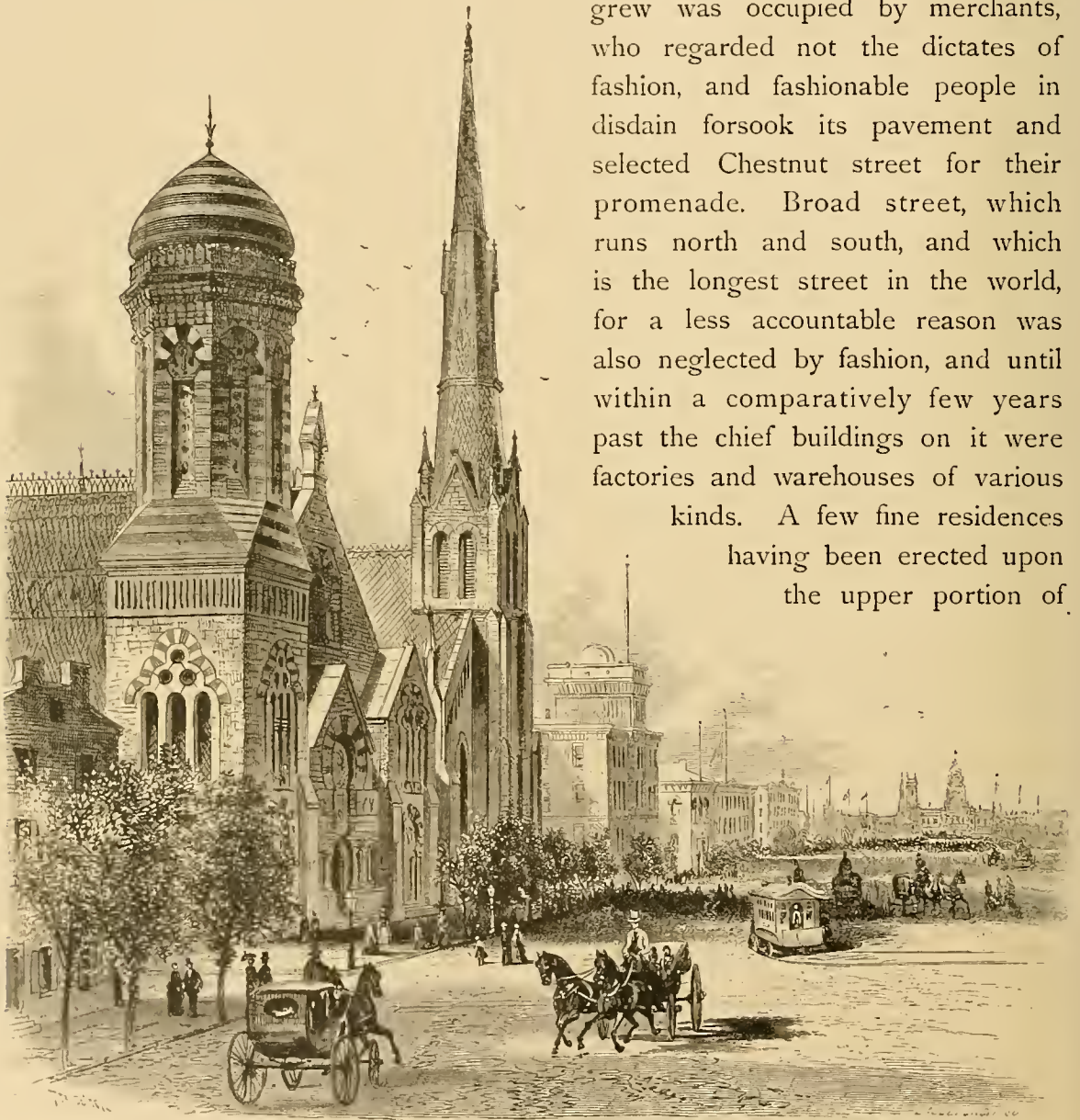
at the Academy that Ristori, Janauschek, Seebach, and Salvini, first revealed to Philadelphia audiences the extent of their genius, and demonstrated the truthfulness of the reports of their greatness which had preceded them across the Atlantic. The Academy, however, notwithstanding its unsurpassed acoustic properties, which permit the slightest stage whisper to be distinctly heard in the remotest part of the auditorium, is not particularly well suited for dramatic performances, on account of its immense size,—actors as well as audience having a preference for a house where they can be close enough to each other to get upon reasonably familiar terms. If the Academy, however, is too large for general theatrical purposes, its immense stage and its valuable stock of scenery offer many facilities for the production of spectacular plays, and a number of these glittering pieces have been successfully brought out there.

Apart from its dramatic and musical uses, the Academy is in extensive demand as a public hall—for such purposes, to mention a pleasant incident, as the International Tea Party given there not long ago under the auspices of the Ladies' Centennial Committee. Ball committees can find no place in the city so well adapted to their purposes—the grand ball to the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, was given there; and popular lecturers, who are sure of attracting large audiences, prefer it to halls less imposing in dimensions and less impressive in appearance. This preference is not to be wondered at, for, independently of the fact that the Academy will seat comfortably a larger audience than any other house in Philadelphia, an orator can make himself heard with so much ease and with so little strain to the voice that he is certain of being able to appear to the best advantage. The great size of this building makes it a favorite place for the holding of public gatherings of all kinds, from a mass-meeting to protest against some popular grievance, to a convention for nominating a President of the United States. It was in the Academy of Music that the convention which nominated Grant for a second term assembled and transacted the important duties devolving upon it.



BROAD STREET.

WHEN William Penn laid out his city he divided it, east and west and north and south, by broad avenues, which he intended should be its principal thoroughfares. High or Market street, as it is now called, which runs east and west, as the city grew was occupied by merchants, who regarded not the dictates of fashion, and fashionable people in disdain forsook its pavement and selected Chestnut street for their promenade. Broad street, which runs north and south, and which is the longest street in the world, for a less accountable reason was also neglected by fashion, and until within a comparatively few years past the chief buildings on it were factories and warehouses of various kinds. A few fine residences having been erected upon the upper portion of



SYNAGOGUE AND BROAD STREET.

BROAD STREET.

the street, the mass of Philadelphians suddenly awoke to the fact that they had in this an avenue that as a promenade and a drive is unsurpassed. A rage for the improvement of this street therefore set in, and, with the removal of the structures that encumbered it and the laying of a suitable pavement, the work of transformation may be said to have fairly commenced. On upper Broad street are a great number of very elegant private residences, the carefully-tended gardens attached to which make this one of the most beautiful parts of the city. As a drive it is popular at all seasons of the year, but is in the height of its glory in mid-winter after a heavy fall of snow. At such a time it is alive from morning till night, and, it is scarcely too much to say, from night until morning, with sleighs of all kinds, sizes, and conditions. The improved portions of North Broad street may be said to terminate at Green street, where, just above, swelling in strong relief against the sky, is the tower and dome of the synagogue where worship



TOWER OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

the congregation Rodef Shalom. Its Moresque style of architecture, with its elaborate ornamentation, produces a novel and pleasing effect, and contrasts well with the more generally prevailing styles. Adjoining rises the tall spire of the North Broad Street Presbyterian Church, and opposite is the Boys' High School,—the "People's College,"—an institution which is a fitting crown to the public-school system of Philadelphia.

From this point to the Academy of Fine Arts—a subject to be hereafter treated—the street on both sides is as yet unimproved. Prominent among the cluster of spires and towers which rise above the walls of the new municipal buildings, now being erected at the intersection of Broad and Market streets, is the tall and massive granite tower of the Masonic Temple, at the corner of Broad and Filbert streets. Built in the Norman style of Architecture—this Temple, with its grand proportions, its solidity of construction, and its rich adornments, forms a magnificent example of the city's architectural growth, and an enduring monument to the taste and enterprise of its projectors. It was dedicated on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1873, with all the impressiveness peculiar to Masonic ceremony, in the presence of a vast throng of spectators, through whose compact masses the brethren, arrayed in their rich regalia, with numbers largely augmented from abroad, passed into the building. As compared with the old, modest hall on the west side of Third street, above Spruce, where, twenty-five years ago, Masonic lodges were held, and the more recent handsome Gothic structure on Chestnut street, the Masonic Temple of to-day fitly represents the progress, wealth, influence, and social distinction of the Order.

UNION LEAGUE.

All places have their local prejudices, and a city so strongly marked in its individualities as Philadelphia could not fail to have an abundance of them. Until recently a marked instance of this took the form of an antipathy to clubs. This antipathy seemed a little absurd to visitors from places where well-conducted clubs were regarded as essential to the proper masculine enjoyment of life; and yet it had a certain sensible and practical reason for its existence,—for the common boast of this being a city of homes is not an idle one, and its people think now, as they did a century ago, that there is no better place than home for a man to enjoy his leisure in. The demand for club accommodations never has existed in Philadelphia, and probably never will, to the same extent as in some other localities. As the city expanded its boundaries, however, and men were compelled to transact their business at long distances from their homes, the want of some such accommodations as are furnished by club-houses became a matter of serious consideration; but the prejudice against such institutions was



SLEIGHING ON BROAD STREET.

Schell & Hogan

so strong that their organization would have been difficult, if not impossible, but for an unexpected and extraordinary combination of circumstances.

The Wistar parties, which white-haired gentlemen of the last generation are fond of regarding as the consummations of intellectual and gastronomic delight, did not at all represent the club idea. These parties were originally weekly gatherings of the members of the Philosophical Society at the house of Dr. Casper Wistar. After his death they were continued for many years by the members of the society, who met at each other's houses in turn. The Saturday Night Club and the Social Art Club meetings are not unworthy of being regarded as revivals of the Wistar parties, they being managed on the same general plan. The Philadelphia Club, which for many years has occupied a spacious building, with an unpretentious brick exterior, at the corner of Thirteenth and Walnut streets, is the oldest regular club in the city. But, noticeable rather for the quiet exclusiveness which has ever attended its career, its example has in nowise been influential in popularizing club-life, or breaking down the old-fashioned prejudice against it. That task was reserved for the Union League.

The most curious fact in the history of the Union League as a social club is that nothing was farther from the intentions of those who organized it than to make it what it has really become. There is no doubt that could some of the staid and sober gentlemen who founded the institution have foreseen that such a club as exists to-day was to result from their labors they would without a doubt have dismissed the whole project. These gentlemen, however, having been beguiled out of their prejudices, relish the pleasures of club-life perhaps even more keenly than do their more youthful associates, and are among the most active, influential, and zealous members of the League. The Union League was organized for the purpose of extending aid and comfort to the Government during the civil war, and the patriotic obligations assumed by its organizers were more than fulfilled. An enthusiastic devotion to the Union in its time of peril brought together a great number of gentlemen of wealth and position, of all ages, and from all parts of the city, and broke down to a great degree the spirit of clannishness that had hitherto prevailed. Most of them were rather astonished at discovering what a goodly number of rare good fellows Philadelphia contained, and they had a social club well under way before they exactly knew what they were doing.

The organization of the Union League being finally determined upon, the next care was to provide suitable accommodations for its members, and the money was promptly contributed for the purchase of ground in an eligible locality,

BROAD STREET.



UNION LEAGUE HOUSE.

and for the erection of a handsome building. A most admirable site was selected on the west side of Broad street, below Chestnut—a central position, within easy distance of the Academy of Music, the principal places of amusement, and of the public resorts, and of the homes and places of business of most of the members. The club-house erected on this site is an irregular and picturesque structure of brick and brown-stone, which only needs the surroundings of a graceful little park to be very imposing and chateau-like, and is much the finest building of the kind in the United States.

By becoming a social club the original objects for which the Union League came into existence were advanced rather than retarded. The advantages of

such a place of resort were keenly appreciated when they were understood, and many of the best citizens of Philadelphia became members, who but a short time before would have promptly discouraged the idea of forming a social club. For some time after the conclusion of the war, the Union League continued to take an active part in local and national politics and exerted a very potent influence. Gradually, however, social predominated over political ideas within its walls, and while it still takes a part in politics to some extent, it will probably require some great convulsion like the civil war to make it the political power it originally was. The Union League, however, continues true to its early traditions in one respect,—its hospitalities are as unbounded as ever, and it is always eager to do honor to eminent men, whether Americans or foreigners, whose record could justly claim such distinction. The halls and parlors of the League House are adorned with portraits of soldiers and statesmen, and with many interesting trophies. It also possesses a number of valuable paintings and other works of art, and, during the interval between the destruction of the old Academy of Fine Arts and the erection of the new one, it has done an important service for the advancement of artistic taste in Philadelphia by holding “art receptions,” when the walls of the banqueting-room and other apartments have been hung with numerous choice examples of native and foreign art. During several seasons, in the summer time, it has been customary to give open-air concerts in the garden attached to the building, which have afforded much pleasure to the members and their friends.

The Reform Club, which occupies a white marble building on Chestnut street, above Fifteenth, likewise had its origin in a political movement, but, like the League, is now devoted rather to social enjoyment than to the advancement of political projects. This club effected an innovation on club customs by offering the *entrée* of the house to the lady relatives of members, to the extent of permitting them to patronize the restaurant. This privilege has been highly appreciated, and has done much to popularize this club with these natural enemies of clubs. There is quite a large and beautiful garden attached to the house, where, as at the Union League, during the summer season, a fine orchestra performs on stated evenings each week.

A short distance from the Union League and the Reform Club, in North-west Penn Square, the Sketch Club—a modest but influential association of artists—and the Chess Club have their quarters in the same building. The Penn Club, an outgrowth of the “Penn Monthly Association,” is a recently-formed association of gentlemen of literary and artistic taste.

THE CHURCHES.

IF our ancestors could have read the history of their own time, as we have learned to read it, they would have been wiser and happier than they were, for they would have known that nothing could have stopped the march of human progress. Their social conditions were unfavorable; they were restricted in the exercise of their rights; their knowledge was imperfect, and their sympathies narrow and callous. That all was not what it should be, was felt by all; but how to change it? Would it ever be any better, and if so, when? That questions like these were perpetually put we can well imagine, for there never was a time when such questions were not put, and not answered, hopefully or otherwise. To be satisfied with what is, is to be without spirit: the life that is content with it is slavish and bestial. Manhood is made of other stuff—of dissatisfaction, of daring, if need be, of desperation and death. There is a spirit of dissatisfaction in the world which is divine, in that it compels man to examine the life that he leads, the imperfections of which it exposes, and the possible cure of which it reveals. The law of development is change,—at one time of leaders, at another of creeds, at last of habitations. The history of human progress is the history of successive departures, the most important of which so far is the departure from the old world to the new. There is something in the outward surroundings of man which moulds his inner nature, and which, when exhausted,—as it is by the centuries,—abandons him in stunted childhood, such as prevails in China. Life has gone out of his land: there is no warmth in the sun, no refreshment in the wind, no mystery in the sea and sky. He must go elsewhere or die. He migrates at last, following the sun by some strange instinct. From the great mountains and table-lands of Asia, across the mountains and valleys and plains of Europe, the course of empire is always westward. *Ultima Thule. Thalatta!* Is that the end? He will not believe it: there must be something more. There are Fortunate Isles beyond the Pillars of Hercules,—the great continent of Atlantis,—a new world! That this spirit of dissatisfaction and inquiry and belief has always existed, and was especially active in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, cannot escape the student of modern history, which, when rightly read, is little else than the history of the awakening of the human mind. It awoke to a sense of its exhaustion and its desires—a sense of its capacities and its needs—a sense

A CENTURY AFTER.



WEST ARCH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

of its rights and its determination. The race had taken a new departure. What the new world was to the old world we see much more clearly than the master-spirits who discovered it, and who, it must be confessed, were actuated by no very high motives. They sought a short passage to India in order to possess themselves more quickly of its commerce; they sought new countries over which to extend their sovereignty and that of the Church; they sought the gold of the dusky peoples, and latterly they sought to rob and despoil each other on the

seas. They were a rough set of adventurers, those old Argonauts, and they found the golden fleece for which they sailed. But they found more, for, like the ferryman of which the German poet tells us, they carried unseen passengers. Spirits crossed the ocean with them—the beneficent spirits which have shaped the destiny of their descendants—Freedom, which had long been a stranger to the old world, and Toleration, which it never knew. The horizon widened as they left the land; stars rose as the lights of their homes sank; and, night gone, they saluted a brighter day. The new world—old to its then possessors—demanded a new race. It is curious to note the influences which moulded our ancestors from the beginning, and of which they were apparently unconscious—the enlargement of their lives and actions—the liberality and potentiality of their thoughts. With the exception of the Puritans, who from persecution only learned persecution, they were tolerant. The wilderness was a temple where every man worshiped God in his own way. Nowhere was this fact so widely recognized as in Pennsylvania, which, colonized later than the eastern seaboard, was soon a shining example to the whole continent. When William Penn landed at the Blue Anchor tavern, it was neither to aggrandize himself nor the society to which he belonged, and which deserved the name of Friends. “I took charge of the province of Pennsylvania,” he wrote, “for the Lord’s sake. I wanted to afford an asylum to the good and oppressed of every nation, and to frame a government which might be an example. I desired to show men as free and happy as they could be, and I had kind views to the Indians.” Other colonists may have persuaded themselves that their views were equally kind, but they have failed to convince the world that such was the case. It was no doubt a difficult problem which had to be solved,—the dwelling together in peace and friendship of two races—the one savage, the other civilized—the one steadily wasting, the other as steadily increasing,—but it might have been solved, it would seem, to the advantage of both. For the Indian, though savage, was still a man, and the colonist, though civilized, was no more. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the social condition of the red race was lower than was originally the social condition of the white races, which claimed to be its superior, and by virtue of this superiority to exterminate it. The beginning of all peoples, whatever their color, appears to have been identical. Such, at any rate, is the lesson of ethnology, though it is only of late years that it has come to be apprehended. Whether there is or can be an equality of races—an intellectual and social equality, that is—may admit of discussion; that there is a cosmical equality among them admits, we think, of none. The children of one great Father, who

has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, they are alike the objects of his love and the creatures of his bounty: they are equal in His eyes and in the eyes of that tribunal of thought which the world has elected to sit in His invisible place, and to judge mankind in His divine stead. Penn perceived this noble truth and practiced it in his dealings with the Indians, his treaty with whom is the only one that was not ratified with an oath, and the only one that was never broken.

The dwellings of many of the first colonists of Philadelphia were of the most primitive nature,—for though houses were in process of erection on the arrival of Penn, the river bank was dotted with cabins and caves. The latter were generally formed, we are told, by digging into the ground about three feet in depth, near the verge of the river-front bank, half the chamber being under ground, while the remaining half, above ground, was made of sods of earth, or earth and bush combined.

The cave-dwellers, if we may call them such, were soon routed, and their places filled by a better class of citizens. The lofty spruce pines along the river front were felled, the underbrush was cleared away, and the surveyor toiled through the openings with his chain, east, west, north, and south, laying out the streets of the future city—the City of Brotherly Love. The woods resounded with the stroke of axes and the crash of falling trees. Houses rose here and there,—plain but substantial buildings, suited to the vigorous race who erected them. Courts were built for the administration of justice, and churches for the worship of God. Our ancestors were simple-minded, reverent men, to whom God appeared nearer than he does to us. They acknowledged Him in their daily lives. He was a light to their path and a guide to their feet. They felt His presence in the woods which surrounded them—the dense, pathless woods in which, until they came, His name was never heard, but in which, and in the towns and cities which would soon displace their pillared shades, it would never cease to be heard. The spirit by which they were animated was shared by other colonists, but not in the same degree, for elsewhere the majority, whatever their faith, were more dogmatic and less tolerant. Not to believe as they did was to be guilty of damnable heresy. Religious toleration—which is generally the last thing that a nation learns—was one of the first things that was practiced, if not learned, in Pennsylvania. If it was not indigenous to the virgin soil of the new world, it was the noblest growth that was transplanted to it; “a bright, consummate flower.” May it never fade! Feed it, earth, with thy richest sap! Rain down upon it, heaven, thy holiest dew!



A history of the churches of Philadelphia would be interesting even to worldly-minded readers, in that it would indicate as clearly as their social and political history the characters of its early settlers. They grew from small beginnings and in the face of discouragements. The Presbyterian and Baptist churches, for example, were so poor that they were obliged to meet, at first, in the same building. The ground which it occupied, on the north-west corner of Chestnut and Second streets, was known as the Barbadoes-lot store. The Baptists first assembled there in the winter of 1695. Their society consisted of only nine persons, who had occasionally a minister from Pennypeck, where there was a church of their own sect, older and more numerous than that of Philadelphia. The Presbyterians must have been few in number, for they attended worship at the same place, joining together mutually, it is said, as often as one or the other could procure either a Baptist or Presbyterian minister. Their spiritual fellowship, which is pleasant to remember, brief as was its continuance, continued for about three years, when the Presbyterians, having secured a minister of their own from New England, began to manifest a desire to have the building to themselves, and an unwillingness to attend the Baptist services. The Baptists, therefore, seceded, and obtained possession of a brew-house, or what had been one, which belonged to one Anthony Morris, and was on the east side of Water street, near Dock creek. They met here for about ten years, when they joined the Keithians, a body of seceders from the Quakers. Then they removed to a small wooden building on Second street, below Mulberry street, where they remained twenty-five years, when it was pulled down and a brick building was erected in its stead. This was displaced about thirty years later by another of larger dimensions, in which they worshiped during the stormy days of the Revolution, and which was subsequently altered and enlarged.

We must not be beguiled, however, into writing the history of the churches of Philadelphia, but content ourselves here with a glance at a few which attract our attention as we saunter through the quiet neighborhoods in which they are situated. Foremost among these is the West Arch Street Presbyterian Church, a stately edifice of the Corinthian order of architecture, whose dome and minarets are suggestive of some composite Eastern style, in keeping with its original character. The sunlight strikes upon its columns as we pass it, and throws the shadows of the twinkling leaves on its arched windows. A good example of Gothic architecture is the Calvary Presbyterian Church, on Locust street, near Fifteenth. More striking, perhaps, but less pure in style, is the Memorial Baptist Church, on the north-east corner of Broad and Master streets. It is

THE CHURCHES.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

planned like an amphitheatre: the front, on Master street, is circular, the doors being surrounded and surmounted by windows; the main window, which is arched, and over forty feet high, looks out on Broad street. The walls, which are of green stone, with light stone trimmings, give one a pleasant feeling

of color that is deepened by the decorations they enclose, which are beautiful, and so contrived as to heighten the appearance of the interior. Another sacred edifice, the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, is being built on the north-west corner of Broad and Master streets. The rear, or chapel, which is now finished, is of white marble and Gothic in style. The Lutheran Church of the Holy Communion, on the south-west corner of Broad and Arch streets, is different from any church yet built in Philadelphia. Its most striking feature will be the massive tower, which is to rise, without a break, ninety-two feet. Projecting from the corners, at this height, are to be circular turrets, with pinnacles, between which will rise the walls of the tower, like those of a strong fortress. Above all is to be a slated Mansard roof, with Louvre windows, and on its peak an ornamental railing. This church, which is of the florid German-Gothic style, has two magnificent windows, of stained glass, and an altar which is considered one of the richest in the country. St. Mark's Episcopal Church, on the north side of Locust, above Sixteenth street, is a fine specimen of decorative Gothic. Its stately, clean-cut walls and massive tower, from which rises a lofty spire—its broad arches and forest-like roof—its chancel, niches, and altar, glimmering in dim, religious light, or bathed in the full tide of morning, which pours through its eastern window—impress the mind and touch the heart with feelings of reverence and awe. Still more impressive is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, fronting on Logan Square. It is in the Roman-Corinthian style, and upwards of one million of dollars were expended in its construction, which occupied eighteen years. The interior is cruciform: there are no side windows, the light being introduced from above. It is adorned with frescoes of the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Crucifixion, and the Assumption of the Virgin into Heaven, and with figures of the four Apostles and the Evangelists. If devotion can be awakened by architecture, and painting, and music, and the splendid ceremonials of an ancient faith, it will be here. If it seeks for something simpler and more austere, it will find it, no doubt, in some old Quaker place of worship—perhaps in the Orthodox Friends' meeting-house, on the corner of Fourth and Arch streets. A large, capacious building, set back from the street, surrounded by shady trees and enclosed by brick walls which shut it from view, it is a fitting memorial of the spirit which, seeking a home in the wilderness, laid the foundations of the noble city in which it stands. Here, if anywhere, dwells in peaceful seclusion the genius of the place.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.



CONNECTING BRIDGE AND TUNNEL.

IF the spirits of the happy dead remember the desires which were nearest to their hearts during their sojourn here, and are cognizant of their fulfillment since their departure, the spirit of Penn must surely delight in such a memorial of his wishes, such a monument of his intentions, as Fairmount Park. Accustomed to the business and bustle of cities, familiar with the ways and courts of princes, he preserved to the last a simple, sylvan nature, which turned instinctively to the woods and waters of the new world. There was that in the light and

shade of its forests—solitudes of ancient greenery, whose silence was broken only by the song of birds—and in the slumbering murmur of its streams, which appealed to what was best in him, and was a never-failing spring of inward satisfaction. He was as native to the wilderness as the red men who peopled it at his coming, and, wiser than they, he knew what it was, and was to be, to him and his followers. It was more than a happy home in which they dwelt in happiness and freedom, at peace with each other, and in communion with God and nature. It was the vantage-ground of a better life than had been theirs in the old world; a retreat from struggles that were past, and a stronghold whence the future would issue triumphantly. Men in the olden time had withdrawn from the world—some to brood over the misfortunes which had befallen them or their country, others to show their contempt for mankind, and others to propitiate heaven by prayers and fasts and penances. Hermits, philosophers, patriots,—ascetics, cynics, cowards,—their lives were a mistake, and their death the ceasing of laborious but useless breath. Not such the life and death of the vigorous, courageous, right-minded men who built themselves homes in the wilderness, and cheerfully awaited what was in store for them.

Fairmount Park is a text from which many fruitful discourses might be preached. It suggests the feeling which it stimulates,—love of nature, and which, if not indirectly the growth of the new world, is certainly not indigenous to the old world and the old time. The ancients do not appear to have cared for nature, or to have scrutinized it with observant eyes. They were familiar with its great facts,—day, night, the sky, the sea, the sun, moon, and stars,—but nothing else. They characterized them by the simplest adjectives—the bright day, the dark night, the blue sky, the gray sea. They saw what they could not help seeing, but no more. They noticed the obvious: the subtle, the poetic, the spiritual escaped them. They were not touched to fine issues.

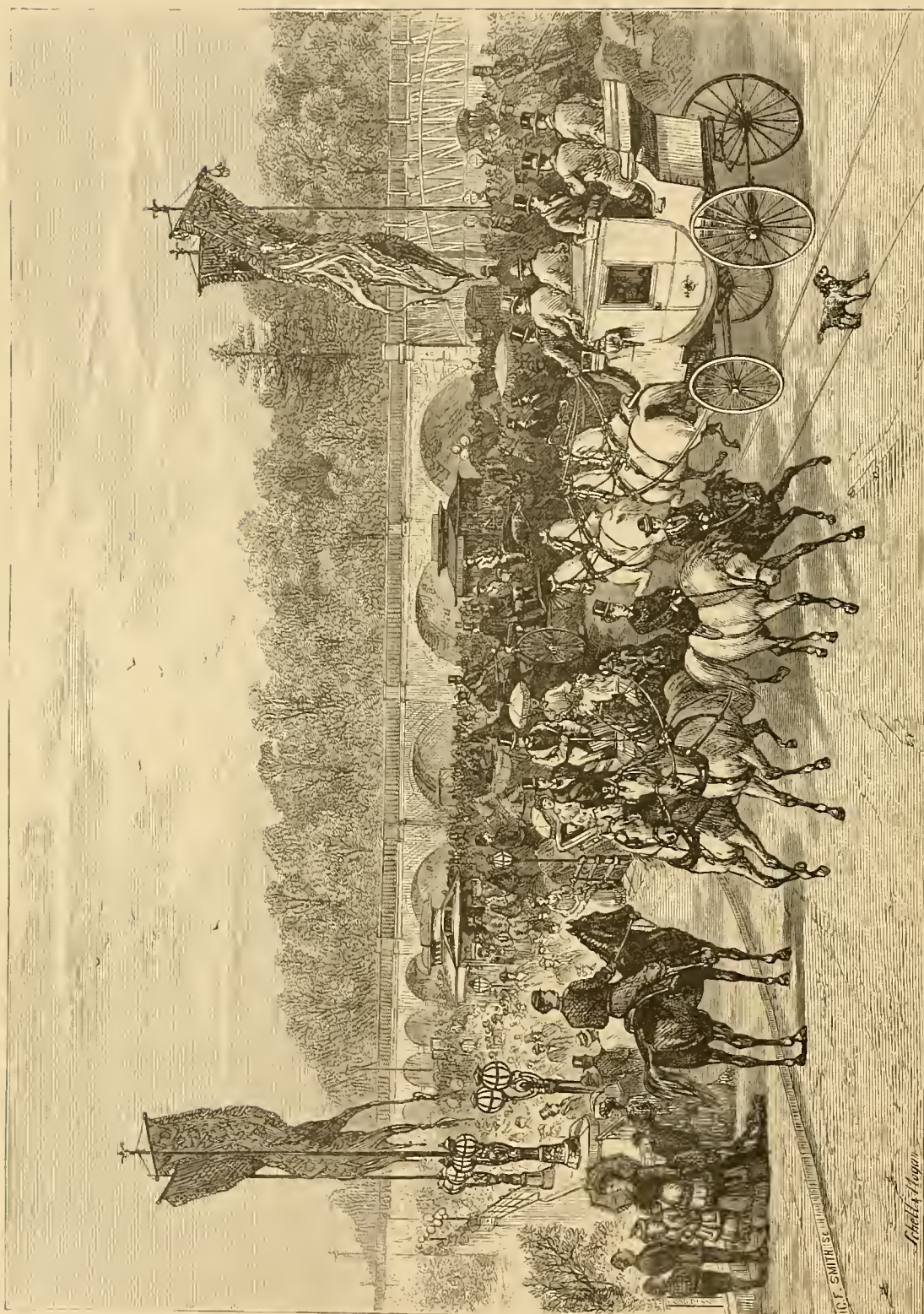
“The light that never was on sea and land” shone from other heavens and to later men. Natural description is of modern origin. It is seldom introduced, and at best but sparingly, in ancient literature. It assisted Homer, perhaps, in his similes, but it formed no portion of his narrative, either in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. If Virgil attempted it, it was as Pope attempted it—as mere literature, which is destructive of the life and freshness of nature. Men had other things to think of then: the business of their lives and the State; the worship of their gods; the winning of crowns at chariot-races and wrestling-matches; defense of themselves and the conquest of their neighbors,—everything, in short, that was of the earth, earthy. Later, when they professed a

purser faith and their minds were turned, as they believed, heavenward, nature was less and less to them. If they saw it, it was as if they saw a phantasmagoria. What was this world, pray, to the world that was to come—the world to which they were hastening, and in which they were to be happy or miserable forever? They must save their souls—that is, they must obey their priests, who alone knew how to save their souls. Not by natural lives, by the enjoyment of simple things, by the virtues which are inherent, could their salvation be insured: self-denial and self-sacrifice were required, mortification of the flesh and humiliation of the spirit, abnegation, abasement, punishment. With such burdens laid upon them, what pleasure could men be expected to take in nature? To have allowed it to divert their minds, as it might have done, would have been a snare of the Evil One.

One has but to read the narratives of the old voyagers and travelers to see that the new world opened man's eyes to nature. If it did not recover a lost sense, it discovered a new one, which he is in no danger of losing. It was to the world he had left what the Atlantic was to the Mediterranean—the only sea with which the ancients were acquainted—or the Andes to Olympus, whence their gods had long since departed. Its grandeur enlarged, its beauties freshened, the soul. It bore the same relation to the old world that a park does to a city: it was the park of the earth. The knowledge of this fact, which did not present itself at first as knowledge but as belief,—sensation that precedes thought,—the strange intelligence that gropes towards us in darkness and embraces us in light,—

“Felt in the blood and felt along the heart,”—

the invisible presence of nature haunted the whole continent. Centuries have passed,—the woods have been felled, towns and cities have risen like exhalations, rivers and lakes are whitened with sails, the land is covered with a net-work of iron,—yet it has not vanished. Parks like Fairmount are not needed to teach us this, for, go where we will, the new world is a new world still. So, at least, think the tourists of Europe, whether they clamber among the green hills of the East or wander along the prairies of the West, fishing in the Adirondacks, or hunting in the Rocky Mountains,—wherever curiosity or adventure leads them, they are surprised by nature. We have learned to look upon it calmly—so calmly that we occasionally require to be reminded of it, and to have it brought to our doors, as it is in Fairmount.



DRIVE--GIRARD AVENUE BRIDGE.

The history of civilization in America, until within a recent period, is a history of man's struggles with nature. Before we can begin to understand it, we must imagine, if we can, the condition of the continent when the white race first set foot on its shores. It was a wilderness,—along the margin of the sea, along the borders of the rivers, along the sides of the mountains,—as far as the eye could reach stretched an unbroken wilderness. It hemmed the white race in on every side. Would they be able to subdue it, and plant the civilization of the old world in its place; or would it subdue them, as it had the savages by whom it was sparsely populated? The prospect was not promising, for, besides the woods which encircled them, they were surrounded with hostile tribes. It was a hand-to-hand fight with their savagery and with nature, and if it made them stern, and at times cruel, it is not to be wondered at. Struggles such as they were engaged in are not calculated to soften the heart and refine the mind. That they should at last hate the woods and their dusky inhabitants, and resolve to exterminate both, was natural. That this feeling, or something akin to it, was active among them, is evident, we think, from the disfavor with which they came to regard nature, and from their destruction of its beauty and grandeur. They seemed to destroy wantonly, especially in New England, where to-day the woods are cut down, whenever the whim seizes their owners, and there is a chance of temporary gain. That the landscape is marred thereby, the water-courses dried up, and the climate changed, counts for nothing. We owe to this spirit the absence of great parks in America—an absence of which we are beginning to be conscious, and which we are now trying to repair by our Mount Auburns, our Central Parks, and our Fairmounts. It is never too late to mend.

The value of a great park like Fairmount cannot be determined by any recognized standard. It depends largely on the individuality of its visitants, and the influences that they receive from nature. These differ, of course, in different minds. One is impressed by forests, another by mountains, a third by the sea. Others are delighted with all, surrendering their souls to the embraces of beauty and grandeur. There are men for whom nature has no charm. They are not to be envied, unless the blind are to be envied, for they are not only deprived of pleasure, but are stunted in their intellectual growth. Men cannot be completely developed in cities; there is something within them which demands the beauty of country landscapes, and the freshness of country life. They cannot have them at all times, but they can have them frequently and at small cost to themselves. They can have them in Fairmount.

A drive through Fairmount Park on a summer day is a refreshment to the mind and the body. We have left the city behind us—the long, close streets sweltering in sunshine; the interminable rows of houses with their inevitable white blinds; the crowds that straggle along, dusty, heated, uncomfortable—and have reached the grass, the trees, the wind, and the sky. Where shall we go? It matters little, for go where we will we are surrounded with beautiful scenery. It is not in the least like that which we are accustomed to see in city parks, and in which the hand of man is everywhere visible: it is the country—the veritable fields and trees and streams. Nature has done everything here and man nothing, or if anything, it was so long ago that nature has reclaimed it. There is an air of antiquity about the buildings in Fairmount which is in keeping with the landscape around them. They recall the high-minded men and women whose homes they were, and the hospitable customs of the olden time. Their chambers are peopled with stately shadows—patriots, judges, statesmen, who have long since mouldered to dust.

We have left the city, but it has followed us, for wherever we go we see its over-summered citizens enjoying themselves here. They dash along the roads in carriages; they saunter on foot along the grassy paths; they lie in the dappled shadows of great trees, talking, reading, or listening to the songs of birds. A happy curiosity possesses the least curious. Everything is worth studying. There is a glamour over familiar objects, even those in which the handiwork of man is strikingly conspicuous, such as the noble bridges which span the Schuylkill, and are as much a part of Fairmount as if the unseen forces of nature had stretched them from bank to bank. There are crowds there, perhaps,—on the Girard Avenue Bridge an endless procession of figures, and on the Connecting Bridge a smoky locomotive tearing across with a long train of cars,—but somehow they do not disturb the sylvan beauty of the park. They do not people it, as they come and go; they merely add to the picturesqueness. They animate it as figures do a landscape in which they are introduced. The scream of the locomotive is lost in the distance, like the cry of a gull on the shore, or the caw of a crow in the woods.

The glimpse of the park—for it is little more which one catches as he is whirled across the bridge—is striking enough to be remembered by a lover of the picturesque. Before he is aware, the train in which he is seated is no longer on the solid earth, but, without having risen, is hurrying rapidly over it. The streets through which he was passing just now have disappeared, and he is above a beautiful river. He looks down a moment on its waters as they pursue their



OAKS AND ROCKS ABOVE COLD SPRING.

journey to the sea, and tries to forget, if he is timid and sensitive, the height at which he is. He lifts his eye and takes in at a glance the broad sweep of the landscape, the shining river and its wooded bank, the white clouds and the blue sky. He takes it all in as a bird might—perhaps as a bird does when it is winging its way through it. It is worth coming many a long league to see, especially if the woods have put on their royal robes of purple and scarlet and

gold. Nowhere is nature more opulent of color than in Fairmount. But the river is crossed, and the picture is gone, for here are the streets again.

When one has seen as much of Fairmount as can be seen at once—which, after all, is not much, whether his point of view be the bridge or the drive along the river bank—it is well to study some single feature of it in detail. There are many little pictures in this great picture, which are perfect in themselves, and which separate themselves in the eye of an artist from those which surround them. He has only to frame them for himself, so to speak,—a habit of the craft, common to all its followers. Something has been done for him and for us by the architecture of the railroad bridge, whose noble arches are the frames of magnificent landscapes. One need not be an architect to appreciate the beauty of open arches in structures like these, nor an artist to enjoy the effect they produce. Their curving lines, emblems of grace and strength, and suggestions of the great arch above, delight the eye, and increase the value of whatever they enclose. The mind goes out through them as through the gates of a city into a fair country beyond. What fairer country can it find than stretches before us here on either side of the silvery, rippling Schuylkill?

As we approach Girard Avenue Bridge the sylvan prospect vanishes. We might as well be in town as here, we think, for we are in the midst of a greater bustle than we left in town. A continuous string of carriages, tangled in what seems inextricable confusion—four-in-hands with their nobby outriders, coaches, landaus, dog-carts, Miss curveting on the saddle, and Master ambling beside her on his pony,—beaus, belles, husbands, wives, children, old, young, wealth, fashion, pretense, silks, laces, diamonds—Vanity Fair is out airing itself to-day. This is the cynical way of looking at it: the wiser way would be to admire it, as one would a brilliant procession of which he was merely a spectator. We cannot all be what we would like to be, nor have what we would like to have, but we can abstain from sneering at those who are more fortunate than ourselves. We can do better than that—we can enjoy what they are, and do. We can make them minister to the sense of beauty as surely as pictures and music. Let us say that the crowded drive is a picture, and that the noise of the rolling wheels is music, and get all the good we can out of them. There is something imposing in a multitude, something rythmical and noble and magnificent,—like the unceasing flow of a great river, or the everlasting movement of the ocean. Not to consider it too curiously, however, there is another and better reason why we should be interested in a multitude, and that is because it consists of men and women like ourselves. “I am a man,” the old philosopher

FAIRMOUNT PARK.



MOUNT PLEASANT—ARNOLD'S HOUSE.

reasoned, "and what relates to man relates to me." Poets like Byron deny this, but Shakespeare never.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

It may be a noble action, a pathetic poem, the smile of a child, or it may be, as here, thousands of happy human beings.

Shall we take our places in the long procession of carriages, or shall we let our driver wander at his own sweet will? Suppose we go to Mount Pleasant.

We shall pass the fountain, and if our discourse prove dry, we can do as the birds do—wet our whistles. There it is, spouting up into the air, like some gay creature of the elements rejoicing in its escape from the under-world. Out of the darkness into light—out of caverns where the sun never shone into the golden, happy day. He would be a rare poet who could so describe it that we should see its brightness in his verse, and hear its merry tinkle in its rhythm. But the poets, sad dogs that they are, have never taken kindly to water; they prefer wine, if not always to drink, at least as a pretended source of inspiration. From Anacreon down they have celebrated the juice of the grape. Wine rhymes with divine, and other fine words, but there is no good rhyme to water. Perhaps the leaves know one, or the birds, or the wind that sways it hither and thither, shaking an endless shower of diamonds in the basin below. Diamonds of the first water—nothing describes so well the purity of perfect gems. We said that they were shaken into the basin, but we should have said into the casket, for what is it but a casket heaped to the brim with transparent jewels—the Treasury of Fairmount? Ay, and it lacks not gold, for see yonder where it lies in shining ingots. They are only gold fish, you say. If you had any poetry in you, you could imagine that they were solid ingots of gold. They glance hitherward, (if you will have them fish,) as if they knew that we were talking about them, and wanted to hear what we say. No, the poets have never appreciated water, even those who have eschewed wine in their songs, and the rhymesters, some of whom have tried to like it, have appreciated it still less.

"Sparkling and bright in its liquid light
Is the water in our glasses!"

One wants something to take the taste out of his mouth after a sip at that fountain. Let it be the belittled element. Water, ho! a brimmer of sparkling Schuylkill. Of course, a New Yorker prefers Croton, and a Bostonian Cochituate. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? How is it that the old doggerel runs?

"Many men of many minds,
Many birds of many kinds,
Many fishes in the sea,
Many men that don't agree."

There's the whole story in a nut-shell. We won't differ about trifles, only, if you can, do as Oldys advises,

"Drink with me, and drink as I."

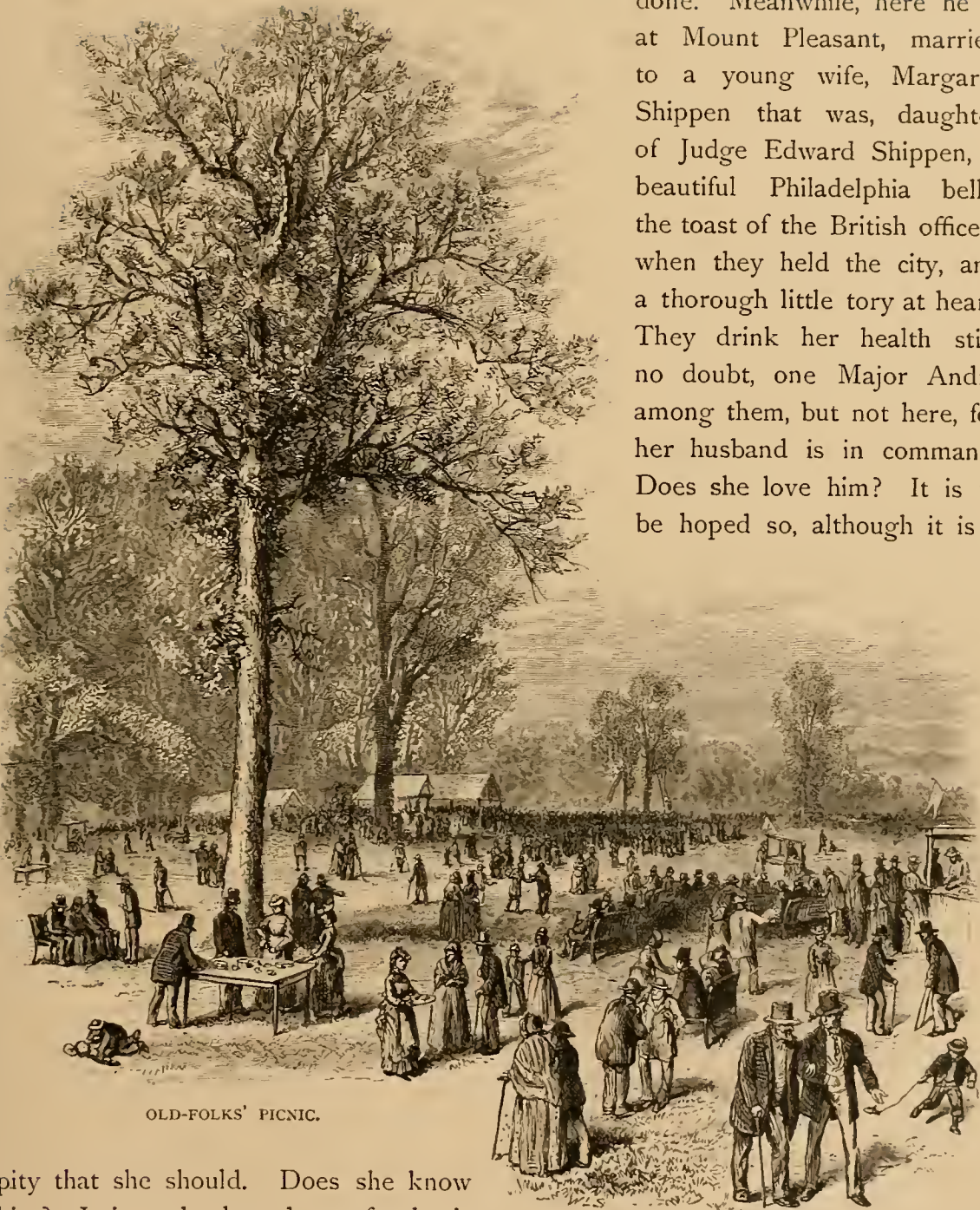


ROCKLAND.

A storied place is Mount Pleasant, and populous with memories. If the walls of its old mansion had tongues they could a tale unfold. A century and more has passed since the motley drama of human life was first played within its chambers. The actors therein are the family of John Macpherson, a man of probity and honor, whose history, curious as it is, concerns us less than the history of his son William. William Macpherson was a born soldier, and a true one, in that he could distinguish between his duty to his king and his duty to his country. A cadet at thirteen in the army of his obstinate majesty George the Third, he tendered his commission early in the Revolution, declaring that he would never serve against his countrymen. It was accepted by Sir Henry Clinton, and he joined the Continental troops, turning his back upon the home of his boyhood, which had then passed out of the possession of his father, to follow the wavering fortunes of war. One can but admire this brave, determined young soldier, and wonder if the recollection of his youthful, peaceful days was not often in his mind. Did he never see Mount Pleasant in his thoughts,—not as we see it now, a deserted old house, from whose windows no face looks out, but a noble mansion, peopled with his family, good, old-fashioned folk, of stately manners and unbounded hospitality? Here is the lawn on which he played, and here the trees under which he sat, and among whose branches he climbed, perhaps, as joyous as the birds above him. Did the life of the boy never revisit the man in his dreams? Answer, William Macpherson, valiant soldier, whom Washington knew and honored! But a darker shape appears.

A man in the prime of life, of not uncomely person and reckless courage, his career has been that of an adventurer. A druggist's apprentice and a deserting soldier, a trader with the West Indies and now a general of the Continental army, his ways have been crooked and suspicious. When the echoes of Lexington startled the continent from its perturbed dreams of peace, he hastened to Cambridge, as thousands of other brave men were doing, and offered his services to his country. He marched into Ticonderoga with Ethan Allen, and attacked Quebec with Montgomery. He fought the British on Lake Champlain, and, the fight going against him, escaped, burning his galleys with all their colors flying. His bravery is applauded, and he is made a brigadier-general. But he is not satisfied, for major-generals have been made and he is not one of them. What will satisfy his daring, ambitious nature? Money, perhaps, for wherever he is he is in trouble about money. He failed when he was a trader, and since he has been a soldier his accounts have been disputed. He is extravagant and burdened with debts. Something must be

done. Meanwhile, here he is at Mount Pleasant, married to a young wife, Margaret Shippen that was, daughter of Judge Edward Shippen, a beautiful Philadelphia belle, the toast of the British officers when they held the city, and a thorough little tory at heart. They drink her health still, no doubt, one Major André among them, but not here, for her husband is in command. Does she love him? It is to be hoped so, although it is a



OLD-FOLKS' PICNIC.

pity that she should. Does she know him? It is to be hoped not, for he is a dark, bad man. It cannot be a happy household of which she is the mistress, although it may be a busy one. It may be peopled with guests and given up to gayety: the lights may shine, the wine flow, and music steep the soul in

its delicious languor, but something ails the place and the time. The general is under a cloud. He has been mobbed; he is hated; his fortunes are desperate. One would not think so to see him, he is so cool, so easy, so assured. At the dinner-table, in the ball-room, who merrier than he? But alone, when the guests have gone, when he is looking out of the window after them, when he is strolling silently about the grounds, is he merry then? Who can tell what his thoughts are when alone?

Here as elsewhere he is in trouble. Charges are brought against him; he resigns his command, is court-martialed, and, while acquitted of criminal intent, is reprimanded by his commander-in-chief. Be sure he will revenge himself. Before a year is over he will betray his trust. Not here at Mount Pleasant with his wife and unborn child, not here by the rippling Schuylkill, but on the banks of the lordly Hudson. His wife will come to him with her child in her arms, and he will welcome her and kiss her. A paper will be handed him at breakfast; he will read it, say something to her, and fly. While she is fainting he will abandon her, as he has abandoned his country. Poor woman! She will no longer be the toast of British officers; her friend André will not drink her health—for he will be hung for the treason of her husband! And *he*, he will be loathed, execrated, insulted,—a man without a country and without a friend. Everlasting infamy clings to his memory, the hatred and contempt of mankind. Depart, shadow of Benedict Arnold! For you, unhappy wife, pity and tears!

But Mount Pleasant has its gracious as well as its gloomy memories, for if Benedict Arnold once darkened its walls, they were brightened afterwards by the majestic figure of Baron Steuben. One loves to think of this soldier of the great Frederick, this brave old veteran of Prague and Rossbach, whose stern discipline made armies out of our raw levies, and one hopes that he found repose here after the rigors of Valley Forge. It matters little where the dust of a great man moulders—it is his glory which chiefly concerns us; but one has sometimes a wish in the matter, and our wish is that the honored dust of Steuben were mouldering at Mount Pleasant, and not where he was buried eighty years ago, and where—a soldier to the last—

"He lies like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

We have one advantage in our imaginary rambles through Fairmount which is not possessed by the ordinary visitant—we can go in an instant just

where we choose. There is no road or path that we must follow in order to reach a spot which we desire to see; we have neither to walk to it nor to drive to it—we have but to wish, and we are there. We *were* at Mount Pleasant; we *are* at Cold Spring, Rockland—where we will.

“There’s something in a flying horse,
There’s something in a huge balloon;”

but they are outstripped by the imagination in its airy journeys. The flight of a bird is as a snail’s pace to its speed. It comes like Ariel to answer our best pleasure—

“Be’t to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds.”

Leaving Cold Spring behind us, we have a glimpse of the Schuylkill and its arched bridge, and the pastoral landscape on its eastern bank. A spirit of tranquillity broods over the woods and waters, and imparts its sweetness to our minds. There are happy moods in nature, as in man, and one of the happiest is here. The undulating sweep of the ground,—the transparent clearness of the water, in which as in a mirror the sky is reflected,—the picturesque grouping of the trees, stragglers from their crowd of leafy companions—wherein lies the charm, the secret of the happy spell? It does not exist at Rockland, whither we have transported ourselves. Here we have nature in her sterner mood. Here she is magnificent, primitive, just as she came from the tremendous hand that made her. We go back here to the beginning. Time was when the woods that we see around us were not. They have grown and passed away like generations of men. But the rocks that lift their rugged masses above us, steadfast, immovable, deep-rooted, have remained. Empires have vanished like a dream: cities have gone—the sand of the desert drifts around their walls, the waters of the sea welter along their streets,—but the rocks, pillars of strength, monuments of endurance, stand to-day as they stood on the first day. Upheaved in some great convulsion of nature, they rose from the dark under-world in which their bases are sunken, piled high in the sky by the elemental forces. It is awful to think of, and what they reveal as we follow them in thought downward—the solid earth beneath our feet, at once a floor and a roof—is more awful still. If the fire which it confines should escape from the cavernous dungeon, man and his works would disappear. The mountains would crumble, the ocean depart,—the world would go whirling away to destruction! Away!—

let us drive the thought from us, and surrender ourselves to the grandeur of the scene. Let us climb up the great rocks, and standing on the topmost ledges look out, as from a watch-tower, on the glorious river before us. It stretches away like a long belt of silver, a girdle of brightness dropped amid the hills, clasping the island yonder like an emerald. The boat that plies up and down scarcely ripples its waters. How little it looks as it creeps along in the distance, with its crowd of passengers, whom we can just see lining its decks! Are those dwarfs men and women? But the crowds around us—who are they?



OLD FOLKS DANCING.

Let us join them, and see. They have come, like ourselves, from the heat of the city to the cool air of Rockland; from their homes in the narrow streets to the open fields; from their poverty and wretchedness to the liberal, joyous life of nature. They are poor, they are old, but kind hearts have remembered them, and hospitable hands are ministering to their wants. It is the "Old-Folks' Picnic." They are swarming at Rockland, merry as children,—some of them indeed children, their years are so many. They have sharp appetites and high spirits. Enough to eat and nothing to do—why should they not dance? Hurrah! boys! hurrah! girls! Let us shake a leg once more.

Among the many delectable things which the young Milton imagined as belonging to the life of the merry man, and which include the daily sight of beautiful landscapes, there is nothing more suggestive of rural happiness than this couplet:—

“Young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.”

It is a simple picture, painted with a few touches, such as the great masters know how to use, but how delightful it is, and how imaginative! We see it at a glance, each for himself, but with the light of the poet's genius upon it. What a charming region and time it opens before us,—an Arcadia apart from this world of ours, a Golden Age where every day is a holiday. Of course they come forth to play,—the shepherd from his fold, the milkmaid from her pasture, gray hairs and golden locks, and the tabors sound, and they foot it merrily, and sing songs in which life is always youth, and the year is always May. How is it that the nursery rhyme runs?

“All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy.”

It is a true saying, and as true of Gaffer as of Jack, though the utilitarian is slow to admit it. The fact is, we all work too much and play too little, and we are beginning to find it out. We are beginning to learn that our ancestors overrated industry and underrated idleness. Health of body and health of mind depend as much on one as on the other, or, rather, depend on the alternation of both; labor, rest, rest, labor, is the refrain of a well-ordered life. The peoples of Europe have long known this, especially the German people, by whom, and whose example in this country, we have been led to see that we need rest and amusement. They have not lain within our reach hitherto in our great cities,—enormous hives of brick, stone, and wood, whence every vestige of nature was banished; but now that we have been awakened to the necessity of parks, we can have them almost at our doors, as at Fairmount. A day in the country is no longer a matter of consideration, preparation, and expense; a simple lunch in a basket, a short ride in the horse-cars, or a short sail up the Schuylkill, and, hey, *presto!* here we are at Fairmount. A day spent in Fairmount creates the desire to spend another day there, and when, as sometimes happens, one



BRIDLE-PATH.

is alone, it creates the desire to spend it with others. He longs to share his enjoyment of the woods and waters, the bright sun and the clear sky. His nature is enlarged, he knows not how: he becomes kind, benevolent, charitable. What has done him good, he thinks, will do others good. What a pity they are not here! Cræsus can come when he likes; his chariot is harnessed in a twinkling. And Dives, too, the fortunate sinner. But Lazarus, and Gaffer, and Jack and Gill, and all the rest of the family? It would be jolly to see them at Fairmount! They shall come. There are good, liberal, thoughtful people who will gladly contribute money to bring it about: Dives and Lazarus will do the handsome thing, as they ought. The poor shall come—the young and the old:—

“Young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.”

We saw the old folks at their merry-making at Rockland, and enjoyed it heartily, but not quite so heartily, when we came to think it over, as the merry-making of the children. For some of the old folks, we remembered, were too careworn to smile,—even the lilt of the music failed to quicken their pulses. But the children, the poorest of them, were as happy as they could be. No shadow rested upon their faces, no thought disturbed their minds. Color came back to their pale cheeks as they romped on the grass; strength came back to their languid limbs as they ran and danced. Crying was turned into laughing and singing. Under the trees, along the paths,—they were here, there, and everywhere. And more—who knows how many—came. Were there any children left in town? Abundant, jubilant, triumphant, they came and went; and when the day was ended, when they were back at night, fast asleep in their beds, be sure many of them lived over in dreams that happy day at Rockland. Among the Christian virtues there is none higher than charity. All charities are good, and the best of all are those which are bestowed upon the poor. They are always with us, as the Master has told us. He has also told us that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Let us do what we can then to lighten their lot, especially the lot of children,—little men and women, whose happiness lies in trifles. God bless them all, merry fairies of Fairmount!

To drop our homily, which would be a sad one if we should allow ourselves to follow the little folks back to the lives they have laid down, but will take up again when their brief episode of country joyance is over, let us ramble elsewhere. It is pleasant to turn our back on the crowd, and seek some

secluded haunt where we can muse alone, if a solitary humor be upon us, or where, if we feel companionable, we can have a cosy chat with a friend. We might almost say there are no paths, since none are needed, (no pent-up Utica this,) but there are paths, so-called,—bridle-paths, in which we can witch the world with noble horsemanship. To be sure, the world will not be there to see, but that is not our fault. It is our good fortune, if we are indifferent riders,—of whom, by the way, one or two are occasionally to be found here.



RUSTIC BRIDGE.

The bridle-path, on a summer day, is an animated and picturesque sight. Here, where a solitary horseman may be seen, we are reminded of the opening chapters of Mr. James' novels; the glimpse there of a lady's riding-habit freshens the memory of Di Vernon. There is something romantic in horsemanship—a kind of implied superiority which most of us would be glad to possess. David

knew what he was about when he painted Napoleon crossing the Alps on a fiery charger, and so, no doubt, did Murat when he rode like a whirlwind at the head of his cavalry. Who would not follow such men to death? This is the dark side of horsemanship—away with it! The bright side is here, peaceful, happy, dignified. Yes, there is a dignity in horsemanship to which we humble pedestrians can lay no claim. A man is a man, of course, but he looks more of a man on horseback than on foot. It is not merely that he overtops us and outspeeds us, the secret of his superiority is deeper,—it is in his mastery of the will and energy of the noble animal which he bestrides, and which, strange to say, is proud to be bestrode by him; and more proud to have you, madam, on his back, for mark the imperious carriage of his head and the *hauteur* of his step. He seems to know that he bears a precious burden. For precious you are, my lady, as you go riding away, with the blood dancing in your veins, and the roses blooming in your cheeks,—an armful of happiness for the man who loves you. How is it that the laureate describes the fair Guinevere?

“As she fled fast thro’ sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid;
She looked so lovely as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.”

We are too romantic, you think. It is the privilege of youth, sir; the privilege of youth. For since we have been here we have grown young; we have thrown away our walking-stick; our wrinkles, if we had any, have become dimples; our grizzled (only slightly grizzled) hair has become black; and all because we have seen a beautiful woman riding in the bridle-path! Are we in an enchanted forest? No, we are in Fairmount. We have strolled from Rockland along the river, passing Peters’ Island and Ormiston. The river bank on the right has changed its character, for, instead of being a precipitous height, such as we saw at the steamboat-landing,—a butting precipice of rugged, dark rocks, it rolls away in gentle slopes. We have left tall trees behind us, we think, but we perceive that they are dwarfed by those which we are now approaching—oaks, chestnuts, pines, tulip poplars, to whose branches great vines are clinging, as if to tether them to the earth. Or are they ladders, rather, whose leafy rounds are trodden at night

by woodland spirits, curious to see the birds sleeping in their nests? If there are spirits here they must be those which haunted the place when the red men possessed it, chiefest among whom was the tricky Pau-puk-kewis. And why not, pray? We have the authority of a great poet for believing that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake."

It is an old pagan notion, is it? Perhaps; but it is better than the materialism of to-day,—the cold materialism which sees only inanimate matter in rocks and trees, the earth and its wilderness of waves. A Greek would have seen, or fancied he saw, a Dryad in that magnificent poplar; and the river there (how beautiful it is!) would have given him the vision of a majestic old man, crowned with rushes and sedges, leaning over an urn in the woods from which its waters were ceaselessly flowing. We merely see a river and a tree. How do we know that they are not alive like ourselves? that they are not conscious of their existence? Are summer and winter the same to the poplar? The sap circulating in its trunk, and the ground frozen around its roots, the bright, warm sunlight, and the driving snow and sleet.—are they alike and nothing to it? Wordsworth thought otherwise:

"It is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

But he was a poet, and we are reasonable beings. So be it, beloved Gradgrind.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunt in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished:
They live no longer in the faith of reason!"

We have passed many shady nooks, wherein we have seen pedestrians resting themselves, overtaken by fatigue, which they did not foresee at the outset, and by hunger, which happily they did foresee, as the lunches of which



RAVINE.

they are partaking testify. Not having taken the same wise precaution, we shall have to go further, but not, we trust, to fare worse.

We have reached the rustic bridge that crosses a nameless brook, for it is no more here, whatever it may be above, and while we linger upon it, looking dreamily at the murmuring water on the right, and at the grim old trees on the left, a mass of crooked trunks and twisted branches, through which we catch glimpses of the shining river, we determine to ascend the ravine. Fairmount, we may remark *en passant*, is rich in ravines, among which should be mentioned those at Sweet-brier, Lansdowne, and Belmont. We can see them another day, when we visit the West Park: our present business leads us into the grand ravine which runs between Ormiston and Edgeley, and is perhaps the most striking feature in Fairmount. Look into and along its depths, up its sloping, hilly sides, and through its long ranks of trees—is it not a majestic and impressive scene? An aisle of God's great forest-temple, it dwarfs all the cathedrals that man has reared; it is worthy of its boundless dome—the sky. The noonlight, which is so intense here, loses its brightness as it struggles through the multitudinous foliage, and goes wandering among the trees and slopes. Here and there at the hither end a tree stands out strongly, distinguishable from its leafy companions; but as we advance we find ourselves in what is neither light nor darkness, but a tender twilight shade hovering about the greenery which surrounds us, and of which we may almost be said to be a part, so deeply has it interpenetrated our thoughts and feelings. We stand among these gigantic forest fathers like one of themselves. That magnificent tulip poplar on the other side of the brook, and this grand old fellow here—they have strengthened and enlarged us, lesser and weaker children of nature. We should like to embrace them, but our arms are too short. We should like to shake hands with them, but we cannot reach high enough. The lowest branch is full sixty feet above our heads. This is not tall talking by any means, but short talking,—it is so far below the magnitude of these old forest kings. They wait their poets, who to largeness of imagination will add a greater knowledge of nature than most poets possess. The only American singer who could make us see them in his song is Mr. Bryant, who is at once a naturalist and a painter, and whose word-pictures are perfect, accurate in all their details, and everywhere comprehensive and harmonious. His genius would be at home among these poplars, pines, chestnuts, beeches, and birches, and would look lovingly upon the smallest wild flower at his feet. We city folk, who escape into nature less frequently, are not so familiar with forest scenery, and not so happy

in describing it. We feel its manifold beauty, however, its grandeur, its magnificence, and nowhere more deeply than in this noble ravine. It refreshes us to sit at the foot of some great tree, and take in the fullness of our surroundings; the crowding multitude of trunks and branches, standing and leaning upon and hanging over the grassy hillsides, brightening and darkening in the alternating light and shade,—the lofty roof of foliage, intermingled and interblended, airy or dense, masses of greenness,—the winding waters of the brook, stained with the colors of the roots they lave above, brawling over the stones that have tumbled into their pathway, flowing in still pools and falling in little cascades,—leaves stirring and shaking,—birds warbling their wood-notes wild, the buzz and hum of insects in the air, in the grass, everywhere. Is it not wonderful, beautiful, delightful? Who can express the serene satisfaction which possesses the soul in a forest like this—

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade?"

Who, indeed? An American poet, who ranked among the youngsters thirty years ago, (fugacious time!) reflects the feeling of the tuneful brotherhood in a little rondelay, which may not be out of place here. How is it the jingle goes?

"When the summer days are bright and long,
And the little birds pipe a merry song,
'Tis sweet in the shady woods to lie
And gaze at the leaves and the twinkling sky,
Drinking like wine the rare, cool breeze,
Under the trees, under the trees!

When winter comes, and the days are dim,
And the wind is singing a mournful hymn,
'Tis sweet in the faded woods to stray,
And tread the dead leaves into the clay,
Thinking of all life's mysteries,
Under the trees, under the trees!

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever-new delight,
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong:
So, living or dying, I take mine ease,
Under the trees, under the trees!"

A wise conclusion, Master Juventus! But will your worship be so kind as to leave us, and pursue your woodland meditations elsewhere? If you remain



ARCHED SPRING.

others will come trooping in. We shall have Wordsworth, and Cowper, and Thomson, and the rest of them, not forgetting the Master, and my Lord Amiens, who, mistaking the place for the forest of Arden, will insist upon tuning his merry note. You hear?

"Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

You are good company, all of you, but to-day, you understand, we must do what Monsieur Jourdan did all his life without knowing it,—we must talk prose. “Give you good den!”

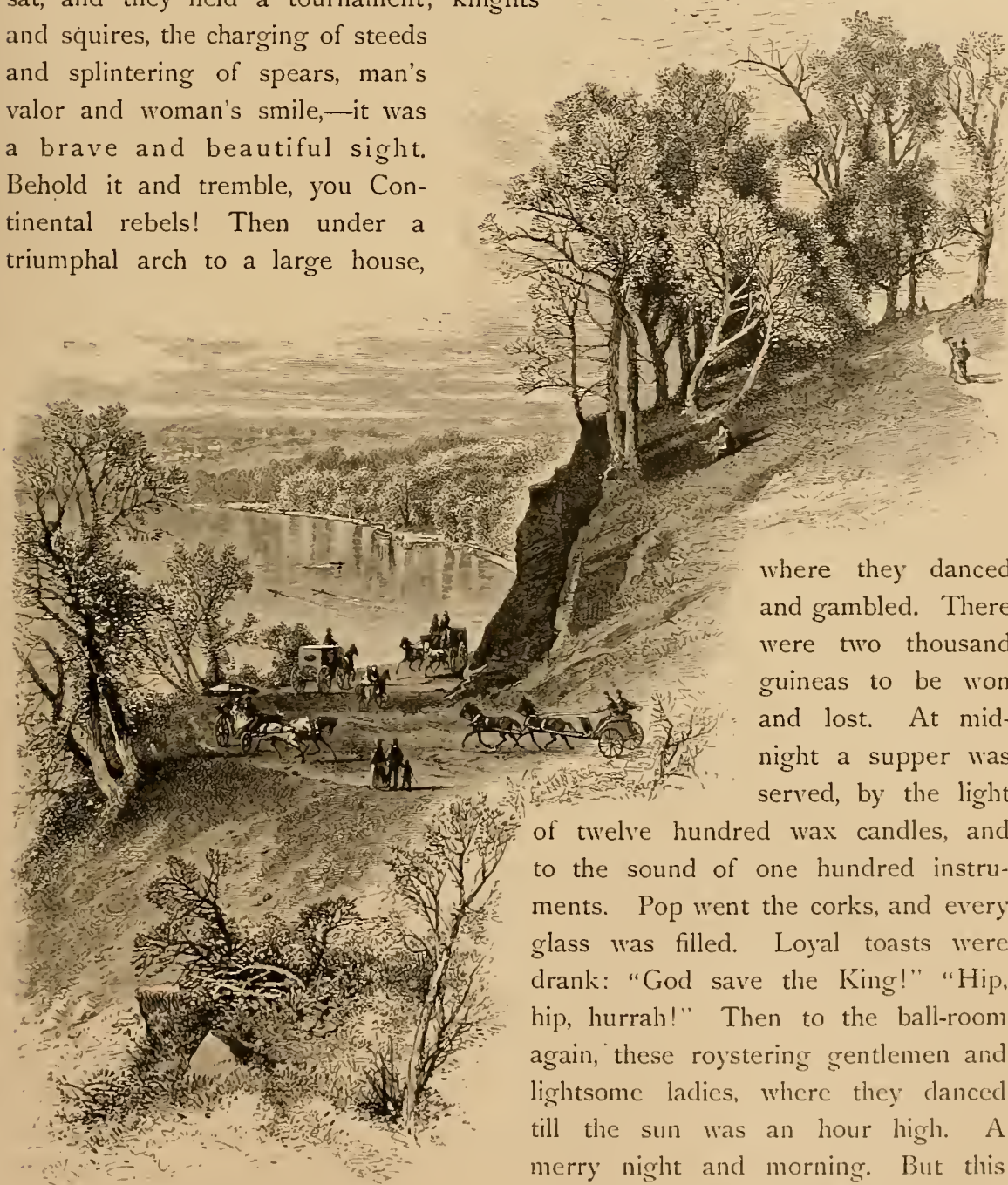
The mention of winter just now reminds us of what the Rev. William Gilpin, an authority on forest scenery, says about the picturesque effects which are to be seen in winter woods, and which can be seen here in greater perfection than in England. Great beauty, he observes, arises in winter from the different tints of the spray. The dark-brown spray of the birch, for instance, has a good effect among that of a lighter tinge, and when the forest is deep all this little bushiness of ramification has in some degree the effect of foliage. “The tops of trees, likewise, and all their larger limbs, add at this season a rich variety and contrast to the forest; the smooth and the rough, the light and the dark, often beautifully opposing each other. In winter the *stem* predominates, as the *leaf* in summer. It is amusing in one season to see the branches losing and discovering themselves among the foliage; it is amusing, also, in the other, to walk through the desolate forest and see the various combinations of stems,—the traversing of branches across each other in so many beautiful directions,—and the pains which nature takes in forming a *wood* as well as a single *tree*.” (Nature has taken infinite pains here, for the whole ravine is as grandly formed as the grandest tree in it.) He notes the effect of evergreens, of which there is no lack in Fairmount, and paints the hoar frost with a skillful pencil. Here is a picture which we have all seen: “In a light hoar frost, before the sun and air begin to shake the powder from the trees, the wintry forest is often beautiful, and almost exhibits the effect of tufted foliage. As single objects, also, trees under this circumstance are curious. The black branches, whose undersides are not covered with rime, often make a singular contrast with the whitened spray. Trees of minuter ramification and foliage, as the birch, the elm, and the fir, appear under this circumstance to most advantage. The ash, the horse-chestnut, and other plants of coarser form, have no great beauty. Trees, also, thus covered with hoar frost have sometimes, if not a picturesque, at least an uncommon effect, where they appear against a lurid cloud, especially when the sun shines strongly upon them.” The picture is excellent, but it would have been more excellent if Mr. Gilpin had lived among such forest scenery as this. What he would have said, if he could have seen our woods in their autumnal foliage, we can only imagine. He could not have painted them in his glowing pages: Turner himself could not have painted the coronations of Fairmount.

But what with our rambles up hill and down dale and along the brookside

we have reached the old Arched Spring, which evidently belongs to the Edgeley estate, just above. It reminds us of man as we peer into its cold, damp walls, (where be the masons who builded them?) of man, whom we have forgotten, though we might have remarked his presence in the ravine in the shape of an artist sketching our great tulip poplars, or a pair of ramblers like ourselves, or a meditative weaver of rhyme, (ah! Juventus, are you still here?) or the fairer shape of womankind. Madam, or Miss, we kiss your ladyship's hand!

We have emerged from the ravine near the new reservoir, and on the whole are rather glad that we are on level ground again, where we can have a broad, open view. One must be bred among woods, or he will feel at last a sense of confinement in their pillared shadows, which rise like a wall between him and the world without. The thought that the whole continent was once covered with forests is not a cheerful one to the metropolitan mind, which can but wonder at the indomitable courage of the early settlers, and the enterprising hardihood of their descendants in pushing their way through the wilderness. Westward, westward ever, in the interminable solitudes,—no! Juventus himself, fond of trees as he says he is, could never have been a pioneer. Drinking the breeze like wine, quotha? Like water, sir, of which, by the way, the great reservoir reminds us. It will contain—how many millions of gallons, accurate Gradgrind, man of facts and figures? Seven hundred millions, is it? You might sail a fleet in it. Hereabouts is the Military Parade Ground, and on parade-days it is brilliant with our citizen soldiery. We are peaceful-minded people, cherishing the principles of the Founder, inclined to sober and averse to gay colors, averse above all to War; but the sight of the lawn covered with soldiers, their uniforms and flashing bayonets, infantry and cavalry, marching men and prancing horses,—do what we will, it *will* rouse the Old Adam in us. Let us enjoy it as a spectacle, and forget the stern business which it conceals, and which we all remember too well. It is only a peaceful parade. Time was when it meant war, and near by, perhaps here. One May morning, less than a hundred years ago, his Excellency General Howe, who was then in command of Philadelphia, went marching along the Ridge Road (which you know is one of the eastern boundaries of the Park) with four or five thousand men, in the direction of Chestnut Hill. A few days before the members of his Excellency's staff had given a festival in his honor. They embarked on the Delaware a mile or two above the city, and were rowed down the river in galleys and boats, with colors streaming and music playing. "God save the King," the hautboys sounded. Their ships of war were decorated, and their transports—the harbor was full of them—were crowded with spectators. They

landed, this band of noble gentlemen, and marched between lines of infantry and cavalry, with all the standards of the army, to a green lawn, where, in the presence of their misses, they raised a throne, upon which one of these light dames sat, and they held a tournament; knights and squires, the charging of steeds and splintering of spears, man's valor and woman's smile,—it was a brave and beautiful sight. Behold it and tremble, you Continental rebels! Then under a triumphal arch to a large house,



STRAWBERRY HEIGHTS.

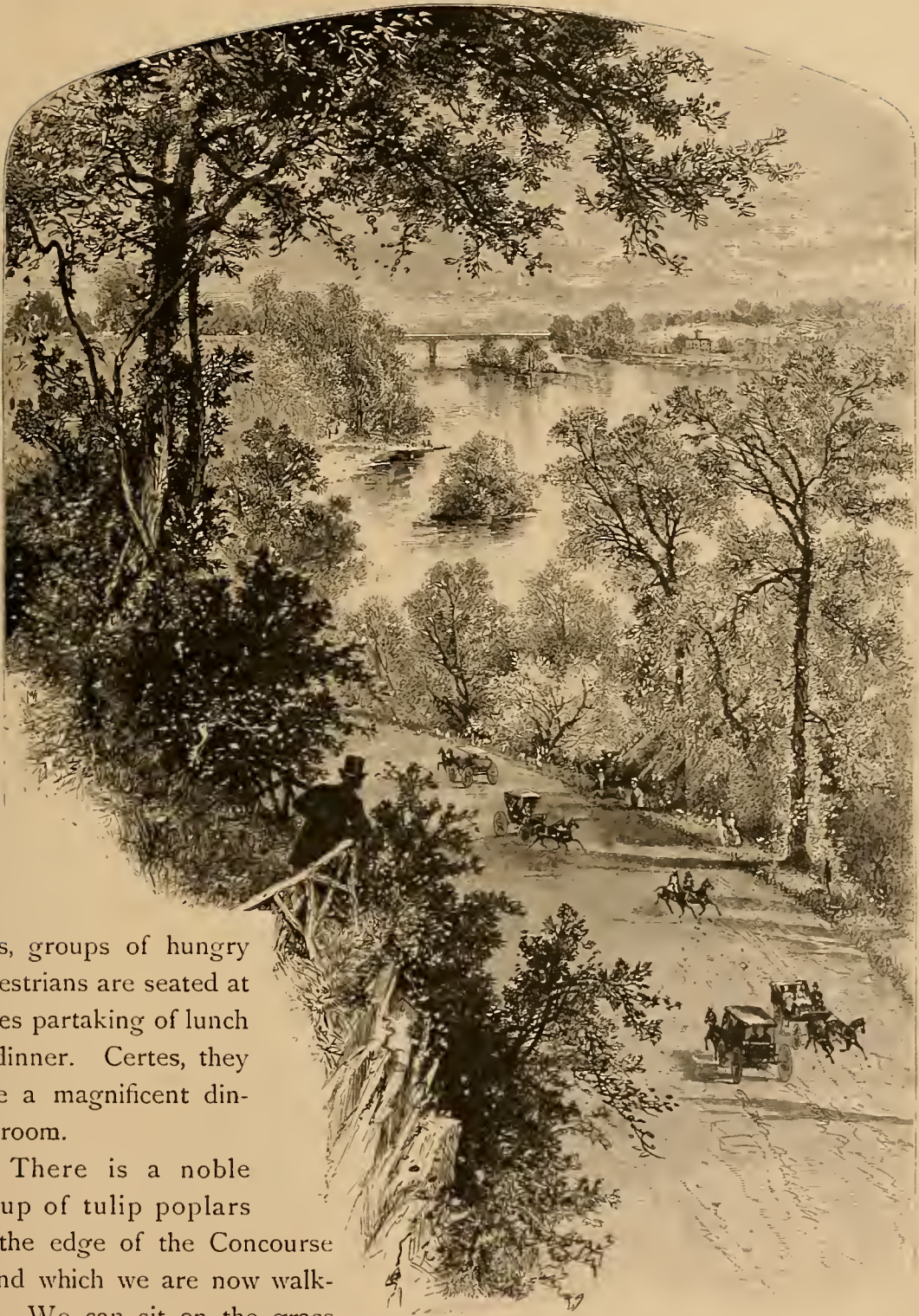
where they danced and gambled. There were two thousand guineas to be won and lost. At midnight a supper was served, by the light of twelve hundred wax candles, and to the sound of one hundred instruments. Pop went the corks, and every glass was filled. Loyal toasts were drank: "God save the King!" "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Then to the ball-room again, these roystering gentlemen and lightsome ladies, where they danced till the sun was an hour high. A merry night and morning. But this morning, it was business and not

pleasure which sent the British marching up the Ridge Road. Washington, who was at Valley Forge, had sent young Lafayette with two or three thousand men to make a sortie, and if the British should evacuate the city, as seemed likely, to harass their rear-guard. He crossed the Schuylkill, and took a post of observation at Barren Hill, just above the upper boundary of the Park. The movement reached the ears of his Excellency, and the night after the festival he sent General Grant with four or five thousand men to get in the rear of Lafayette by circuitous ways. Lafayette was surprised, but not disconcerted, for seeing the situation at a glance he sent small parties into the woods to present themselves as the heads of attacking columns, while he quietly stole away below to Matson's Ford. He crossed while Grant was preparing to fight. His Excellency waited in vain to hear the sound of his guns. There was no fight, there were no prisoners, so he marched down the Ridge Road again,—he and General Clinton and Knyphausen and his soldiers, whose business was not to die then. Four days later his Excellency sailed for England, and in less than a month the British army, Hessians, tories, and what not, were crossing the Delaware.

One would like to know about the old houses at Edgeley and Woodford; whether there is any story connected with them, historic or otherwise. Who the former occupants were, how they lived, what they did, and so on. This house at Edgeley, towards which we are now walking,—a quaint mansion, with a half-circled porch, graceful columns, and old-time carvings,—who dwelt there, say fifty years ago?

“All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses.”

Who haunts this house? If it be the spirits of its early dwellers, who were gentlemen and ladies, without doubt, they turn up their noses, if they have any, at the smell of trade in its chambers. We can procure there the berry of Araby, or the shrub of China. Are you a disciple of Confucius, or a follower of Mohammed? Which do you prefer—Old Mocha, or Young Hyson? Ghosts of Edgeley, you never in your life-time expected that signs of “Coffee and Tea” would stare you out of countenance in your stately old home. “To what base uses may we return, Horatio!” But we forget: you eschewed profane plays for the goodly meditations of George Fox and John Woolman. What do you read now,—what airy, spiritual volumes? And what do you drink,—anything better than coffee and tea? They disdain to answer. There is an air of hospitality about the grounds, for see, in the shadow of those gigantic tulip poplars and



oaks, groups of hungry pedestrians are seated at tables partaking of lunch or dinner. Certes, they have a magnificent dining-room.

There is a noble group of tulip poplars on the edge of the Concourse round which we are now walking. We can sit on the grass in their shade, and obtain a

STRAWBERRY HEIGHTS—LOOKING DOWN.

better view of the Schuylkill than any we have yet had. Here they are, and here we are, on the green carpet of Edgeley, woven year after year in the invisible loom of spring. We look down the river, and behold in the distance, rising above the trees, massed together, the tops of the Centennial Buildings, glittering like the domes of some far-away city in a strange land. Turner might have painted them, we think, if any one could. They are unsubstantial, airy, dreamy. Do poets ever build such cities in their dreams? Looking up the river we take in its broad, lake-like sweep, and the slopes along its western bank, stretching upward and onward until they are lost in the summit of Mount Prospect. On the hither side we see Strawberry Heights, and the monuments on Laurel Hill, thickly clustering like the front of some great white marble cathedral. We are between two cities,—the noisy city below, the silent city above,—the living and the dead.

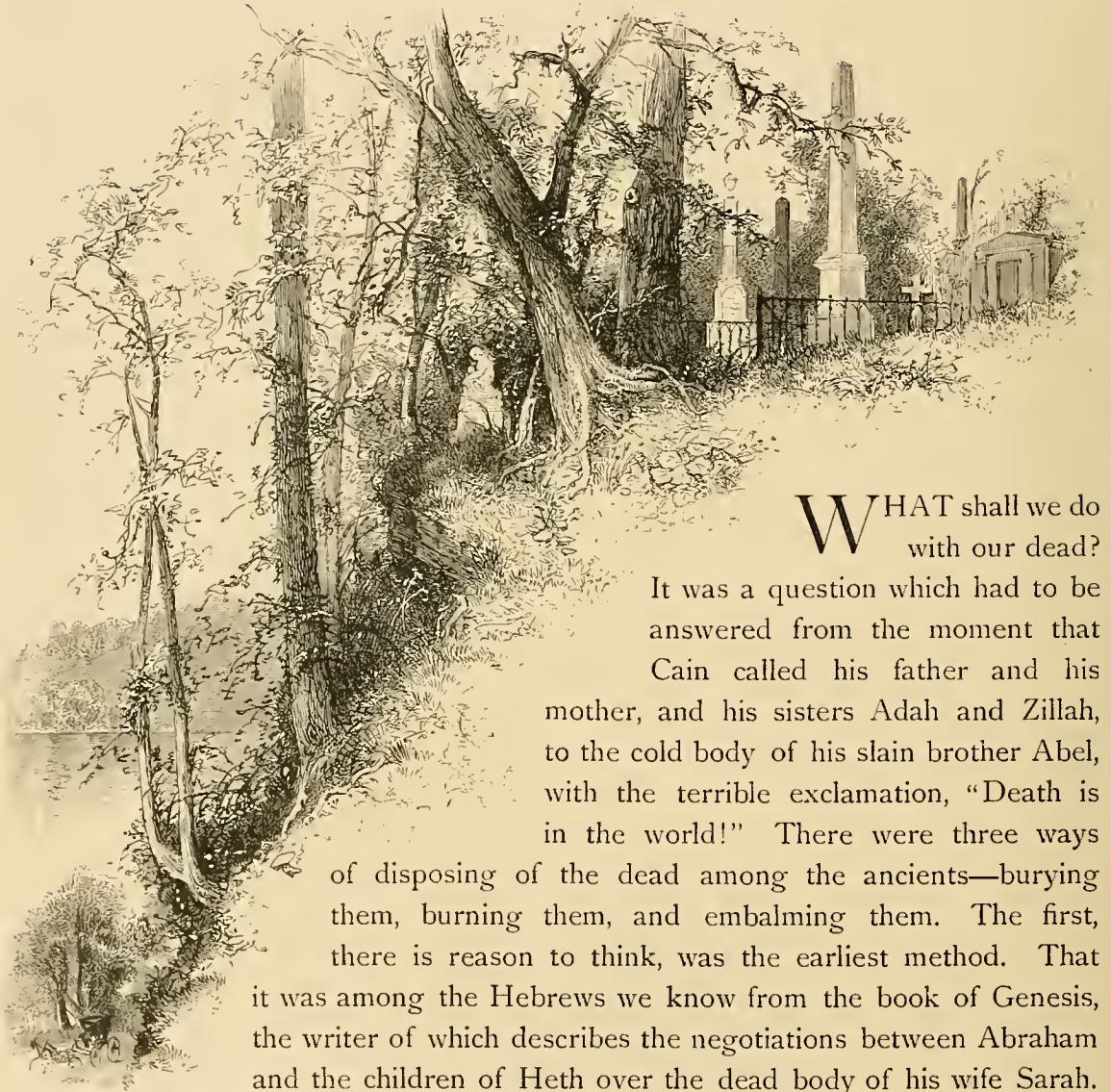
Who shall tell the Tale of these Two Cities? If there are tongues in trees, can we not hear their whispers? If there are books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones, can we not read them? Woods, waters, rocks of Fairmount, what tales have you to tell us? We can tell you, the leaves murmur, of what we saw below us in the olden time. Of gentlemen in cocked hats and wigs, coats with padded skirts and large cuffs, shirts with hand-ruffles, closely-fitting breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. Of gentlemen in gold-laced hats, scarlet vests and breeches, and long queues hanging down their backs in black silk bags. Of ladies in white caps and flowered chintzes, stiff stays and enormous hoops, white silk stockings, and little black, high-heeled shoes. Of ladies in brocade and satin, their heads great towers of crisp and frizzled curls. They are gone, the trees murmur, gone like the leaves which will soon be dropping from us: gone like the red men whose hunting-grounds were here. Hold! you garrulous old trees, we are tired of the noble savage. And you, beautiful river, flowing so smoothly between your hilly banks, past your bridges, and through the populous town, read to us what is written in your bright and merry books. Of the Founder in his stately barge with six oars, manned by rowers who pull him along your waters with his broad pennant flying. Of British soldiers rowing their officers across. Of ladies and gentlemen sailing up and down from country seat to country seat. Of boats putting off from boat-houses, and skimming hither and thither. Of the bridge which winter throws over you, and the multitudes who glide thereon, darting about like birds. Of the ice-holes, and those who disappear therein! Yes, the river ripples, and of the light canoes—No more of that, old gossip, the aborigines have gone.

We have clambered up Strawberry Hill, and reached its spacious mansion. If the ghosts of Edgeley turn up their noses at the traffic which is carried on in their old home, pray, what do the ghosts of the Strawberry Mansion do? A tavern! what is the world coming to? Are there not taverns enough already—the Crooked Billet Inn, the Pewter Platter Tavern, the City Tavern, the St. George and the Dragon? Softly, gently, ye gentlemanly old ghosts. You belong to the eighteenth century, (do you go back earlier?) we belong to the nineteenth. We are no longer under the dominion of his Majesty George the Third, (God save the King!) he has been dead this fifty years. You forget that you are dead. But we are living, and hungry, and by your leave (or without it, sirs) we will have a snack in your chambers.

Dinner finished, we stroll to the edge of the bluff, and, leaning against the rustic railing, look sheer down upon the drive below. It lies in sunshine with the shadows of the trees on its outer border painted darkly across it; carriages dash up and down, horsemen canter, and along the grassy border, under the trees, we see the moving figures of women and children. The outlook is magnificent. The eye takes in at one sweep the broad, beautiful river down to the Reading Bridge, the Concourse, Peters' Island, and the banks on both sides, with all their wealth of forestry and shrubbery. The sun shines, the waters flash, and the white clouds go sailing away on high. The wind blows, the leaves twinkle, and hidden away somewhere a merry bird sings. Who talked of grizzled locks? Who talked of growing old? Age is *not*, but everywhere Youth, everlasting Youth! *Juventus Mundi!*



LAUREL HILL AND VICINITY.



WHAT shall we do
with our dead?

It was a question which had to be answered from the moment that Cain called his father and his mother, and his sisters Adah and Zillah, to the cold body of his slain brother Abel, with the terrible exclamation, "Death is in the world!" There were three ways

of disposing of the dead among the ancients—burying them, burning them, and embalming them. The first, there is reason to think, was the earliest method. That

it was among the Hebrews we know from the book of Genesis, the writer of which describes the negotiations between Abraham and the children of Heth over the dead body of his wife Sarah.

"I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight;" and they answered, "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead: none of us shalt withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." But Abraham would not: he could not bury his dead among their dead, so he asked them to entreat Ephron, the Hittite,

that he would sell him the cave of Machpelah, which was in the end of his field, for a grave for Sarah. And Ephron answered, "Nay, my lord, hear me: the field give I thee, and the cave that is therein, I give it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people give I it thee: bury thy dead." But Abraham would not take it. "I will give thee money for the field; take it of me, and I will bury my dead there." Four hundred shekels of silver were weighed out and given to Ephron, and the field, and the cave, and all the trees that were in the field, and in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham as a possession in the presence of the children of Heth. "And after this Abraham buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah, before Mamre: the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan." Dear, simple, divine old penman!

The practice of burning is of great antiquity and no slender extent, as Sir Thomas Browne points out in his discourse on *Urn-Burial*. Hellenic tradition ascribes its origin to Hercules, who, having taken an oath to King Lycimnius to bring back from war his son, burned his body after he had fallen, and brought back the ashes in proof of his faith. Grecian funerals are nobly described in Homer. Who does not remember the obsequies of Patroclus, and Achilles, and the pyre of poor, brave Hector before the gates of Troy? There was a long continuance of the practice in the inward countries of Asia; it extended, also, far west, among the Celts, Sarmatians, Germans, Gauls, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians. The ancients buried their dead outside their cities. The Romans were forbidden by a law of the Twelve Tables to bury within their walls. The usual places of interment were in the suburbs, and along the waysides. "*Siste, Viator*," the silent stone commanded. They believed that even the neighborhood of the dead was defiling, and they knew that there was danger to the living in their corruption, and that their buildings were not safe from their funeral fires.

We are on the way to Laurel Hill, but we will halt a moment, and read you what Sir Thomas says about these dead and gone old Romans. We have his book with us: what book more fitting for a journey to the silent city yonder? Hearken! "Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rationale of old rites, requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk, that the mother wrapped them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven before they kindled the fire, as the place

of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction thrice uttered by the attendants was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little, if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That in strewing their tombs the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks, amaranthus and myrtle; that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians, which deck their coffins with bays have found a more elegant emblem. For that tree, seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in firs. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture." The dead that the old Hebrews



LAUREL HILL LANDING.

buried in the earth crumbled to dust: the ashes that the old Greeks and Romans secured in urns crumbled to dust; but the dead that the old Egyptians embalmed remain. "Thus I make myself immortal," said a Hindoo, burning upon a pyre in Athens. "Thus we make our dead immortal," said the Egyptians, in thought if not in words. They have left imperishable monuments in their pyramids,—mountains of stone enclosing the mummies of their kings. How many men were employed, and how much time was spent upon the great pyramids of Cheops? The causeway for the stone, they tell us, was built by a press-gang of one hundred thousand men, relieved

every three months for ten years, or in all four millions of men, and twenty more years, at the rate of three hundred and sixty thousand, giving over seven millions more men! Thirty years, and eleven millions of men!—no wonder Cheops was hated, and was buried in a subterranean chamber encircled by the Nile. The wonder was that there was anything left of him to embalm. “But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.”

Siste, Viator. Our walk along the river drive has brought us to the steam-boat-landing, whence ascends the road that leads on this side into Laurel Hill. If we had proposed to go thither by the horse-cars, we should probably have turned from the Ridge Road, and strolled for a few moments around the Church of St. James the Less. The sight of its walls mantled with vines and creepers, and surrounded with trees and flowers, would have been pleasant after the monotony of streets and houses, and the glimpse of the little head-stones scattered about its cemetery would have prepared us for the solemn splendors of Laurel Hill. But we did not go cityward; we came riverwards, and so the church of the good Apostle remains unvisited, and the name of the Christian gentleman by whom it was chiefly erected remains unsung.

We ascend the lane, passing under the arched stone bridge which unites North and South Laurel Hill, and turning to the left we enter the former. The cathedral front, which we saw below, is now a multitude of pillars, shafts, and obelisks. We might fancy ourselves among the ruins of a temple, but there are no signs of ruin: the stones are not crumbling, the weeds are not growing in the unroofed aisles. It is a city in which we are walking,—a city of the dead. They are in their houses, and will not come forth. They are not to be tempted out by the sun. They care not for the flowers. It was so yesterday, it will be so to-morrow: will it be so always? Love has knocked at their doors in an agony of tears, calling, calling, but they have not answered. Mothers and fathers have demanded them, husbands and wives have demanded them, children have demanded them, but in vain. Their dear ones have come, have descended to them, have lain down beside them, but they have never, never greeted them, never stretched out their arms to them,—never, never! Oh, populous city! will nothing break your silence? Oh, speechless inhabitants! will nothing persuade you to speak? Nothing—nothing! Peace, wild dreamer; peace, sad heart. Not such should be thy thoughts, thy words, thy emotion. We wrong the dead, we wrong the living, by endless lamentations. Nothing that is so

A CENTURY AFTER.



CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE LESS.

universal as death can be unhappy. The poor pagans, as we think them,—looking down upon them from the heights of our fancied superiority,—the poor, blind pagans felt this, and were consoled. Death was not a skeleton to them, as to the gloomy ascetics who disgraced the first centuries of Christianity,—emaciated hermits and flagellating monks,—but a beautiful boy with an inverted torch—Genius of Death. And their last solemn valediction, thrice uttered, was a pious wish, "*Vale. Nos te, ordine quo Natura permiserit cuncti sequamur.*" Have we less philosophy than they had, less trust in the Unseen and Unknown? Why should we seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horror around the tombs of those we love? It is the question of a great writer, and we are beginning to answer it, not as we must have done forty years ago, when intramural burials prevailed in every great city, but as we do at Laurel Hill, where we honor the dead by beautifying their last abodes.

It is beautiful here,—beautiful. Nothing is left wild, except along the steep, wooded river-banks; nature has been translated into art. The walks go winding along like rhythmic lines, and, whether they curve away, as they do yonder, or stretch straightly before us, as they do here, the lines have fallen in pleasant places. We wait a moment to let the vision pass in our minds and live in our memories, but we might as well have walked on. We cannot retain it: it will not enter. A stretch of sloping and level lawn, green with summer grass, studded with trees, sprinkled with flowers, and populous with monuments. Graceful shafts of marble, whiter than snow, relieved against the blue sky; shafts of gray, veined granite, towering from their bases; pillars of reddish-brown Scotch granite, polished like crystal; urns and head-stones gleaming and glimmering among the shrubbery;—a multitudinous dream in stone.

If we saw nature in her wild magnificence in the ravine and in the slopes and woods along the river, we see her here in her simple beauty, clothed in her garden raiment. Who shall depict the trees which we are approaching and which we have passed since our entrance,—singly or in little groups, their form and color, the shape of their trunks, the interblending of their branches and limbs and foliage? Farther on we see tall oaks and beeches and pines, but here their leafy fellows are of a lesser growth and greater cultivation. The most beautiful are, perhaps, the upright junipers, which are light, airy, and graceful, and which resemble needles in their delicate green slenderness. If the birch be, as Coleridge says, “the lady of the woods,” to what shall we liken these fairer members of the sylvan sisterhood? They are more than ladies, more than court ladies; they are princesses, young, virginal, beautiful. Speaking of birches reminds us that we shall pass some that are surprisingly like imitations of themselves in marble, they are so white and so polished. Select your favorite evergreen,—any of the rhododendron family, mountain laurel, rose bay, what you like,—any of the *arbor vitæ* family (*Thuja occidentalis*, if you wish to hear its learned name), box, yew, or what not, you shall find it before long growing in hallowed ground. For such are the enclosures around, sacred to loving hearts who come hither in the summer days to meditate by the graves of their dead, seated in bloom under the everlasting heavens. They bring flowers with them, for note that pretty little vase in which the lily has not yet faded. Painters, especially flower-painters, may, and probably do, come to freshen their knowledge of color, which is abundant here at the proper seasons. As summer draws to a close, nature scatters her largess royally, in geraniums and honeysuckles, in the brilliant scarlet sage and white sweet alyssum, and in

a profusion of roses. Does the Great Mother remember her children who are sleeping here, when she spreads her coverlet of flowers above their beds? It would almost seem so, she is so bountiful, so opulent. Nor does she lavish flowers alone, but all manner of graceful, flowering shrubs and trailing ivies, (let them clamber freely over the shafts and obelisks, and around the mortuary urns,) and the many-colored gorgeous leaves of the coleus. Yes, the Good Mother remembers and loves the sleepers at Laurel Hill. What was it that Shelley wrote about the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, in which the dust of Keats has mouldered for over fifty years? "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

We asked before, you may remember, if there were sermons in stones? There are, we answer, here, and they are worth laying to heart. They remind



BRIDGE CONNECTING NORTH AND SOUTH LAUREL HILL.

us of the uncertain tenure by which we hold our lives; the thread of the spider, glistening in the morning dew, is cord, is cable, to it. They remind us that no age, no station, is exempt from death. Here are children who died in their cradles, and old, old men, who outlived all their children; hands that dropped the rattle, hands that trembled with palsy, and hands, perhaps, that griped the poor,—hard hands that gathered gold. Who was that pury person that sits in bronze on the top of his monument? Shall we ask Abraham or Dives? Neither: we will not seek to disclose his merits, nor draw his frailties (if he had any) from their dread abode. (Who are we that we should judge our

fellow-men?) Whoever he was, he thought highly of himself, or we should not have his effigy there, sitting bareheaded, in the sun, in the rain, in the snow, the long year through. Does he never want to step down and out? Is it too much to say that that monument is a standing sermon against ostentation? Compare it with the little stone which marks the grave of Pennsylvania's great soldier. It is pathetic in its simplicity—its humility. Gettysburg, the Wilderness, before Richmond. Uncover, and salute the dead!

Another soldier reposes at Laurel Hill. A young Scotch surgeon, who fought at Culloden on the side of the Chevalier, he emigrated to Virginia, where he volunteered to accompany the expedition which Braddock led against Fort Du Quesne, and where he, doubtless, met a young surveyor named George Washington, and his young friend George Warrington, of whom we have all heard. Wounded at the disastrous battle of Monongahela and unable to keep up with the fugitives, he wandered alone through the wilderness, exhausted by sickness, hunger, and fatigue. He was spared to fight again,—this time against the British; for the whilom young surgeon, now a Continental brigadier-general of fifty-seven or thereabouts, marched away to Princeton one cold winter morning and gave them battle. His men broke and fled: he remained. His blood was up. Dismounted and surrounded by the enemy, he refused quarter; defending himself with his sword, he was knocked down, stabbed through and through with bayonets, and left for dead. He lived nine days, indomitable to the last. Honor to brave old Hugh Mercer!

Other soldiers are here, and as we call the roll of their names we seem to hear, in thought, the thunder of by-gone battles, and to see the phantoms of contending armies. General Frank Patterson sleeps beneath his monument at North Laurel Hill. No monument commemorates General Charles F. Smith, nor does he need one, for, standing by his lowly grave, we recall the fields in which he fought,—Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Contreras, Cherubusco. He was noted for valor in Mexico; and who more conspicuous than he at Fort Donelson? No need to raise a stone or carve a line,—we leave him alone in his glory. Other soldiers are here. Thou art here, Colonel Ulrich Dahlgren, so brave, so early lost. What battle memories cling to thy name,—Maryland Heights, Cross Keys, Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg. Who knows that Gettysburg would have been won if thou and thy brave troopers had failed to capture that Confederate rider, and bear his dispatches to General Meade? With Sigel, Fremont, Hooker, Meade, Pleasanton, Kilpatrick,—wherever honor was thou wert there. Wherever danger was thou



went there,—once too often. On a dark March night, when surrounded by enemies, fighting thy way out, the bullets went through thee. Slain at twenty-two! Poor, brave boy! And here, too, sleeps his father, Rear Admiral Dahlgren, a sailor from boyhood, whom beleaguered, defiant Charleston will long remember. And here another great sailor, Commodore Isaac Hull. Who did not read, in his younger years, with a thrill of admiration, of the memorable sea-fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere? How the English frigate opened fire at a long range at five o'clock in the afternoon of an August day, sixty-three years ago? How, at a little past six, the Constitution closed upon her, and they fought, yard-arm to yard-arm, at less than pistol range? In ten minutes the mizzen-mast of the Guerriere is shot away. The sea is so heavy and the fire of the musketry so severe that neither attempts to board. Down comes the foremast of the Guerriere, carrying away the mainmast. She is a wreck: she surrenders. "When brave Dacres came on board to deliver up his sword,"—was that the way the song ran? At daylight next day there are four feet of water in her hold. In the afternoon she blows up. Hurrah for the Constitution! Hurrah for Commodore Hull!

Nor does it end here,—the thunder of the brave sea-fight,—for we hear it again at the grave of Colonel Charles Ellet. Not on the rough Atlantic now, nor in the olden time, but fifty years later, far inland on the Mississippi, off Memphis, where the "Queen of the West" goes crashing through fire and smoke, sinking the Confederate fleet. It is all over now, God be praised! For not only at Memphis, as on the day after the fight, but everywhere throughout the land, the firmamental stripes and bright old stars are floating. But peace, as the poet tells us, hath her victories no less renowned than war, and among her great commanders there is no higher name than that of Ellet. It was he who spanned the Schuylkill for us, building the first suspension bridge in America. He spanned the Niagara below the Falls, the Ohio at Wheeling. He laid out the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; indeed, there is scarcely a Middle or Western State which does not furnish ample and lasting evidence of his skill—his genius.

Literature lies at North Laurel Hill in the dust of Joseph C. Neal, journalist and humorist, whose nimble fingers dropped the pen nearly thirty years ago, and at South Laurel Hill, under the monument of Robert T. Conrad, poet and dramatist, and once upon a time mayor of the good city of Penn. Nor should we forget Charles Thompson, who, coming hither from Ireland at the age of eleven, became a pedagogue, a merchant, and finally Secretary of the American Congress from 1774 to 1789; a man of probity and learning, whom John

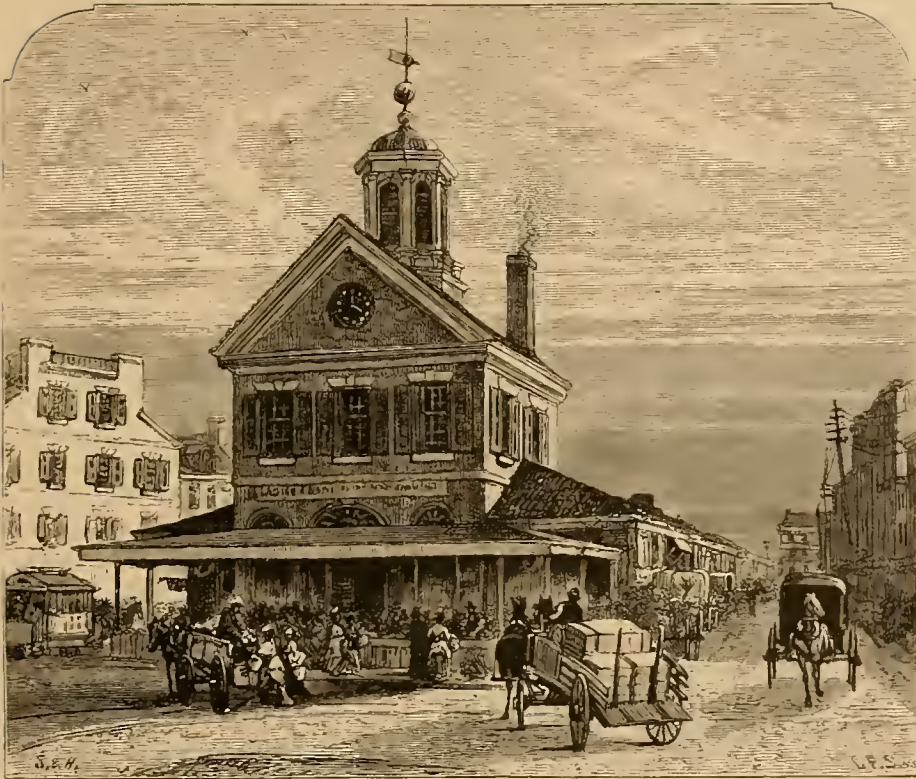
Adams called "the Sam Adams of Philadelphia," and the Indians, who knew him well, "the Man of Truth." He lived to the ripe old age of ninety-five, and added to the world's library of theology by a translation from the Septuagint of the Old and New Testaments. Let us add to the list the name of Thomas McKean, who, if not a man of letters, in a strict sense, certainly wrote his name to a very important manuscript—the Declaration of Independence.

Our ramble has brought us to the grave of Kane. Uncover before that iron door, before those portals, through which, feet foremost, eighteen years ago, into the chamber beyond, built in the everlasting rock, under the shadow of a great oak and a great beech, which send their roots abroad, (but not to pierce his mould,) passed all that was mortal of Elisha Kent Kane! What memories crowd upon us as we recall the man and his works! Memories of travel the world over,—among the Andes, among the cave-temples of India, among the Philippines, among the Himalayas, among the mosques of Persia, the pyramids of Egypt, the fanes of Greece, the churches of Italy, France, England, home! Memories of battle-fields in Mexico, of the blue Mediterranean, of unknown northern seas that lock up in their icy wastes the secret of the Pole! Will he find the great navigator whose sail was last seen by white men eight years before, and who has not been heard from since? No, he will not find him, or his men. But he will find Death. For it will track him there, track him home, track him to Havana, where it will knock at his door (O pale Spirit, dark Spirit!) and smite him into dust. Gone at thirty-seven—fatal age for the world's great men. Rest, great traveler! Sleep, poor sufferer! Your last bed is at home,—here on the green hillside, under the waving 'trees, in sight of the flowing river. Home, and forever!

You noticed Old Mortality as we entered. It is a pleasant reminder of the genius of Scott, and not less pleasant in that its like, in life, will never be seen here. The names of our dead will not be obliterated, even by that veritable Old Mortality—Time.



MARKETRY.



MARKET HOUSE, SECOND AND PINE STREETS.

WHAT shall we eat, and whereshall we get it? These questions answered themselves when the world was young; for wherever men were then, there their market was. The tiller of the ground found it in the fields, and in the trees along the wayside. The herdsman found it in his herds,—in his sheep and lambs, his goats and kids. Wherever he went they went: his frisking, bleating market stretched before him in the green pastures. The market of the hunter was concealed in the woods, which his spear and arrow thinned of their dangerous as well as harmless inhabitants. Markets fluttered in the fowler's net, and wriggled on the fisher's hook. Thus it was in the simple, primitive time, when the fathers of the world were young. But when they congregated in communities, when the family had become a tribe, and the tribe a people,—when the fisher had dropped his line, and the fowler his net, when the hunter had cast

aside his arrow and spear, the shepherd his crook, and the husbandman his spade, when the Nimrods of antiquity began to build Babels,—all this was changed. Of course, a large portion of mankind still pursued their old occupations; not as before, for themselves alone, but for the inhabitants of the cities, who, in exchange for their flocks and herds, their game and fish, gave them their cunning handiwork,—the artificer in brass, weapons and armor; the weaver, the fabric woven in his looms; the jeweler, ornaments of beaten silver and gold. Art and Nature bartered together, as they have done ever since. Art sat in her cities demanding food, and Nature came from the fields and the woods, from the air and the sea, and brought it to her. This, you see for yourself, is how marketry began.

No doubt the historians could tell us something about the early markets of the world; for, at last, after centuries of solemn pomposity, which seldom descended to anybody less dignified than kings and warriors,—anything so undignified, in short, as the lives of the *oi pollio*, they have condescended to consider that as not entirely beneath their august notice. Many, or no, thanks, which shall it be? We shall not go to the historians, however, for *entre nous*, we believe that the best of them deal less in fact than in fancy. We can draw upon our imagination as well as they can. We can imagine the country folk swarming to Babylon, to Nineveh—any old city you like—with their grain, their wine, their oil, in carts, on asses, on the backs of camels, with dates and figs and honey, the beasts of the earth, the birds of the air, the tenants of the deep. We can imagine them crossing rivers, crossing deserts, crossing plains, swarming like bees to the great hives of their fellows, day and night, around the city walls, in the city gates, through the city streets,—an endless procession of food-bringers, worshipers of Ceres and Pan and Diana and Neptune, not forgetting one god who has outlasted all these old divinities, and is now potent still—Mammon! You see how easy it is to fancy history! History, in fact, is not quite so easy; but not difficult, though, when you come to the really historic times, as those of Greece and Rome.

For example: The Agora, or Greek market, was divided into parts for the different sorts of marketry, and these divisions were named after the articles vended therein. The signal for opening the market was the sound of a bell, which drew thither an eager crowd. Whether meat and poultry were sold in the same division as fish, which ranked among the delicacies, is not clear. Bread was sold there, though for the most part it was carried to the houses of the Athenians; and wine, which was brought from the country in carts and poured

into *amphoræ*, was sold there. There were places where women sold garlands of myrtle and flowers; and other places where they sold ribbons and fillets for the head. These were collected in one market. But there were special markets, so to say, for the different kinds of marketry,—markets for onions, for nuts, for apples, for spices, for perfume, for books, for slaves, even for old clothes. (Perhaps the last were in the Hebrew quarter of Athens.) Everybody went



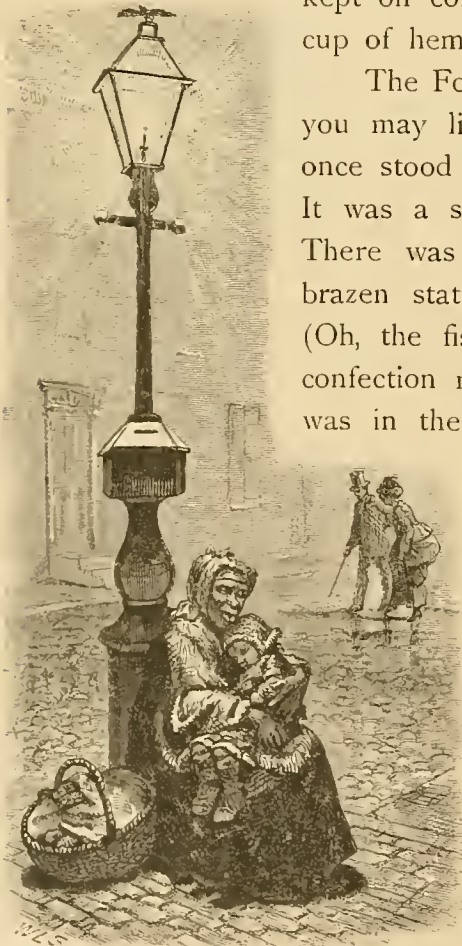
OLD WATCHMAN.

to the market. It was a place of public resort. Statesmen, poets, artists, wits, sophists, philosophers went there. Socrates went there, Olympiad after Olympiad, partly, maybe, to escape the vituperations of his much-provoked and provoking wife, but chiefly to hear himself talk. He questioned all, and confounded all: nobody was a match for him. And with him sometimes was that light-minded young person, that merry, mad wag, that extravagant, reckless rogue, Alcibiades,

who cut off the tail of his dog, as you know, to give the Athenians something to talk about. We went to market in the forenoon, if we were Athenians, or we sent our slaves instead, sometimes our female slaves. We never brought our marketry home: it was *infra dig.* If any one doubted the fact, we referred him to the little treatise written by Lyncius of Samos for the guidance of purchasers of marketry, and he was floored at once. If he came up smiling, but still doubtful, we handed him over to the *agoranomi*, whose business it was to see that all the rules and regulations of the market were enforced. They were stern men, those *agoranomi*; they inspected everything, regulated the prices and quantities of merchandise, punished those who cheated with light weights, punished us, their fellow-citizens, by inflicting fines, and our slaves and foreigners by whipping them, then and there. Did they never consider old Socrates a public nuisance, and order him to move on? Perhaps: but history is silent. Anyhow, he kept on confounding people with his chatter, till that little cup of hemlock stopped his tongue and his marketry.

The Fora, or Roman market, which was called Macellum, you may like to know, after one Macellus, whose house once stood upon its site, was upon the bank of the Tiber. It was a series of markets, rather than a single market. There was an ox and cow market, in which stood the brazen statue of a bull; a swine market, a fish market, (Oh, the fish market!) a vegetable market, a pastry and confection market, and a market for slaves, of course. It was in the slave market, you remember, that the young monk, Gregory, saw amid a crowd of black Africans, tawny Syrians and Egyptians, and olive-complexioned Greeks, three little boys, with fair red-and-white faces, blue eyes, and flaxen hair. "Who are these?" asked his future Holiness, and the slave-merchant answered, "*Angli.*" "No," he said, "*Non angli, sed angeli.*"

What should we have eaten, if we had been Romans? That would have depended upon our rank, and the state of our exchequer. The poor ate coarse porridge and the common sort of vegetables, cabbages, turnips, radishes, leeks, garlicks, etc., and the smaller fry of fish.



"HOT CORN!"

They never dreamed of the possibility of tasting a sizable mullet. They were mad, those old Roman gluttons, about their mullets, surmulletts, and what not. The mullet was never a large fish, the average weighing about two pounds. A three-pound mullet was an object of admiration; a four-pound mullet entailed ruin on its reckless purchaser. Lucius Annæus Seneca, who educated the hopeful Nero, and wrote little philosophical papers on poverty and the kindred virtues upon a table of silver,—Seneca, we say, mentions a surmullet, which was presented to Tiberius, and which, in a moment of imperial economy, he sent to the market to be sold. Apicius and Augustus, both wanting it, went on bidding against each other, till it was knocked down to the last for five thousand sesterces, say two hundred dollars. Asinus (the happily-named) paid three hundred and twenty dollars for one in the reign of Caligula. Yes, they were fond of fish at any price. They ate the *muræna*, a salt-water eel, which was caught in the Straits of Sicily; the *rhambus*, a flounder, which was brought from Ravenna, besides those which were kept in ponds,—pike and the like. They ate salted and preserved fish, from Sardinia and the Spanish coast, and all manner of shell-fish, beginning with the oyster, and ending with snails and slugs. They *would* have fish. They built great ponds, in which they preserved them,—one Lucius Lucullus going so far as to have a canal dug through a mountain to supply his ponds with salt water. A soldier and a glutton, he passed his last days among poets and artists and philosophers, now at his villas at Tusculum and Neapolis, and now at his house and gardens in Rome, giving quiet little suppers, that cost only eight or ten thousand dollars. They had eating on the brain, especially eating fish. Their mullets and surmulletts were brought from afar, and as they did not thrive well in ponds the greatest pains were taken to make them do so. It was a luxurious whim with the givers of their great feasts, to have them swim from the ponds into their banqueting-rooms, that the guests might see them as they ate, and watch their colors as they lay dying in glass dishes. Seneca says that they swam in under the table, and were caught there in order to be placed upon it. They were not fresh, you see, unless they were put alive into the hands of the guests who were to devour them. They were beautiful as they lay dying, for death brought out their most brilliant scarlet tints. They loved their fish, these tender-hearted old pagans,—one Crater Hortensius actually shedding tears at the death of one of his eels! They had snail preserves, and preserves of birds,—common poultry, fig-thrushes, guinea-fowls, pheasants, and peacocks. The first who gave his guests roasted peacocks imported them from Samos. Those Roman feasts—

who could do justice to them? Only Juvenal could do justice to the feasters. The Roman banqueting-rooms were dedicated to different gods, and a particular rate of expense was attached to each. Cicero and Pompey once determined to surprise Lucullus, by an unexpected visit; but he was not surprised, for he ordered one of his slaves to have the cloth laid in the Apollo, which was probably his most expensive room. Claudius had a magnificent one named Mercury. And Nero,—to which of the infernal deities was his banqueting-room consecrated? It was in his Golden House, the circular motion of whose walls and ceilings mocked the revolutions of the heavens, and flouted the changing of the seasons, as they showered down flowers and perfumes on the trembling guests.

Our markets exist on a grander scale in the great Fairs which take place the world over, and which may be said to be the origin of the markets of to-day. They occur at stated seasons,—the Leipsic Fair, for instance, in January, March, and September, beginning, to

and Bokhara, for tobacco, apricots, figs, prunes, raisins, almonds, pomegranates, Cashmere shawls, turbans, and manufactures of brass and ivory. The great Russian Fair is held in July and August, at Nijnii Novgorod, where one may find the silks of Persia, the furs of Siberia, the teas of China, and see within the catholic precincts of trade a Greek church and a Mohammedan mosque. The vessels which crowd the river there, unloading and loading day after day, and the caravans which halt there as at a caravansery—these have sheathed the sword and the cimeter, have silenced the noise of the tom-tom, the blare

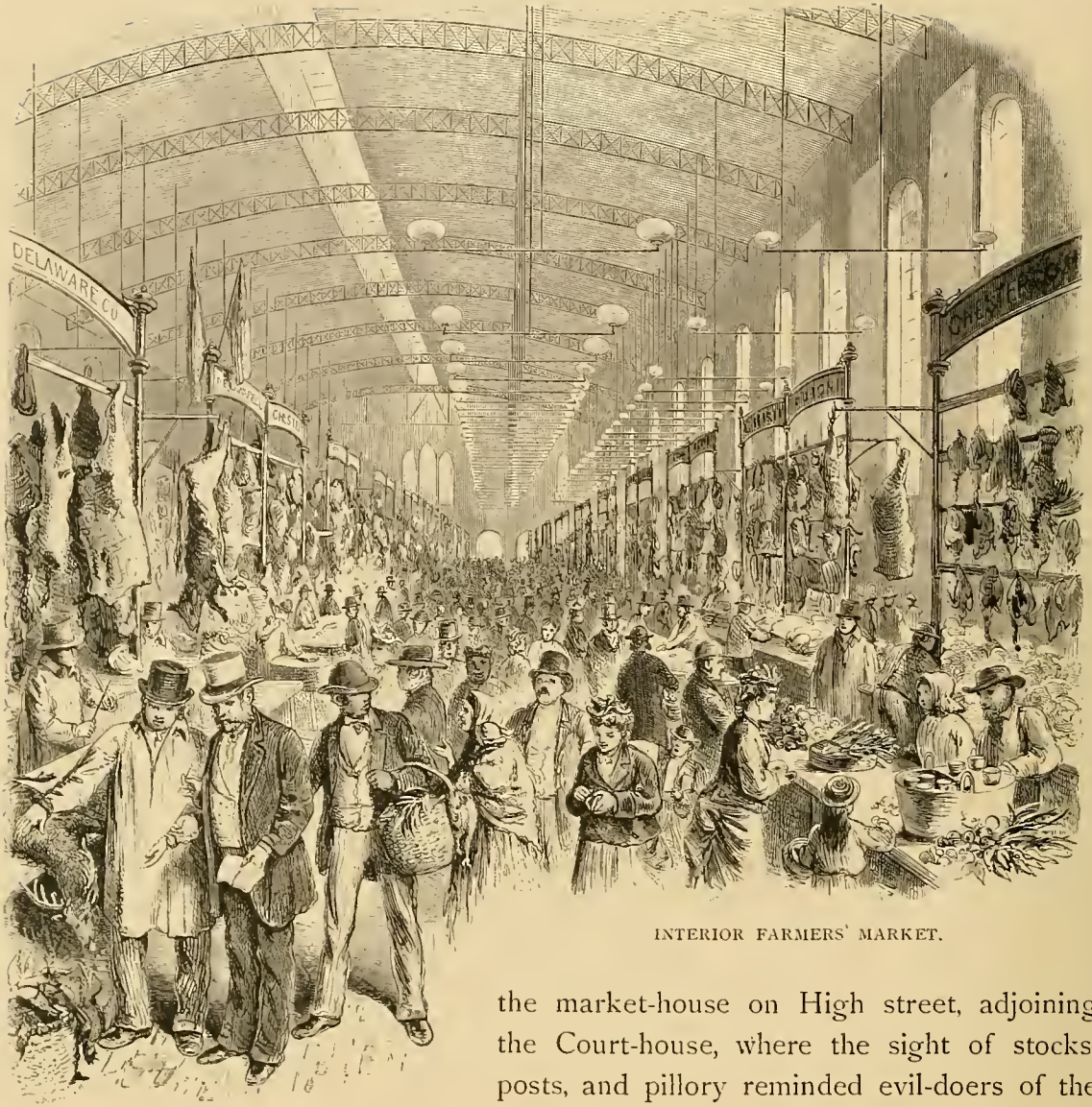


HOMINY MAN.

speak by the card, on New Year's Day, Easter, and Michaelmas, and drawing to a common centre merchants from Germany, England, France, Russia, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Persia,—from everywhere, with every kind of merchandise. The Hindoos have a great Fair in spring, at Hurdwar, where the northern and southern countries exchange commodities with each other, the horses, mules, camels of Cabul, Moulton, Balkh,

of the trumpet, the thunder of cannon, and have made a summer peace among the tribes, nations, religions. Trade hath trodden down turbulence, as a quaint old author has it, and cash converted to Christianity. Coming westward we find, or rather should have found half a century ago, Fairs in France, England, Scotland, and Ireland: a Fair at Longchamps in Paris, at Smithfield in London, at the Grass market in Edinburgh, not forgetting the Fair of shillalahs at Donnybrook. Fairs are temporary markets, markets perpetual Fairs. There it is in a nutshell.

To return, or rather to come to, *nos moutons*—the markets of Philadelphia. They date back, the earliest of them, to about thirty years after its first settlement. Dryasdust, to whom we commend our antiquarian readers, has, without doubt, settled the exact time. We find them referred to incidentally in the Minutes of the City Council, which extend from 1704 to 1776. Among the ordinances ordered to be drawn in 1714, was one to oblige the sellers of grain and meal in the market to expose their meal under the Court-house by opening the mouths of their sacks, that the inhabitants might see what they bought. Four years later, a marketman, named Powel, prays that he may be allowed a discount on his stall-rent, he being considerably out of pocket in building of the bridge over Dock creek, at Walnut street. As the markets grew larger the inhabitants of the city considered that their safety was endangered by the careless driving of the marketmen on market days, and the Common Council ordered that proper iron chains should be provided, to stop the passage of carts and carriages through the market-places. They were to be put up on market-days at sunrise, and continue till ten o'clock in the forenoon, in summer, and eleven in winter. This was in 1741. Twenty odd years later, (January 30th, 1764, if Dryasdust *will* have it,) steelyards were forbidden to be used in the market, to the disgust of five complaining butchers. Ten years later, the bushel measure, which was of copper, was ordered to be made of brass. Garrulous old Watson, who has collected these items for us, tells us further, that the first notice of a permanent market occurs in the Minutes before referred to in 1709, and that on its being put to vote how the money should be raised to build one, it was voted that the Aldermen should contribute and pay double what the Common Councilmen should; and a year afterwards it was agreed that it should be built with all expedition. These public-spirited, pecunious City Fathers furnished the money, which was repaid them out of the rents of the butchers. In 1729 they agreed to erect twenty stalls for the accommodation of such as brought provisions from the Jerseys; and in the same year, a poet of the period described



INTERIOR FARMERS' MARKET.

the market-house on High street, adjoining the Court-house, where the sight of stocks, posts, and pillory reminded evil-doers of the punishments that awaited them.

As time went on, the market was extended up to Third street, where for many years the stocks, posts, and pillory remained. Three years before the Revolution it was proposed to construct another market, to extend in continuation from Third to Fourth street, and the measure was carried, to the disgust of the property-holders on High street, who employed persons in the night to pull down the mason-work of the day. Fairs, as might have been expected, were held in our markets in the olden time. They were opened by a cryer's proclamation, ("Oyez!") in which all persons trading and negotiating in the fair were charged and commanded to keep the King's peace; and the selling of strong liquors

and the carrying of unlawful weapons were prohibited. "And if any person be hurt by another, let him report to the Mayor here present. God save the King!"

A good specimen of our early markets is the old market-house on Second street. It stands in the centre of the street, which widens here,—a dingy brick hall, fifty or sixty years old, with market-sheds on each side, and a clock at the Pine street end. The main entrance is in the hall, whose low ceiling shows that it is not a modern structure. A type of its class, its stalls were occupied permanently by a certain number of butchers and hucksters; but the business done in it, for the most part, was directly with the farmers, who brought their produce to market themselves. For then the reign of the middlemen, or, as they now style themselves, produce and commission merchants, had not begun. We now pay three or four profits; then we paid only one. We were more rural in our markets then than now; for there are old people among us, and not very old people, either, who can remember when the May-pole was erected before this old market-hall, and May-day celebrated as in the old time in England. They can remember, too, when the fish-stalls were kept by women who were as proficient in coarseness as their far-away sisters in Billingsgate. Why have these old fishwives attained a bad eminence the world over? Whence the evolution of foulness from fish? "What song the sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." Perhaps not, Sir Thomas. But the puzzling question propounded above *is*. No piscine Œdipus has ever solved it, and if any should he shall have his choice of the *Fora* (Apicius thinks of buying that six-pound mullet) or the *Agora*, if that old chatterer, Socrates, will only move on! He shall; for coming along the street, yonder, mark the watchman. He will do what the *agoranomi* failed to do—he will arrest Socrates, and take him to the watch-house! He will arrest us likewise, if we are not careful. *Agora* and *Fora*—what markets be these? And what be mullets? The best fish in our markets, sir, are catfish and sheep's-head. One need not be old to remember those old-time watchmen. How they used to light the lamps early in the evening. How they used to sit in their boxes, on the street-corners, and smoke their clay pipes. How they used to go their rounds, all night long, in the snow, in the rain, in the moonlight and starlight, singing, as they went, the hour and the weather. "Eleven o'clock, and a windy night!" "Three o'clock, and a cloudy morning!" Nocturnal dials and barometers, they were vocal bulletins in war-time. They sang the death of our braves when we

were fighting the Seminoles. "Death of Major Dade!" But they are gone, those ancient and most quiet watchmen, who would rather sleep than talk. They comprehend vagrom men no more, but suffer thieves to steal out of their company. They are gone, those dear old Charleys, to the paradise of Dogberry and Verges. Not so their contemporaries, the hot-corn women, who are still to be seen about our markets as in the olden time. They are of all ages, the elderly predominating, in the shape of wrinkled, grandmotherly old creatures, with little black children in their laps. You may see them in the summer evenings, sitting under the lighted lamps, on the corners of the streets,



LIGHT-WEIGHT BUTTER.

or on the unoccupied stalls of the market-sheds, chanting the excellence of the cereals in their baskets, steaming away in their jackets of husk, and sending forth fragrant odors. An ear of hot corn, with a modicum of salt and butter, is a morsel worthy of Apicius; but it requires more courage, and more appetite, to stop and purchase one, and munch it, in public, down to the cob, than it did thirty years ago. It is not eaten, therefore, so gregariously, nor so cornucopiously. From the dusky purlieus which shelter the hot-corn woman, when she is at home, and which extend from Pine and Lombard to Shippen and Fitzwater streets, and from Fifth to Eighth streets, comes forth confidently another itinerant dealer in

cereals—the hominy man. He may be seen almost any day, with his bags and his basket, trudging along cheerily in a blue-check apron, with a squirrel's-tail couchant at the side of his hat. What is it that he sings? Hark: "Hominy man come out this morning, with his sweet homini-i-i!" But we must not forget the dilapidated colored ladies, who sit on our empty market-stalls, and sell, or try to sell, savory messes of tripe, dumplings, and other mysterious compounds, to the tune of "Peppery-pot, all hot!" Nor that learned body of industrious darkeys, the professors of carpet-shaking and white-washing! We have a Professor Roland, who condescends to beat the dust from our floor coverings; and a Professor Oliver, who is not above cleaning our walls. Roland and Oliver—knightly names. *Arcades Sambo!*

To return to marketry, however. There are seven or eight old market-houses still in existence among us. Some of them are of semi-antiquity, going back to the beginning of the present century, when they were, no doubt, considered very splendid structures. Their dimensions were ample enough then, mean as they may appear now, and we should no more look down upon them than we should look down upon our ancestors. In a certain sense, they *are* our ancestors, perpetuated, petrified, fossilized in brick and stone. At any rate, they are our poor relations, whom we are bound to remember kindly, for, between ourselves, they were as prosperous in their day as their descendants are in ours. The patriarch of all—the old market-shed that formerly stood in Market street—has vanished: the Roman *Fora*, the Greek *Agora*, are not more defunct. Where are the butchers who used to have their stalls in it? the hucksters who used to have theirs outside of it? the farmers who used to string their wagons along the neighborhood? Do they follow their old occupations across the Styx? Do they have markets in Elysium? They certainly have nothing so substantial as the Farmers' Market, at Twelfth and Market streets. There is no occasion to ask when it was built, unless one is desirous of rivaling Dryasdust, for everything about it declares its modern origin. Its wide avenues, its spacious stalls, its lofty ceiling and perfect ventilation could not have existed a century ago. They would have been as much before their time then as the dingy inconveniences of the old markets are behind their time now. The Farmers' Market, on market-days, is a sight to behold. The long line of stalls stretching away and diminishing, hung with all manner of farm-yard and forest marketry; the crowds coming and going in the main avenue; the receding rows of lights overhead; the color, the movement, the life,—who can describe it? Dazzling and bewildering as a whole, it is enjoyable only when studied in its details. At one stall on the left, the

owner of which proclaims himself from Delaware county, you observe a deer that a few days since was running wild in the woods; the stall opposite, which declares its allegiance to Chester county, is devoted to domestic poultry. Other counties and other marketry succeed as you go on. You can find everything here in its season, and better than you can find it anywhere else. We live in the border-land of the North and the South, and have whatever is best in both. Ask a New Yorker whence he obtains his best butter and his best fowls. As



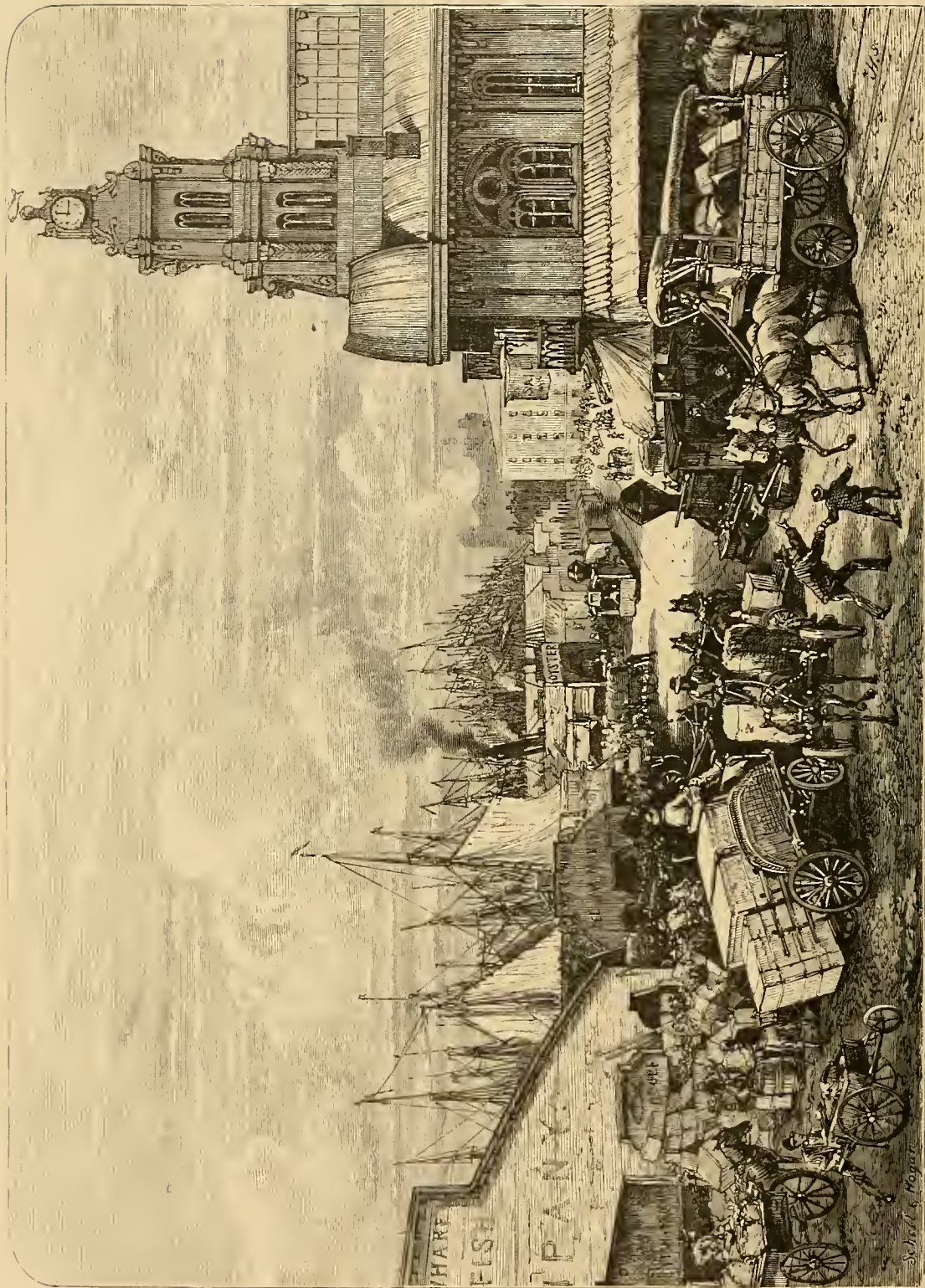
"ON THE HALF-SHELL."

surely from us as we obtain our best apples and worst butter from him. For we *do* have poor butter—firkin butter—for the consumption of the poorest of us. Philadelphia has the cheapest markets in the United States, but they contain some things which are not cheap, even to the rich. Metaphorically speaking, we have our mullets and our surmulletts. One reason why our markets are cheap is, that our farmers understand their business well enough to prefer to transact it themselves and not through middlemen. They prefer to bring their

produce directly to us, and we prefer to purchase it directly of them. They come twenty, thirty,—who knows how many miles, traveling all night, all day, if necessary. They are butchers, too, many of them, as well as farmers, and we save on the lambs, on the sheep, on the calves which they fetch us, as well as on the vegetables, the chickens, the eggs, and the butter.

The great natural philosopher who wondered how it was that most of the large cities of the world were situated on the banks of rivers, or by the sea-side, might well wonder at the situation of Philadelphia, and its extraordinary facilities for feeding its inhabitants. Its dairy is the great dairy counties of Montgomery, Bucks, Lancaster, Chester, and Delaware, which also supply it with poultry. Its garden lies partly across the Delaware, in Burlington, Camden, Gloucester, and Salem counties, and partly in the great truck-farms in its outlying districts. Its orchard is Delaware, Maryland, and New Jersey. It would be difficult, indeed, to name a place in the neighborhood upon which it does not levy contributions. It is the centre, so to speak, of miles of natural marketry. The sight of a great market, especially a meat market, is anything but a poetical one to sentimental minds. Young Miss Pitiful, who asked the butcher if he was going to kill the dear, tender, innocent lamb, (Mary's little lamb, perhaps,) couldn't endure the thought of it. Neither could young Overnice, tiniest of bardlings, who flattered himself that he resembled Byron, because he couldn't bear to see a woman eat! It was so coarse, you know! This is the niminy-piminy way of looking at it. The poetical way, which is the manly one, is very different. Think what is being done for us while we stand here in the market-house. Think of the farmers at work for us. How they plow and harrow, how they sow and hoe, how they pluck up and cut down, and bear hither their potatoes, their corn, their melons,—all the produce of their farms, acres upon acres, daily. They drive their plowshares and ply their sickles for us. They have us in mind when the bloom is coming upon their peaches and the mist upon their plums; the children, when they are picking berries and gathering nuts; the farmer's boy, when he drives the cows to pasture; the farmer's girl, when she milks; the fisherman, when he drops his line and stretches his net in the Delaware and the Chesapeake; the gunner, when he blazes away at the reed-birds, the rail, and the canvas-back ducks. There is no poetry in the thought of this!

If we had the art of making arithmetic attractive, we might do a little in the way of market statistics; but, unfortunately, the art does not exist. We might say that so many thousands of beeves, calves, sheep, and swine were consumed here annually; so many thousands of bushels of potatoes, corn, wheat,



AT DOCK STREET WHARF.

Schmidt & Hoyer

buckwheat; so many thousands of baskets of peaches, plums, pears; so many thousands of chickens and turkeys; so many thousands of partridges, woodcock, snipe, reed-birds, rail, and canvas-back ducks; so many thousands of bushels of oysters, and so on; but the figures would convey no idea to our minds. The sum would be too large for our mental slate. Enough that our marketry is abundant, profuse, inexhaustible. It not only supplies ourselves, but the people of other cities. They are eager to get our chickens and our butter. The experts of Europe have pronounced our butter the best in the world. Speaking of butter, reminds us that an amusing scene may occasionally be witnessed in our market-houses: it is when the clerk of the market comes along with the regulation scales and weights, and the pound of butter, like Belshazzar, is found wanting. He turns triumphantly to the seller, who scratches his chin with a puzzled air. He didn't suspect it nor intend it. He sold the butter in good faith, and the farmer made it in good faith; but as it was very closely made and wastage was not calculated upon, it falls more or less short.

The marketry of Philadelphia is so abundant as to almost defy description. To begin with poultry,—for we must begin with something,—no markets in the country can compare with ours with regard to the variety of birds sold therein. We pass over our common fowls, hens, chickens, turkeys, and come to the game-birds, such as the English snipe, the woodcock, rail, partridges, pheasants, black duck, mallard, teal, red-head, not forgetting those plump little morsels of sweetness, the reed-birds. Snipe are among our spring birds. Our sportsmen shoot them, in April, in great numbers as they feed on the leaves of aquatic plants. Rail reach us in summer, coming by night to the borders of the Schuylkill and the Delaware, where we find them running among the tall reeds of the wild oats and hiding at our approach. A tender, juicy, delicate bird is the rail. The partridge is a hardy fowl that seldom migrates, and as it frequently betakes itself to the barn-yard, when snow comes, and mixes with the domestic poultry, it is easily caught in nets and traps. Partridges were taken in such quantities years ago that our markets were overstocked with live ones. The gourmand prefers those which have fed in buckwheat fields, and eschews those which have fed on the buds and fruit of the mountain laurel. He declares that the best come from the Tappahannock meadows. Canvas-backs appear in October and November, coming in great flocks from the North, making directly for the Chesapeake, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, and their tributary streams. A favorite way of shooting them is from the surface-boat. Concealed in this novel craft, a practiced ducker will kill hundreds of birds in

a day. As they are our dearest as well as best wild-fowl, it pays to be a good ducker; for New York demands them as well as Philadelphia; so does Baltimore, Washington, Charleston,—the Continent, in short, clamors for canvas-backs. The red-head is not an indifferent bird, feeding as it does on the leaves of the water-celery; nor the mallard, which is abundant in Delaware; nor the teal, which is found in multitudes along the shores of the Delaware and the Chesapeake. It comes in September and is driven away by the frost. It is best, the epicures say, when it is split and broiled. When the white race first came to the New World they found that noblest of our game-fowl, the wild turkey, everywhere. Now it is seldom found north and east of Pennsylvania, and only in the remoter portions of Pennsylvania. It is incomparably superior to its domesticated descendants. We have not done with our birds yet; for, while the summer is passing and we are enjoying its fruits and berries, there is a little bird growing up for us in the Northern States. It builds its nest in the grass and in the fields of wheat, and rears its young, and pipes its merry note. They call it the bobolink there. By and by it wings its way southward. In the still August evenings, we can distinguish its “clink-clink,” as it flies over the city; and the next day, perhaps, we find it plundering the corn-fields and swarming along the Schuylkill and the Delaware, feeding itself fat with the luxuriant wild oats. Now it is the reed-bird. Before the frost comes, it leaves us for the South, where it is the rice-bunting. When it leaves the South it goes to Jamaica, where it is the butter-bird. It is delicious everywhere.

We despair of doing justice to the profusion of the marketry which comes to us and goes from us in all directions. We carry on a large traffic with other cities, and in this our middlemen and commission merchants occupy a legitimate and important position. A considerable space along the Delaware front of the city is devoted to wholesale marketry, beginning, say, at Vine street, where a market-house has been recently erected, and extending down to the Dock street market-houses, embracing, also, portions of Water and Front streets, as well as some of the streets running up from the river. Here we ship produce to all parts of the country, relieving thus the extra trains of the different railroads. Adjoining the Dock street wharf are the Spruce street oyster-wharves. Schooners, sloops, canal-boats lie here laden with these delicious bivalves, and do a thriving business. They are brought by boat and by rail from Egg Harbor, Delaware, and Chesapeake Bays,—Absecon Salts, Maurice River Coves, Chincoteagues,—who knows how many varieties? A specialty of the neighborhood is the oyster-wagon, at which the gourmand halts and eats his fill

from the half-shell, not furtively, as you might suppose from his fastidious habits, but openly, boldly, and with infinite gusto. Fish are abundant here. The Delaware is celebrated for its shad, of which large fisheries are established near Gloucester, on the New Jersey shore, opposite and below the city. We have all kinds of fresh-water fish, from the streams and mountain streams of Pennsylvania, not forgetting the speckled trout with which the latter are populous, and the white catfish, which seduces many a Philadelphian out of bed for an early drive in the Park, where he begins the day with catfish and coffee for breakfast, and ends it with broiled chickens and waffles for supper. We get our salt-water fish from the Atlantic coast and its bays. A rare specimen of these is the sheep's-head, which is caught along the inlets and thoroughfares at Atlantic City. More foreign fish, as mackerel, salmon, and the like, come to us by rail; fresh-canned salmon, for instance, coming from as far as California and Oregon. What our farmers fail to bring us we obtain by rail from Pennsylvania, and by rail from New Jersey, also by steamboats, sloops, canal-boats, a navy of small craft perpetually dropping down the creeks that empty into the Delaware. Delaware and Maryland are our great peach countries. Our speculators flock thither and buy up entire farms before the fruit is full grown; and our railroad men rack their brains as to the most expeditious way of getting it to us when it is ripe. The Southern Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroads fairly swarm with trains. Is there any doubt, think you, about our ability to subsist the visitors to the Centennial? Let them come and try, millions of them!



THE DELAWARE.

FOURTEEN or fifteen years ago, when the North and the South were preparing to hug each other in a deadly embrace, it was the determination of each, as we all remember well, to inflict every possible injury on the other,—not merely on battle-fields, which as yet were not, but on the great commercial interests which are the life and prosperity of all modern peoples. The strength of the South was its agriculture: the strength of the North was its commerce. The North declared that the ports of the South should be closed to the world: the South declared that the ships of the North should be swept from the sea. This, in brief, was the meaning of the legislation of both, and before the smoke of the guns that were fired upon Fort Sumter had fairly cleared away, the South had embodied her share of it in privateers. The first blow struck was at the whale fisheries of New England, stragglers from whose widely-scattered navy were captured and carried into New Orleans. The “Dixie” ran out from Charleston and captured our coffee; and the “Jeff. Davis” ran out as far as Nantucket Shoals, and in a short time took prizes to the value of a quarter of a million of dollars. By the end of May, 1861, upwards of twenty Northern vessels were captured and taken into New Orleans; and by October at least one hundred were destroyed, with their cargoes, amounting to millions of dollars. While this was occurring in our own waters, the “Sumter” and the “Nashville” were preying upon our commerce on distant seas, with none to molest or make them afraid. The North was, indeed, vulnerable through her vessels. They must be saved somehow; but how? There was but one way, and that was by placing them under the protection of foreign flags. It was humiliating to abandon the Flag of our Fathers, so humiliating that it would not have seemed possible once; but if necessity knows no law, preservation knows no patriotism. What else was to be done while the “Sumter” and the “Alabama,” the “Florida” and the “Georgia” were scouring the seas and destroying the ships of the North? Why, before the end of January, 1864, we had lost upwards of two hundred vessels of all sorts, amounting, with their cargoes, to the nice little sum of fourteen millions of dollars. The end came at last, one Sunday morning in June, off the coast of Cherbourg, when the “Alabama” struck her colors to the “Kearsarge,”



SAILING OF THE "PENNSYLVANIA."

and went down, leaving her astonished crew struggling in the waters, some to be picked up by our boats, and others by the "Greyhound," which at once took to her heels for England. The end had come: we had no merchant marine.

Our supremacy of the deep was gone. The blow that smote it into nothingness was struck on the banks of the Clyde, where the Confederate cruisers were built, by a people with whom we were at peace, under the protection of laws which were neutral in nothing but good faith. Our supremacy was gone, but not forever; for while the maritime cities and towns of New England were passive and supine, regretting the destruction of their ships, but making no efforts to replace them, Philadelphia, with a decision and an energy which characterizes her when she is aroused, set to work to help to restore, at least as far as she was concerned, the commerce of the North. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company came forward and made itself responsible for the bonds of the American Steamship Company to the extent of a million and a half of dollars, while the remainder of the money that was necessary to start the enterprise, amounting to over two millions of dollars more, was subscribed by the public-spirited citizens of Philadelphia. The skill of her mechanics was immediately brought into requisition, and four iron steamers were ordered. The "Pennsylvania," which was the first finished, was launched at twelve minutes past ten, on the morning of August 15th, 1872, and was witnessed by at least fifty thousand people. To say that it was a magnificent sight is to say nothing. When she was fitted up, and ready to sail, which was not until May 5th, 1873, her trial-trip was, if possible, a still more magnificent sight. The great ship, crowded with guests waving their hats wildly as she steamed out into the river, with her colors flying—the dear old stars and stripes—at the stern; the river alive with steamers, tugs, and yachts, the crowds on which waved their hats as wildly as she plowed her way among them; the flags on these and on the masts of all the vessels in the harbor; the shouts, the huzzas, the exultations—it was simply indescribable. She sailed down the Delaware to the breakwater, where she landed the greater portion of her guests and made a further trial out to sea, and proved herself a staunch, good ship. The same month she sailed for Liverpool, the only steamer sailing from an American port flying the American flag. Meanwhile, other ships were being built, and three more, the "Ohio," the "Indiana," and the "Illinois," are now running on the same line. That they are happily-named is apparent, when we consider the freights they carry, which consist largely of the products of the South and West, notably of the West, and

THE DELAWARE.



CITY ICE-BOAT.

which is brought directly to their wharves by the Pennsylvania Railroad and shipped without further handling. The same facilities are, of course, extended to freights and passengers arriving from Europe, both being dispatched, without loss of time, in any desired direction. A branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad runs along the river front from Dock street to the steamship wharves, where roads connect with the main line, which extends its branches to different points on the Delaware, below the city, where heavy freights, such as grain, coal, and petroleum, are shipped. Emigrants leaving the vessels in which they arrive pass under shelter to the baggage and refreshment rooms, where they can obtain postal facilities, and have their money changed, and be at home, in short, until they step into the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which come to the doors to take them wherever they wish to go.

There are Philadelphians now living—and they are not centenarians, either—who remember when the Delaware was frozen over solidly early in winter, and remained so until the warmth of the spring sun and the inflowing of floods from the melting of snows on the mountains and in the valleys broke it up into great fields of ice, which passed and repassed the wharves as the

tide impelled them hither and thither on their lazy way to the sea. It was a stirring sight to see these cold, white rafts jostle and crowd and override each other as they went swirling away in the water; a brilliant sight to see them kindle and burn as the sun touched them with its torch of fire; but not a pleasant sight to the younger members of the community, who dwelt fondly on the remembrance of their sports up and down and along and across the glittering floor that extended from shore to shore and from State to State. There were skaters on the earth in those days, and the Delaware was their favorite skating-ground, as the Schuylkill is the favorite skating-ground of their descendants. The names of some of these dead-and-gone old boys are preserved by Omnium Gatherum Watson, together with an account of their dexterity in cutting figures, "High Dutch," and other different feats known among the guild of skaters. Besides the Delaware and the Schuylkill, there were skating-ponds in town, on which the forefathers of that generation disported themselves, and which were doubtless frequented by the juveniles of a later period. There was Everly's Pond, we are told, on the south side of Arch street, above Seventh; there was Evans' Pond, on the north side of Race street; there was Hudson's Pond, on the north-west corner of High street and Fifth; and there was the great Blue-house Pond, surrounded by willows, on the south-east corner of South street and Ninth or Tenth.

They were jolly times, those old days, though the city was comparatively ice-bound and its commerce was entirely stopped, for railroads were in their infancy. Our wants were few and easily satisfied. The crowds on the river enjoyed their skating and sleighing, and patronized the refreshment booths and "ox-roasts." Our business with New Jersey and the business of New Jersey with us was carried on by means of sledges, which crossed the river hitherward loaded with provisions, fuel, and the like, and recrossed thitherward loaded with goods from our stores. The merchant of forty years ago, who looked on complacently while his ships lay frozen in the docks, if alive and in business to-day, which is not at all unlikely, congratulates himself on the improvements which have been wrought by steam and iron. The world has moved and with it the ice-fields of the Delaware, whose furrows are no longer plowed by the sun, but by the iron shares of our ice-boats. The winter of 1874-75 was the coldest on record for a hundred years, and ice, as we all remember, was abundant everywhere. Many northern cities were completely ice-bound. Not so the port of Philadelphia, which was kept open by its powerful ice-boats. The management of these winter plows, if we may call them such, was created



CHESTER.

into a department in 1837, to assist and maintain the commerce of Philadelphia. This department consists of six trustees, one elected by the Select and one by the Common Council, at the last stated meeting in May, for the term of three years. Two vacancies occur annually, which are annually filled; the trustees being selected from the most prominent merchants of the city, and not as they would, probably, be elsewhere, from prominent pot-house politicians. A wooden boat was constructed and placed in commission in the winter of 1837-38. It served its purpose until 1865, when it was found necessary to replace it by an iron boat. Three years later, a second iron boat was built and

placed in commission in February of the following year. The increasing commerce of the city made another boat necessary, and it was accordingly built and placed in commission in 1874. No northern city in the world, it is safe to say, is better able—few so well able—to keep its navigation open as Philadelphia. Ice-boat No. 1 is used for harbor service; ice-boats Nos. 2 and 3 are used for assisting and towing vessels, during the winter, to and from the breakwater, forming a semi-weekly line to and from the Capes. These boats, which are owned by the city, are valued at half a million of dollars. The appropriations made by the city to this department for the centennial year are sixty-eight thousand five hundred dollars, and the estimated receipts are ten thousand dollars, the municipal costs being fifty-eight thousand five hundred dollars, besides the capital invested. As far as the commerce of Philadelphia is concerned, we may say of this department, what Colonel Sellers said of his schemes, "There's millions in it!"

Let us imagine ourselves on one of those ice-boats, or as that may be too wintry a suggestion, on one of the flying steamers, and go sailing down the Delaware to the breakwater. We shall pass Chester, the busiest place for its size that we can anywhere find. It has grown rapidly within the last ten years, a large amount of capital from Philadelphia and other cities gravitating thither. Its nearness to Philadelphia, the ease with which it can be reached, and its comparative freedom from the burdensome taxation which is the curse of all great cities, are the inducements which have populated it with manufacturers. Shipbuilding has come to be a great business here as well as at Philadelphia, so much so that the Delaware is familiarly known as the American Clyde. Chester is connected with Philadelphia by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, by a branch of the Reading Railroad, and by flying steamers, such as we are supposed to be on. It is a favorite spot with sportsmen in search of reed-birds, rail, wild ducks, and whatever other feathered game frequents the reedy shores of the neighborhood. Below Chester, a little inland, is Wilmington, and below Wilmington, on the river, are New Castle and Delaware City.

New Castle and Chester figure together in the early history of Pennsylvania, in connection with the Founder. New Castle is said to have been settled as early as 1631 by the Swedes, who were overpowered by the Dutch, who built a fort there twenty years afterwards. It was fruitful in names. First it was called Stockholm, then Sandthock, then New Amstel and Fort Kasimir, then Delawaretown, and at last New Castle. We find the English there in 1675, and two years later we have the account of the arrival there of the ship "Kent,"

with two hundred and thirty passengers, mostly Friends of good estates. They landed at Racoons' creek, where they found some Swedish houses; but not liking their accommodations, they went up to what is now Burlington, and purchasing a town lot called it New Beverly. Penn landed at New Castle on the 22d of October, 1682, and was received with acclamations by the Swedes and the Dutch. He called the people to the court-house and addressed them. He was in his prime, comely and manly, a courteous, honest gentleman of thirty-eight, and he won their regard and love. They besought him to unite their territory to his own, and become their governor. He consented, though not at that time, and they were united to Chester, from which, however, they were finally separated. From New Castle he proceeded to Chester, where some Friends had settled seven years before, probably from a colony in the Jerseys. It was then called Upland, and peopled with Swedes as well as Friends, though not apparently in as great numbers; for we read of as many as twenty-three vessels of the latter arriving there during the year that Penn landed. While in Chester he and his friends stopped at Essex House, the residence of Robert Wade, a hospitable gentleman of the olden time. It was situated at a short distance from Chester creek, near the margin of the Delaware, which its south-east gable faced, and close by was a grove of great pines and walnut trees, survivors of which were remaining a few years ago. The first Assembly was held at this time at Upland, and such was the unanimity of its members that they passed in three days all the laws that had been constructed in England, known as the Great Law of Pennsylvania. It was thought that Penn originally intended to found his city at Chester. It was also thought that Chester might grow into a shipping port. The good people of Chester were of importance in their own eyes. There is extant a petition, signed in 1700 by ninety of their number, all writing good hands, we are quaintly told, who pray, after the customary "Whereas," that as Chester is daily improving, and may one day be a good place, (some of the laws passed by the first Assembly militate against that supposition, however,) that the Queen's roadway be laid out as direct as possible from Darby to the bridge on Chester creek. As the road below Chester was called the King's road, it was natural that the road above should be called after his Majesty's royal consort. Penn did not found his city at Chester, which he soon left for the site of our goodly city. Neither did Chester become a shipping port. Not then, that is. What it is now, we see as we pass it.

What shall we say of the breakwater, which we have reached in our imaginary trip down the Delaware? We might say much. The harbor formed



COLLIERS LOADING AT PORT RICHMOND.

by it is, perhaps, the best on the whole Atlantic coast, lying as it does in the direct line of commerce between the Northern and Southern States and South America. The breakwater consists of two massive walls, the larger of which measures twenty-five hundred feet in length, and the smaller fourteen hundred feet. They are built of the heaviest stone, and rest upon rock foundations. Vessels of any size can lie in deep water close to these defenses in perfect safety; no harbor in the world is more safe. The harbor proper is immediately inside of Cape Henlopen, on the south side of the entrance to Delaware bay, into which, through the broad, deep channel, vessels come and go by day and night and in all weathers. The approaches and neighboring waters are well supplied with lights. Opposite, on Cape May, there is a white light of the first order, flashing at half-minute intervals, and here, at Cape Henlopen, is a fixed white light. The Cape May light is visible at a distance of eighteen nautical miles, the Henlopen light at a distance of seventeen, and a third light—a white beacon, showing a fixed light—at a distance of twelve nautical miles. There is a fixed beacon on the breakwater, and there are life-saving stations near, and a Government steamer cruising about for the assistance of disabled vessels. This, in brief, is the breakwater, concerning which, if you wish to know more, you must ask somebody else, for now we must ask the man at the wheel to head about and take us up the river. As we descended along the shore of Delaware we will ascend along the low-lying shores of New Jersey. We pass and are passed by steamers going to or coming from New York or Baltimore, and river-craft, loaded with merchandise, coming and going hither and thither. We have left Cape May and its summer gaieties far behind us, and are sailing

past little Jersey settlements, the names of which we do not care to inquire. We have passed Salem and shall soon see Gloucester, which is of some importance as a manufacturing town, as what place near Philadelphia is not? Historic ground is before us. Three miles below Gloucester, for example, the battle of Red Bank was fought. Here is how it happened:—There was a fort at Red Bank which was occupied by Continental troops, a fact which was displeasing to his Excellency, General Howe. Reports of the surrender of Burgoyne had reached him and he was not, as may be supposed, in a good humor. Count Donop, a Hessian officer of distinction, wished to distinguish himself still further, and Howe gave him leave to carry Red Bank by assault, provided it could be done. His Countship and Colonelship attempted this feat on the 22d of October, 1776, (the anniversary, by the way, of Penn's landing at New Castle, ninety-four years before,) with some regiments of Hessian grenadiers and infantry, some companies of yagers, some mounted yagers, and the artillery of five battalions. We might give you the figures, but what would it signify at this late day? We are not talking history, but the substance of history, in regard to this little skirmish. They arrived in the neighborhood of the fort, which they found could be approached on three sides, through thick woods, to within four hundred yards. It was a pentagon, with a high, earthy rampart, protected by an abatis. Donop brought up his batteries on the right wing and directed them at the embrasures. At the head of each of his battalions was a captain with carpenters and a hundred men bearing fascines. They were haughtily ordered to surrender, those skulking Continentals in the fort, but they refused. Then the Hessians—it was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon—ran forward, under the protection of a fire from their batteries, and carried the abatis. The fort is before them; they will get it. Perhaps; but in the meantime they are getting it themselves. They are surrounded by pitfalls; they are exposed to a terrible fire of small arms and grape-shot, and two galleys, which are concealed by the bushes, rake them with chain-shot. They form on the glacis, for they are brave men; they fill the ditch and press on towards the ramparts. Donop and his staff are either killed or wounded. Those who are climbing up the ramparts are beaten down with bayonets. Twilight has come and they are falling back. The wounded crawl into the woods. Donop lies upon the field mortally wounded. The British men-of-war that attempted to take a part have fallen down the river and are grounded. The next day they are set on fire by red-hot shot from our galleys and floating-batteries, and blown up before they can escape. We contrive to save a couple of twenty-four pounders from the wrecks, just for a trophy, you

know. Poor, brave, rash Donop lives three days and dies, with the bitter remark that he was the victim of his own ambition and the avarice of his sovereign. So much for the battle of Red Bank.

The panorama which stretches before us, as we approach the city from below, is very striking. We cannot describe it in detail, there is such a shifting of its masses, some of which stand out more distinctly than others. On either hand lies a State, whose towns and villages advance and recede. Fort Mifflin, which was a mere earthwork in 1776, when the English attacked it and their men-of-war were blown up, (five or six years ago we raised the hull of one of them, the "Augusta," a sixty-four gun frigate, the flagship of their fleet,—it lies on the bank at Gloucester,) is now, as we see, a powerful fort, with a range of frowning ramparts defended by parrot guns and columbiads. A multitude of steamers, tugs, vessels, yachts, boats, and all manner of craft, then the great city, separating its buildings, as we draw nearer, until we recognize familiar quarters along the river front and familiar steeples and spires rising within,—not forgetting Girard Point and Greenwich Point. We must not allow the city to swallow up these, for they are important in many ways. Girard Point, which lies away to the left, at the junction of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, is a great grain depot, and has the largest elevator in the United States. It stands in the centre of the wharf of the International Navigation Company, is one hundred and thirty feet high, two hundred feet deep, and one hundred feet wide, and contains twelve elevating machines, each of which, we are told, has a capacity of unloading and delivering into the hold of vessels four thousand five hundred bushels of grain an hour, a total of fifty-four thousand bushels an hour when they are all working, or a grand total of five hundred and forty thousand bushels in a day of ten hours' work. This wharf and elevator are connected with the southern extension of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and cars loaded out West, in Minnesota, Kansas, where you will, are run directly up to the vessels which are to receive the grain, of which as many as twelve ordinary vessels or four first-class steamships can be berthed at once. These figures affect us more powerfully, or ought to, than any figures of speech in which we might indulge. Surely, the granary of the world is here. Greenwich Point lies a short distance above the sweeping bend the Delaware makes from the lower extremity of League Island. It is the terminal point and depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and has an immense outlet of wharves for the shipment of petroleum and coal. We shall have something to say of coal-wharves when we get to Port Richmond, which is not yet in sight. We are now passing



PENNYPACK CREEK.

warehouses in which petroleum is refined, and other warehouses in which it is stored, a great lumber station, a sugar-refinery, another grain-elevator, European steamship docks, more sugar-refineries, more steamboat wharves, southern, eastern, northern,—a wilderness of masts and buildings. Here, on the right, is Windmill Island, beyond it Camden, and above it Smith's Island, to which you used to go when you were a boy, when you went into the swimming-baths, into the ten-pin alley, into the summer-garden with its variegated lights. (Was that there, Senex, when you were a juvenile?) We are doing better here than if we stood on the Bridge of Sighs: for there we should only have a palace on one hand and a prison on the other, while here we have a city on each hand. Shall we wed the Delaware as the Doge of Venice wedded the Sea? Where is the Bucentaur? Away! the day of trumpery is past: the Age of Commerce is come!

Past Camden and Cooper's Point, past the rolling-mills and forges of Philadelphia, the salt-wharves and the freight-wharves, and the shipping thereat, till we come to Port Richmond, directly opposite Treaty Island. This, you know, is the coal-shipping depot of the Reading Railroad Company. There are twenty-one docks here, which are fifteen thousand feet in length, and which can accommodate two hundred and fifty vessels; there are, besides, twenty-three piers, which are four and a quarter miles in length; there are upon these ten and a half miles of single railroad track and twenty-two miles of track connecting them with each other and the main lines. Cars are run upon these piers, and the coal with which they are laden at the mines is dropped through traps into long chutes into the holds of the vessels of transportation. One hundred and seventy-five thousand tons of coal can be stored here, of which thirty thousand can be shipped daily. Upwards of five hundred vessels are employed by the Reading Railroad Company, and among them are six iron steam-colliers, forerunners of a coming fleet of fifty. The amount of coal handled here annually is stated, in round numbers, at two and a quarter millions of tons. Whence does it come, and whither does it go? It comes from the whole anthracite region of the Schuylkill, say from Pottsville, the terminus of the Reading Road. It is ninety odd miles from Philadelphia, upon the edge of the great coal basin in the gap by which the Schuylkill breaks through Sharp Mountain, the sterile land thereabout yielding annually between three and four millions of tons, which are brought to us at Port Richmond by the Reading Road, and down our inner river by the Schuylkill Navigation Company. It goes where it is wanted, mostly to eastern and southern ports.

THE DELAWARE.



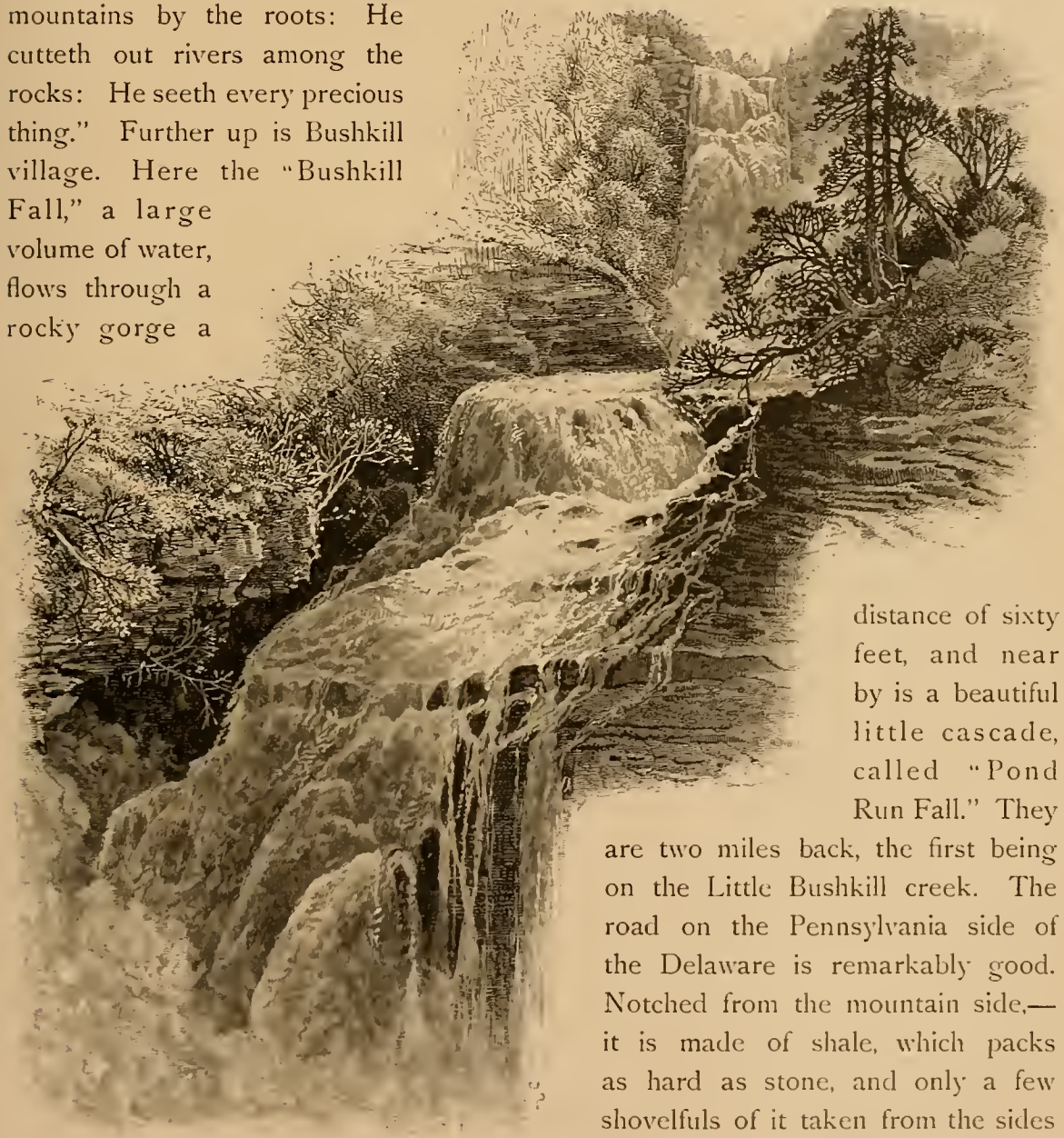
DELAWARE WATER GAP.

We have thus far considered the Delaware from a commercial point of view; let us now, while we continue our journey upward, regard its topography, its hydrography, and its picturesqueness. We are nearing Bridesburg, where the United States Arsenal is, and by and by we shall pass Andalusia, the once country seat of Nicholas Biddle, financier and poet, in the days of Andrew Jackson. Country seats are scattered on both sides of the river: Beverly, Riverton, beautiful places where many Philadelphians spend their summer months. A few miles above the city we come to Pennypack creek, which has only one

drawback to its romantic beauty, and that is the House of Correction, which is situated upon its banks. To be seen at its best, Pennypack creek should be seen on a late afternoon, when all around is placid, and no air ripples the surface of the water which reflects the surrounding foliage, a broad frame of greenery that repeats itself in the mirror it encircles. We must not allow ourselves to be detained here, however, but must pursue our journey up the river to our destination. Past the Jersey city of Burlington and the good old town of Bristol; past Bordentown, where the home of Joseph Bonaparte was, and Morrisville, where the home of General Moreau was, and on to Trenton. Two historic incidents have made Trenton and the Delaware memorable. They occurred in the same year and the same month, only eighteen days apart; the first, on December 8th, 1776, when Washington and his army crossed the Delaware at Trenton in full retreat before the British, General Howe coming up in time to see them escape; and the last, on the night of the 25th, when Washington and a portion of his army recrossed the Delaware in the darkness, at McConkey's ferry, and fell upon the Hessians at Trenton, in the morning, before they had slept off their Christmas debauch, and thrashed them soundly, taking a thousand prisoners, as many stand of arms, six brass field-pieces, with the loss of only four men. From Trenton, the Pennsylvania Railroad, through its Delaware and Belvidere branch, runs up the valley as far as Manunka Chunk, where we obtain our first view of the Delaware Water Gap. We are not going by rail, though, but by the Delaware, which is bearing us on its winding, curving, sweeping way, past town after town, Lambertville, Phillipsburg, the beautiful city of Easton, village after village, pleasant farm-houses, large farms and orchards, beautiful pastoral scenery, broad and fertile valleys and uplands, abrupt bluffs and precipices, great boulders tumbled down from the hillsides, palisade rocks, on, on to the Delaware Water Gap.

Wild streamlets in the Catskills, fed as they flow downward by nameless streams, the Mohawk and the Popacton unite their waters at Hancock, (the Indians called the place *Shehawkan*, "the wedding of the waters,") where they become the Delaware, winding crookedly along a hundred and fifty miles, lighting field and forest, dividing New Jersey and Pennsylvania, receiving the waters of the Lackawaxen, whose wild ravines echo the songs of raftsmen, the waters of the Bushkill, and Brodhead's and Marshall's creeks,—home of the speckled trout,—coming along with a quiet current, it turns suddenly to the eastward at the base of the Kittatinny, where it cuts its way through the Blue Ridge. The Gap is about two miles long, a narrow gorge between walls of

rock sixteen hundred feet high, and so near together at the south-eastern entrance that there is scarcely room for the railroad. The bluffs on each side are bold and precipitous, and all the surroundings are magnificently picturesque. What first broke through the Gap? The Indians used to call the country above for miles *Minisink*, "the water is gone;" but what water? What great inland lake? We know not. Only He knows. "He putteth forth his hand upon the rocks: He overturneth the mountains by the roots: He cutteth out rivers among the rocks: He seeth every precious thing." Further up is Bushkill village. Here the "Bushkill Fall," a large volume of water, flows through a rocky gorge a



HIGH FALLS, DINGMAN'S CREEK.

distance of sixty feet, and near by is a beautiful little cascade, called "Pond Run Fall." They

are two miles back, the first being on the Little Bushkill creek. The road on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware is remarkably good. Notched from the mountain side,—it is made of shale, which packs as hard as stone, and only a few shovelfuls of it taken from the sides are needed to keep it in repair.

From Bushkill to Milford the scenery is exceedingly beautiful. It is populous with creeks which rise among the hills and mountains and come tumbling over the rocks. Among the finest of these, the "Indian-Ladder Fall," about four miles from Dingman's Ferry, pours, step by step, stair by stair, through narrow, water-worn gorges, until it finally glides over the breast of a great rock, and reaching the level of the valley calmly completes its journey to the river.

Dingman's Ferry, which was formerly called "Dingman's Choice," was named after a family that settled there before the Revolution. It kept the even tenor of its way a long time, content with its one store, its post office and inn, and its fifteen or twenty houses, a slow, poky place, similar to many others in the county of Pike. Nature has done but little for those who delve its sterile soil, which yields a scanty return, but has done much for the lovers of beautiful scenery, which she has scattered here with an unsparing hand. About fifteen years ago the Rev. Mr. Newman, a clergyman of Milford, came down near Dingman's Ferry, and began to build on the bank of the river a dwelling-house and an academy. He died before they were finished, and his widow, left to her own resources, was not above taking boarders. The first of these, as we may suppose, were artists who were drawn thither by the beauty of the scenery, and detained there by their enchanting vocation. They were followed speedily by other artists, from far and near, who were glad to take up their abode with the widow Newman. Dingman's Ferry awoke to its own importance at last, and is now, with its increased accommodations, annually crowded with summer boarders. When it can be reached by rail it will be one of the most popular summering-places in the State, and it will owe its rise to the widow Newman and her boarders, who were the means of making it known. A little below the village we see the ferry and its flat-boat, which, by an arrangement of wire ropes and pulleys, is made to cross by the action of the current against the boat.

Dingman's High Falls, on Dingman's creek, a mile and a half back of the village, come from an elevation of one hundred and seventy-five feet in a succession of leaps, the general effect of which is heightened by the shapes that the water takes at different angles. Sheets of water of almost unbroken transparency reveal the presence of an under-current behind them. Where two currents meet and cross each other the water is webbed and lace-like. But whatever the effect, it is deepened into a snowy whiteness where the different masses pour in a confused and broken race over the rough face of the rock, and taking a sudden turn to the right plunge into the pool at the base. At the foot of the first leap from the top, in the level surface of the slate rock, a well has been

cut by natural agencies, to a depth of eight feet, with a diameter of five or six feet.

Hereabout there is a fall one hundred and sixty feet in height, called the "Soap Trough;" a little brooklet that joins the larger creek, it falls from top to bottom in a continuous mass of soapy foam. The "trough" which receives it is cut out in solid blocks from the side of the hill.

There are at Adams' brook, which is a short distance above the widow Newman's, a series of beautiful falls. We reach them by descending to the bed of the brook,—a charming walk over a mossy turf, and under trees that intertwine overhead. We pass cascade after cascade,—"Freedom Fall," "Vestibule,"



EDDY AT NEWMAN'S, DINGMAN'S FERRY.

"Sanctuary," "Reynard," "Moss Fall,"—who knows how many we pass? Adams' brook is a delightful place, and parties come from as far as Milford, and picnic in its shady nooks.

Below Adams' brook is the "Eddy," a large, lake-like sweep of the Delaware, about two miles in extent from the upper to the lower rift. In the spring and fall the lumbermen take advantage of the high water, and float their rafts down the stream, where a strong current sets towards the Pennsylvania side of the river. The swirl of this current enables them to lay their rafts next the shore, and have what they sorely need—a good night's rest.

PHASES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

WHEREVER a great city is, extremes meet. London has, in story, its St. James and its St. Giles, New York its Fifth avenue and Five Points, and Philadelphia, with its Walnut street, has its Alaska street, its Baker street, and its St. Mary street. These last suggest to a Philadelphian all that the words squalor, filth, misery, and degradation can convey. All great cities have their slums, as they have their cesspools and sewers, and the latter have the advantage in that they are sometimes cleared out, while the slums never are. If the Almshouse was full, Moyamensing was full, the House of Refuge was full, the House of Correction was full, Alaska street, Baker street, and St. Mary street would still have a numerous, a riotous, a promiscuous, and a muck-begetting population of blacks and whites. Whence do they come, how do they live, and whither are they all going? The question is too large to be answered at once, involving, as it does, statistics of nativity, statistics of labor or idleness, and statistics,—no, not statistics, but the assertion of creeds, with which we refuse to concern ourselves. They are here, this motley multitude, and they live. We have reason to believe that we are not so bad as some of the coast cities. The foreign element is probably better here than the foreign element in New York; the colored element, we should say, was better also. It must be considerably larger and, possibly, it is older. We find in our records that it had the habit, a hundred and sixty odd years ago, of meeting every evening on the steps of the court-house and sitting there with its milk-pails and making itself a nuisance to our ancestors, who ordered it, through the proper authorities, to disperse half an hour after sunset, or be arrested by the constables. It was so numerous and apparently so industrious, eight years later, that certain white persons who had emigrated hither for the purpose, as they said, of earning their livelihood, and who professed to be poor and honest, petitioned and hoped that a law would be prepared for the prevention of employment to the blacks. The world has moved and many of our degraded whites and blacks with it—into St. Mary street. Which of the Marys was the street named after? If it was Mary Magdalen, she has a large sisterhood here; may they be equally repentant. But we must not cast stones. "There goes John Wesley," the great Methodist said, as he

saw a poor wretch on the way to execution; "there goes John Wesley, but for the grace of God." Remember this, my lady, when you think, if you ever do think, of your abandoned sisters. The grace of God, which sometimes takes the shape of every goodly thing that the carnal heart can desire, has come to you; the curse of the Devil has come to them, in the shape of temptation, idleness, drunkenness, theft, perhaps murder, and death. Quaint old Fuller called the negro the image of God in ebony; if he were alive now he might call some white people images of the Devil in ivory. To return, however, to



SCENE IN ST. MARY STREET.

our black sheep in St. Mary's fold. We see them here in the warm and unfragrant months, of all ages, all colors, (for there is a sprinkling, sometimes a shower, of disreputable whites among them,) all conditions, except prosperity, all characters, except good ones, all faiths, and all known infidelities. Old darkey women in the cellar-ways, young darkey children in everybody's way, crawling on the narrow sidewalks, sitting and lying on the curbstones, standing in the streets, teasing the hens on the swill-barrels, the goats that browse on old truck, playing with dogs and dead mice, whistling, shouting, crying, mayhap; grown-up darkeys, the *ton* of St. Mary's, in cheap finery, with cheap luxury, Rose with a feather in her hat, Pompey with a Centennial cigar in his capacious mouth; old, grizzled darkeys of both sexes; bad young darkeys chucking bad young white girls under the chin (white girls having pitchers of beer); darkeys in the door, on the cellar-door, on the coal-box, under the lamp-post, around the corner, laughing, whooping, cursing, blaspheming; darkeys, darkeys everywhere. Who feeds these black sheep? How do they pay for their bread, when they have any, for their pigs' feet and tripe, for their whisky, which they will have? There is an old saying, that one-half the world don't know how the other half live. It is the truth, but not the whole truth, for it should contain the cynical *addendum*—and don't care, either. What do we prim Pharisees know, or care to know, about the lives of these poor publicans and sinners? Where does the money come from, for money they must have, to buy their crusts and scraps? Originally procured by begging, these refuse cold victuals are sorted and sold to the shops about, which sell them to these poor souls, who somehow have money enough to buy them. The air of business which pervades portions of these dusky, dirty, slatternly, ragged neighborhoods along Seventh street, from South to Fitzwater street, is surprising. There are whisky shops, of course, and shops where they obtain "choice wines," (fresh from the Devil's own vineyards,) and gin-shops, not so palatial as those of London,—dens in which every sort of liquid damnation can be had. But you must pay for it, you bibulous, sable race. "Pay, honey." "Pay to-day, and trust to-morrow." A curious feature hereabouts is the abundance of oyster wagons on the corners, where you often see pecunious darkeys "takin' 'em on de haf-shell, sar." The relation of poverty to oysters has been pointed out by Dickens, and verified by many since. Given a poor neighborhood, the result is oysters, of which the poor never seem to have enough. They are luxuries, you know, expensive, and not filling. Consequently, the poor devour them. The junk-shops do a thriving business, also the "old-clo'" stores, where you may see a bloated white woman bartering with the black storekeeper for

PHASES OF SOCIAL LIFE.



SOUP-HOUSE—EXTERIOR.

an old shawl or gown or bonnet, which was once second-hand, but is now fourth or fifth hand. Who knows, my lady, but that rumpled, crumpled old bonnet was not worn by you once upon a time? You gave it to your maid, who gave it to your washer-woman, who, you may be sure, never gave it to anybody, but sold it for the creature comfort that comes and goes in a bottle. All these old clothes have a history, and whatever it is, it is going to be worse. When they are not worn to entire rags they are still serviceable, for, like imperial Cæsar, (you know the quotation,) they can stop a hole to keep the wind away. Are they happy, these poor creatures? Happiness, my dear sir, or madam, is merely relative. Neither you, nor we, could be happy in their places. Could Dives, whom we take to have been as respectable as he was wealthy—could that patriarchal Hebrew nabob have been happy in the place of poor Lazarus? No, not if he had known that the final end of both would have been changed,

so that Lazarus would have begged the drop of water of him as he lolled back luxuriously in the roomy bosom of Father Abraham. There is, no doubt, a good deal of misery in the lower strata of this colored population, but there is, no doubt, a good deal of enjoyment also. They are a gay, light-hearted, volatile race, grown-up children, pleased with their rattles and tickled with their straws, indolent, thoughtless, careless creatures. Their tropical African blood will always assert itself. They are better, however, than the degraded whites among them, who in most cases had farther to fall than they. The roots of their vices do not appear to strike so deep, probably because the mental soil is more shallow; and they have less consciousness of morals. They are more uncalculating, more emotional, have more humor and sense of enjoyment. He must be a low-down darkey, indeed, who is not superior to the white trash that consorts with him.

The greater the city the greater the poverty there, and the greater the charity. The charity is as certain as the poverty. John Bull grumbles at the money he spends on his poor, but he spends it all the same. We give without grumbling, and more freely than any people alive. One must be an American in order to understand the liberality of Americans; he must also be an inhabitant of a city like Philadelphia or New York. No countryman can understand it, for he never sees such and so much distress as we city-folk are familiar with, and perhaps hardened to. It lasts the whole year through with the idle, the thriftless, the chronically unfortunate; and it always increases in the winter months, for it is then that the manufacturer discovers he is running, or will soon be running, at a loss. He has too many hands; some of them must be discharged. They are thrown out of work just when they need it most. If they have saved a little money in the summer, they tide over a few weeks, and then are in want. They must be helped, for there is no work for them. They seek it, though, if they are manly, independent artisans. The poet Burns, who was a worker all his life, and a hard one, too, said or wrote, perhaps, in his letters, that in his opinion, about the saddest sight on earth was a man looking for work. He was right; it *is* a sad sight, as you must see when you come to think about it. It is not only the man himself who is to suffer privation,—he could bear his share of that,—it is the hostages he has given to fortune, his wife and children. What will become of them, he thinks, as he trudges about the streets in his fruitless search for employment. The mouths at home must be fed; but how? It is a cold, heartless world, is it? My good man, you are mistaken. You are hungry and so are your wife and children? You must do as others do, then: you must accept charity. Go to the Bedford Street Mission. You can't bear to do it? Of

course not, if you have any pride left; but put your pride in your pocket, for you have nothing else there, and go. State your name, occupation, residence, the number of adults and children in your family, (all truly, mind,) and you will be furnished with tickets on the soup-house in Griscom street. Present yourself there between 11 A. M. and 1 P. M. You will find the soup and bread good; so will your wife and children, when you take their rations home to them. To a spectator, not given to sentimentality, but not averse to charitable



SOUP-HOUSE—INTERIOR.

feelings, our soup-houses are a curious study. Their temporary tenantry, which is of the most miscellaneous character, comes and goes daily during the hours of distribution. Some of it has seen better days; some of it is old and care-worn; some of it is young and thoughtless; a little of it is American, more of it is Celtic, and a fair percentage of it is colored. There are old men whom want forces to bring their grandchildren thither; old women who are alone in the world; ragged children, who nibble their bread on the street, and tidy children

who take their bread and soup home. Groups like these, repeated every few minutes with different additions, which need not be described, are a fair exhibit of the exterior of a winter soup-house. Within, where the soup is made, where the cook is, a motley crowd stands waiting until their pails and pitchers are filled, sniffing the steaming odor,—eager, but not disorderly, and certainly expectant. Stir the kettle, Dinah, and ladle out the soup. Little Pat and Kate and Black Jake are hungry. Old Pat and Biddy are hungry. “Ladle out de soup, chile, for dey am berry hungry. Sure’s you lib, sar.” The soup-house on Griscom street, the oldest, by the way, in the city, is where the Bedford Street Mission attends to its outside charity. At home its charities are different and permanent. The Mission preserves the memory of a street whose nomenclature no longer exists. It is now called Alaska street, probably in answer to a petition of our naturalized seals. The Bedford Street Mission was founded in 1853, and is supported by voluntary contributions, which have increased from an average of two thousand dollars during the first five years to, in round numbers, thirteen thousand six hundred dollars in 1874-75. Its specialties are to discriminate between the deserving poor, and imposters and professional beggars; to educate the young in habits of industry, morality, and religion; and to prevent pestilence and the spread of epidemics by furnishing the means of cleanliness for person and premises. It knows no race, no color. It has a Sabbath-school, a day-school, and an industrial school. It has educated in its day-schools, from 1853 to March, 1874, twenty-eight hundred children, in its Sabbath-schools, fifteen hundred children, besides placing two hundred and thirty children in homes. From April, 1874, to March, 1875, it had over three hundred Sunday scholars, nearly five hundred day scholars, and nearly one hundred girls in its industrial school. These children were of American, German, Irish, English, Italian, and French parentage, the Irish leading in point of numbers, and the French furnishing only two scholars. They were Protestants, Catholics, Jews. It is a pretty sight to see them in the day-schools, with their books and slates, reading, reciting, ciphering,—a little crowd of faces, many of which are handsome, and all of which are clean. They are well controlled, though the discipline is not severe to the smallest ones. They are taught at meals to fold their hands and say grace; they are taught in the industrial school to make their own clothes; and in the Sunday-school they are taught to be reverent at prayer. Evening entertainments are given at the Mission to the Sunday scholars and their parents and older relatives, and are enjoyed hugely. They sing, and very prettily; they recite, with due emphasis and discretion; they witness the wonders of science as illustrated by the sciopicon,

PHASES OF SOCIAL LIFE.



BEDFORD STREET MISSION SCHOOL.

and, what probably interests them more, feats of legerdemain, hocus-pocus, the black art, or whatever is the current name for it, from the deft fingers of such an experienced magician as Signor Blitz. It is a treat to watch their faces when the handkerchief, burned before their eyes, is restored whole; when eggs, fruit, flowers, are taken out of an empty hat; above all, when money, not his or hers, is found in the pocket of some lucky child! A Mission must have a Missionary, who in this instance is the Rev. John D. Long. He lives in the Mission with his family, in the midst of vice and misery. What this vice and misery are may be guessed when we state that, within a circuit of two squares here, there were one hundred and thirty-five grogeries thirteen years ago, and that last year seventy-three were still left. Where grogeries abound at this rate, there must be privation and ignorance,—children to be taught, men and women to be helped. Let us look a little into the work of the Mission. It has free baths, (the first one of which was built by Mrs. Long, the wife of the Missionary,) and in these baths, in eight years, over eighty thousand persons have enjoyed the advantages of water.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, what an army of dirty sinners was sweetened and sanctified! There were nineteen thousand of them last year, the men being, of course, in the minority, the women a little better, the boys coming out about two thousand ahead of the girls. (We should not have thought it, girls! But perhaps fewer of you needed washing.) To continue with other statistics. The Mission has furnished in four years over three thousand lodgings; has given in eight years nearly twenty thousand free dinners to children; and has given during that time food and clothing to over eleven thousand persons. About one hundred and twenty thousand unfortunates have passed through and received aid from the Mission since its organization. Attached to the Mission is



"LORD, GRANT THAT WHETHER WE EAT OR DRINK, OR WHATEVER WE DO, MAY WE DO ALL TO THY GLORY. AMEN."

a committee of ladies, who meet weekly for the purpose of making-up clothing. The ladies interest themselves largely in June, when they give a festival at Horticultural Hall. This is supported by donations in money, flowers, cakes, fruit, sugar, cream, and strawberries, and is profitable, the net proceeds in 1874 being over six hundred dollars. On the 15th of June comes the annual picnic, when the children and their teachers, numbering hundreds, are transported to the grounds, free of charge, by the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad Company. If the Mission is good to the children, everybody is good to the Mission.



CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

The charitable institutions of Philadelphia, of which we have had a glimpse in the Bedford Street Mission, are second to none in America. The majority of them, like the Mission, were created to provide for the physical wants of the poor. These are numerous, and likely to be perpetual, for we have the sad assurance of the Divine Master that the poor are to be always with us. But there are other wants than physical ones native to poverty, and in many cases, if not the immediate, at least the remote, causes of poverty. They pertain to the intellectual nature of the poor, and may be summed up in the one word—Ignorance. They are ignorant because they are poor, and are poor because they are ignorant. How far the sovereignty of the individual should go, and how far the sovereignty of the State should go, is not so difficult a question as it may seem at first. If one could be born and could grow up, could live and could die in entire isolation from every other human being, his sovereignty over himself could be absolute; but this condition of life is impossible, and absolute self-sovereignty is therefore impossible. We must live among our kind, and must shape ourselves accordingly. You must shape yourselves or be shaped, says the family, the community, the State. You cannot be allowed to live as you seem to like to,—certainly as many of you do,—in squalor, in ignorance, in crime. It is not for your good, and it is not for our good. We demand, says the State, the greatest good for the greatest number. We prefer to persuade you, brethren, if you can be persuaded; if not, we shall be obliged to compel you. We have found that schools are much cheaper than prisons.

We started with our charitable institutions. Let us look at a few of them in our imaginary ramble through the city. If we are Baptists, we find the beneficence of our sect represented in the Baptist Home, at the corner of Seventeenth and Norris streets. It is a substantial, handsome building, built upon ground which was given for its site by one who was in sympathy with its object, which is to furnish a home for aged members of the Baptist denomination. If we are Catholics, we find one of our charities at the corner of Eighteenth and Jefferson streets. It is a home for our aged poor of both sexes, who are well lodged within its massive walls and whose spiritual welfare is cared for in the beautiful chapel that is attached. It is conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, who are doing a good work. If we are followers of John Wesley, we go to the Methodist Home, though not, it is to be hoped, as almoners on the bounty of our brethren. If we are Presbyterians, and interested in our poor old widows and spinsters, there is a fine building at the corner of Fifty-eighth street and Greenway avenue, where two hundred of them are housed in their

PHASES OF SOCIAL LIFE.



GIRARD COLLEGE.

necessitous old age. If we are widows, poor widows, and are obliged to part with our children for a time, we take them to the Foster Home, near the House of Refuge, which, happily, they have escaped. We leave them there until we can reclaim them, and they are safely sheltered. If we are poor orphans, (which heaven forbid!) our poor relatives take us to the Burd Orphan Asylum, in West Philadelphia, on the Delaware county line, where we have a glimpse of the country. We have a Northern Home for Friendless Children, which, we trust, is never full,—for what is more dreadful than for children to be friendless? We have a Home for Aged Colored Persons, and we have, on Thirty-ninth street, an Old Man's Home. We certainly do something for our poor,—young and old, sick and well, black and white,—with and without religion. And we have named but a tithe of our charitable institutions.

Philadelphia owes much to two men, of whom one may be said to have been the Genius of Commerce, and the other the Genius of Common Sense. They were contemporaries for thirteen years, though their walks of life were as far apart as the continents which gave them birth. One was a printer,—Benjamin Franklin; the other a mariner,—a mariner and merchant,—Stephen Girard. The English pride themselves on some of their charitable institutions: on Christ Hospital, for example, which Edward the Sixth founded, in his sixteenth year, for poor, fatherless children, moved thereto by the eloquence of Bishop Ridley, and on the Charter House, which good old Thomas Sutton endowed

in the year of his death, as an asylum for the aged and a school-house for the young. These are respectable foggy institutions, no doubt, but we venture to think that they are not to be compared with Girard College. Christ's Hospital opened with three hundred and forty scholars; in less than thirty years the number dwindled to one hundred and fifty, and to-day is not over two hundred. Among the poor, fatherless children it has educated are Hunt, Lamb, and Coleridge, three famous Blue Coat boys, of whom the fathers of two were living when they entered it. The Charter House, which grandfather John is pleased to consider the greatest gift in England—either in Protestant or Catholic times—ever bestowed by any individual, has not fulfilled the intention of its founder, at least as regards its scholars, or Thackeray could not have been educated within its walls. He had a fortune, and he went from the Charter House to Trinity College. The wishes of the English king and the English merchant have been disregarded: the trust, the will of our mariner and merchant, remains unbroken.

He was a remarkable man; enterprising, courageous, far-sighted, public-spirited, wisely and grandly charitable. The story of his life is soon told and generally incorrectly. Born in Bordeaux, in the middle of the last century, the eldest son of a sea-captain, who neglected his education while he sent his younger brothers to college, his early life was a hard one. There was a step-mother in the Girard family, you see; the lad, before he was fourteen, left home, with the consent of his parents,—step-mother's given gladly, of course,—with the determination of becoming a mariner. He went as a sailor to San Domingo, returned home, and sailed again and again, during the next nine years, to the French possessions in the West Indies. He knew what he was about, this ignorant sailor-boy. He perfected himself in practical navigation and astronomy, rose grade by grade, from the fo'castle to the cabin, all the while studying mercantile operations in connection with the people of the West Indies. Certain French nautical formalities, which need not be specified, were waived in his behalf, and before he was twenty-three, Stephen Girard, of Bordeaux, was given full authority to act as captain, master, and patron of a merchant-vessel. Partly on his own credit, and partly on the credit of his father, who, we suppose, saw something in him now, he purchased goods to the amount of sixteen thousand livres (say three thousand dollars) and started for San Domingo on his first mercantile adventure. It was a success. He converted the proceeds into produce, and sailing for the United States, landed at New York. His shrewdness in disposing of his cargo attracted the notice of a New York merchant, who assisted him in

his future operations, probably sharing in his gains. During the next three years he sailed and traded between New York, New Orleans, and Port au Prince, first as mate on a French ship and afterwards as master and part owner of a small vessel and cargo. In the month of May, 1777, Girard entered the waters of the Delaware and arrived at Philadelphia. He resolved now to abandon the dangerous profession of mariner for the less hazardous and more profitable one of merchant; so he rented a store on Water street and married. On the approach of the British he left, with his wife, for Mount Holly, in the Jerseys, where he bought a small property, and where he remained until Philadelphia was evacuated, when he returned. He now directed his attention to the West Indies, entering into partnership with one of his brothers, who was residing in San Domingo. His business prospered, but his life was unhappy. He had married in haste and was repenting at leisure. Before he was thirty-five, his wife began to grow deranged, and he was obliged to place her in the Pennsylvania Hospital. He removed her, after a time, to the country, in the hope that she might recover her reason. His home became so painful that he determined to return to his old vocation, and his brother coming to Philadelphia to manage the business, he sailed for Charleston and the Mediterranean in a brig that he had built a few years before. He returned, after an absence of two years, and found his wife so much worse that she had to be placed in the hospital again. There she gave birth to a daughter, who soon died, and there she remained for twenty-five years, mad to the last. Childless and worse than wifeless, the indomitable merchant pursued his calling. If he had a cool head he had a courageous heart. His courage, his humanity, were soon to be tested. In July, 1793, the yellow fever broke out in Water street, between Arch and Race streets. Extending north to Vine street, it was communicated to Front street and thence to the parallel streets and the streets that crossed them. North, south, east, west, the dreadful pestilence spread. It could not be stopped. All who had the means fled in dismay. Nurses for the sick and men to bury the dead could not be found. Parents and children, husbands and wives, died deserted and alone. Public buildings were closed; most of the churches were shut up; grass grew in the streets. It was the city of the plague,—the city of death and desolation. In September there was a call for help in the only paper that continued to be published. All the visitors of the poor, except three, it stated, were dead or had fled. Four days later a committee of twenty-seven volunteered. It rapidly lessened to the apostolic number of twelve, whose care was directed to the hospital at Bush Hill, which was without order or regulation,

unclean, and in want of qualified attendants. Money could not obtain, had not obtained them. What was to be done? If there are always thousands of cowards, there are always brave men. Two stepped forward, one of whom was Girard. He and his colleague, Peter Helm, went at once to Bush Hill. Order came out of the confusion, cleanliness out of the filth, attendants and nurses were had, supplies were provided, and the next day the hospital was reported ready. The will of Girard had overcome all obstacles. He was the active



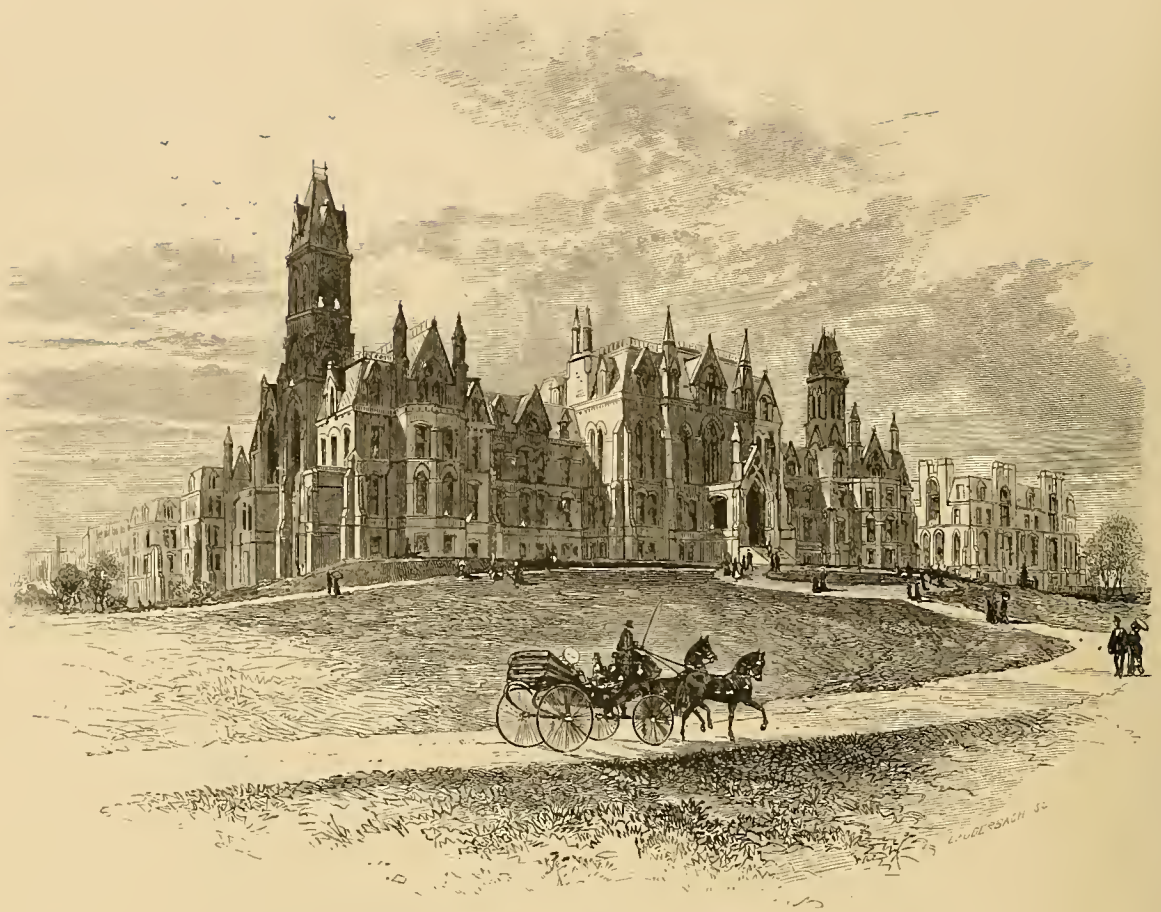
GIRLS' NORMAL SCHOOL.

director of the hospital, and for sixty days discharged his duties like the lowest servant there. He did more, he and the committee, for they raised upon their own individual credit the necessary funds; supplied the poor with money, provisions, and fire-wood; furnished burial for the dead, and took care of nearly two hundred children, many of them infants, whose parents and relatives had perished. Philadelphia seemed doomed at first, for in seventy days over four thousand persons were interred in its burying-grounds. It was about one-sixth

of the population, the whole of which might have gone but for the courage of Helm and Girard.

When and how millions are made are questions which even millionaires might fail to answer satisfactorily. The prudent ones, unlike Beau Brummell, say nothing about their failures, but let the world magnify their successes. Girard was a bold and large operator, making great losses and great gains, the gains in the end predominating. The foundation of the bulk of his fortune was laid after he was forty-three, say between the year of the yellow fever and the war of 1812. He built a fleet of vessels, which he named after certain French philosophers in vogue in his early manhood,—Voltaire, Rousseau, Helvetius,—and dispatched them on long voyages, which were a series of commercial exchanges. "The grain or cotton of this country, with which his staunch ships were freighted, was exchanged with the Lisbon trader or the merchant of Bordeaux, for the fruits of the one or the wines of the other, in order to pay the Russian for the iron or hemp which the same vessel brought back to him, or the sugar and coffee of the West Indies furnished him at Hamburg or Amsterdam with the outward cargo, or the Spanish dollars which were to procure him, at the Spice Islands, Calcutta, or Canton, the product of those climes, and thus bring to his doors, from each distant portion of the globe, the added riches of the world." When Girard was sixty, the relations of England and the United States threatened war. They concerned him to the extent of a million of dollars, which were in the hands of the Barings, whose solvency was in doubt. How to withdraw this money was the problem. He solved it by purchasing in England United States Government stock and shares of the Bank of the United States, and when its charter expired by purchasing its banking-house and becoming a banker. Girard, the banker, was still Girard, the merchant. His ships traded with China, the East Indies, the north of Europe,—wherever they had traded before. He commanded success out of his reverses of fortune, for he occasionally had reverses, like other fallible human beings. Here is an instance of his pluck and luck:—One of his ships, with a valuable China cargo on board, sailed from Canton before her master had heard of the war with England. She reached the capes of the Delaware without meeting a British cruiser or speaking a vessel that could warn her of her danger, and off the capes, at night, while firing for a pilot, was detected by a small schooner, tender to a British man-of-war, which small schooner, about the size of a wood shallop, went out in the morning and captured her. Girard opened negotiations with the commander of the British squadron, ransomed

A CENTURY AFTER.



UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

her for a hundred and eighty thousand dollars in coin, and brought her to Philadelphia, where her cargo realized an immense profit, most of her teas bringing, at auction, over two dollars a pound. When the Government needed money during the war, Girard placed the resources of his bank at its disposal. In 1814 a loan of five millions was sorely needed. He stepped forward and took the whole amount. Is it too much to say that this action helped to win the victories which followed and brought about peace,—the peace which Girard predicted would consolidate our independence forever? He stepped forward again when the Government could not pay its interest on the national debt, and said that those who had any claim for interest on public stock ought to wait for a more favorable moment for payment, or at least receive payment in treasury notes. "Should you be under the necessity of resorting to either of those plans," he wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury, "as one of the public creditors I shall not murmur."

Busy as he was with his banking and his merchantry, Girard knew how to make time to do what he wished outside of both. He had a fondness for agriculture, and cultivated a farm in the vicinity of Philadelphia, to which he made frequent visits, and which he managed with the skill that distinguished him in other matters. Few of his ships sailed for foreign ports without taking orders for choice plants, seeds, and fruits, which, when obtained, were transplanted to his farm, and thence to the neighborhood. If the man who plants a tree is a benefactor to those who succeed him, how much more he who transplants from distant lands new varieties of fruits and flowers. It was not merely in agriculture and horticulture that Girard benefited the city of his adoption. He was an early friend to every judicious public improvement. He loaned large amounts of money to, and purchased large amounts of stock in, the Schuylkill Navigation Company. They were grateful enough to desire his portrait, and asked him to sit for it; but he refused, for whatever his faults, vanity was not among them. A cautious man, or he could not have made his millions, his ear and purse were open to real distress, and he gave freely, when asked, towards the erection of churches and charitable institutions.

Girard lived under the roof that covered his counting-house, in a close, narrow street, in the midst of stores, near the river. Everything about the man was characteristic of the man. Abstemious and regular, he was a severe worker and an early riser. "When I rise in the morning," he once wrote, "my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that when the night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly." So lived, labored, and prospered Stephen Girard, until he was well on in his eighty-second year. In the winter of 1830 he was thrown down by a vehicle and severely injured about the head. He rallied and was nearly as well as before, when, in December, 1831, he was attacked by an influenza, which resulted in pneumonia. The last few days of his life were passed in unconsciousness. While Christmas was kept merrily he was dying. The next day, in the afternoon, he was dead. He had refused, in his life-time, to have his portrait painted; after his death he could not refuse the public honors which were bestowed upon his remains four days later. The flags of the public buildings and shipping were at half-mast, and all the authorities and thousands of citizens attended his funeral.

Girard's will is a remarkable document, which need not be gone into here, further than to say that it is marked by great public spirit towards Pennsylvania, to which he left, in round figures, over nine hundred thousand dollars, for the different charitable institutions in and around Philadelphia, for the improvement



HOSPITALS.

of its Delaware front, and for the internal improvements of the State. Of his legacies to his relatives nothing need be said, except that they thought them insufficient, and tried to break his will; nor of his legacies to his servants, apprentices, and sea-captains. What concerns us, outside of these and other legacies and gifts, is his magnificent bequest of two millions of dollars for the erection of Girard College, and of the residue of his real and personal estate for its maintenance. Its object was the education of male white orphans, who were to remain in its precincts until they should arrive, respectively, between fourteen and eighteen years of age. Preference was to be given, first, to orphans born in Philadelphia; second, to those born in any other part of Pennsylvania, and lastly, in New York and New Orleans. They were to be fed with plain and wholesome food, clothed with plain but decent apparel, and lodged in a plain but safe manner. Their education was to be sound, not showy,—the branches being specified,—and when it was finished, they were to be bound by the mayor, aldermen, and citizens of Philadelphia, to suitable occupations. The practical character of Girard was stamped everywhere in the plans for the college which bears his name. The corner-stone was laid on the 4th of July, 1833, and the college was finished and transferred to its directors on the 15th of December, 1847. On January 1st, 1848, it was opened with a class of one hundred orphans, who had previously been admitted. Eight months later, one hundred more were admitted, and in June of the following year, one hundred more. In 1874, the number had increased to five hundred and fifty. The net income of the Girard estate during that year was about four hundred thousand dollars, of which about one hundred and seventy-five thousand were expended in maintaining and educating the orphans, in repairing the college buildings, and in improving the grounds and keeping them in order. Girard College is familiar to all Philadelphians, and to most visitors to the city, who, beholding its massive marble roof and its noble range of pillars, are not content with a mere architectural view of it. The body of Girard was disinterred in 1851, and placed in a sarcophagus in the college, where it now remains.

Fifty-four years before Girard arrived at Philadelphia, there landed at the Market street wharf, one autumnal Sunday morning, a young man of seventeen or eighteen. He was in his working-dress, his best clothes being on the way to him by sea, and he was dirty from his journey. His capital consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in coppers. He did not know a soul in the place, nor where to find a lodging or obtain food. He stopped at a baker's shop, on Second street, and purchased three puffy rolls, with which he sauntered

along, eating one and carrying the others under his arms. Gentility suggested, perhaps, that he should pocket those he was not munching, but he could not do it, for his pockets were stuffed with dirty shirts and stockings. How he wandered up and down the streets, and entered a church, where he fell asleep, was never forgotten by him, nor by any reader of his delightful *Life*. Before many years were over, this young man—the printer, Benjamin Franklin—became a power in Philadelphia. It was through his exertions that the first library was started here, and he may be said to be the founder of the University of Pennsylvania, which grew out of an academy established by him in 1749. He stated in his plan that it was intended “as a foundation upon which posterity would erect a seminary more extensive and suitable to future circumstances.” Twenty-four well-known citizens agreed to act as trustees, and in a few weeks the sum of two thousand pounds, payable in five years, was subscribed, and eight hundred pounds were borrowed to set the academy in operation. At the beginning of the next year the Latin and Greek, the mathematical and English schools were opened, besides a charity school for the education of sixty boys and thirty girls. The success of the academy was assured from the first, so earnest was the zeal and so untiring the energy of Franklin, who, busy as he was, acted as its secretary. He was now a person of note; was known as the author of “Poor Richard’s Almanac;” had been the postmaster of Philadelphia; had discovered electricity, and was postmaster-general of the British Colonies. Through his personal influence, students came from distant places, and through the assistance of powerful friends a charter of corporation was procured, in 1755, from Thomas and Richard Penn, for the “College, Academy, and Charity School of Philadelphia.” While negotiations for this charter were in progress, Franklin opened a correspondence with Dr. William Smith, a learned man, interested in collegiate institutions, who was induced by him to join the new foundation,—of which he was famous as provost. Dr. Smith visited England in 1762 in behalf of the college, and raised a large sum of money for it, Thomas Penn contributing four thousand five hundred pounds and two thousand five hundred acres of land in the county of Bucks. By a course of anatomy two years afterwards, Dr. William Shippen laid, in this college, the foundation of the first medical school in America. The next year the trustees appointed him professor of anatomy, Dr. John Morgan becoming professor of the institutes of medicine. Other professors, in succeeding years, were Dr. Adam Kuhn, who was elected to the chair of botany, and Dr. Benjamin Rush, who was elected to the chair of chemistry. In 1773 three

PHASES OF SOCIAL LIFE.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

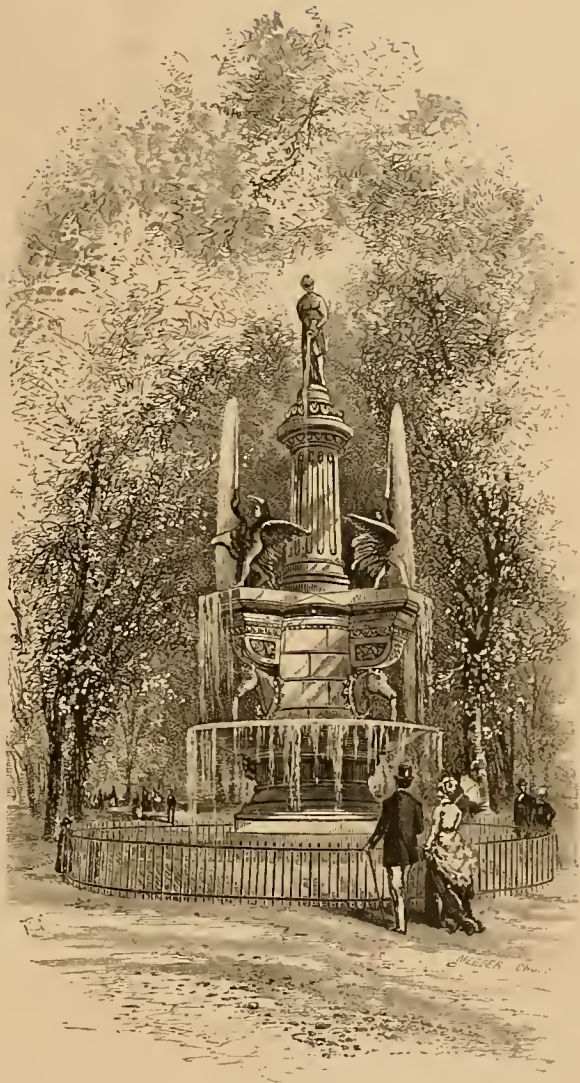
hundred pupils were instructed in the collegiate, medical, and academic schools. The loyalty of the college was called in question during the Revolution, and in 1779 the Legislature of Pennsylvania abrogated its charter and appointed a new board of trustees. It granted a new charter, however, erecting the college into a university; but the academy separated from it, and remained a distinct institution until 1791, when both united again. The University occupied its old home on Fourth street, below Arch street, until 1800, when it removed to Ninth street, between Market and Chestnut streets. The purchase by the Government of the ground occupied by it here for a new post-office, made another removal necessary, and resulted in the cluster of beautiful structures at West Philadelphia, now devoted to the University of Pennsylvania. Briefly described, the outward walls are of serpentine stone; the coping, buttresses, and gables of Ohio stone, and the columns, which support the porch at the main entrance, are of polished Scotch granite. The first and last impression received from these towered, imposing, collegiate buildings is, that they are a noble specimen of modern

Gothic architecture. Truly, the little germ sown by Franklin in the academy has expanded, in the University, into a magnificent growth of law, medicine, science, and the arts. The department of medicine was nearly coeval with the establishment of the academy; the department of law was added before the close of the last century; the departments of science and the arts are of modern origin. With regard to the department of medicine and the education received therein, it is enough to say that the reputation of the physicians of Philadelphia has always stood high, and the reputation of the lawyers of Philadelphia,—why, the phrase, “a Philadelphia lawyer,” has long been a synonym for legal ability. Shortly after the academy was started, Dr. Thomas Bond applied to his friend Franklin to assist him in procuring subscriptions for a hospital in Philadelphia. Franklin wrote about the project in the newspapers, but subscriptions were not forthcoming. A memorial was then addressed to the Provincial Assembly, asking for assistance, and a charter to the corporators. The bill passed in 1751, incorporating the Pennsylvania Hospital, and granting two thousand pounds towards the erection and maintenance of its buildings, provided a like amount should be raised for a permanent fund. Franklin, Bond, and Richard Peters were on the board of managers, who transmitted to England an address to Thomas and Richard Penn, asking them to grant a plot of ground on which to build the hospital. They named a suitable site, which did not meet the views of the Penns, who offered, however, to grant them another site, which was declined. A private house was then taken as a temporary hospital, and was occupied about four years. Despairing of aid from the Penns, the managers purchased, in 1754, the whole of the square on which the hospital now stands, except a depth of sixty feet on Spruce street, which was granted them a few years later, with an annuity of forty pounds. A building was planned, and the corner-stone laid, with an inscription by Franklin. It was so far completed in December, 1756, that patients were admitted. Contributions flowed in, sometimes abundantly. Whitefield collected for it one hundred and seventy pounds after one of his sermons; and a subscription among “rich widows and other single women” for the payment of drugs, amounted to over one hundred pounds. Within the first thirty years, five thousand pounds were raised at home and abroad; from other provinces, the West Indies, and the Friends in the mother country. That the hospital flourished is evident from the minutes of the board of managers in April, 1776, wherein the whole capital stock, not including the buildings and the lot on which they stood, is estimated at over twenty-one thousand pounds. The consideration of what should be done

PHASES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

with the fees of the students, laid the foundation of a fine medical library, the nucleus of the existing library, which twenty-five years ago was pronounced unequalled in this country. The hospital suffered from party bitterness during the Revolution, and suffered from the British, who took possession of its wards, beds, and instruments for their own use. In 1780, the legislature made its impoverished managers the apparently munificent grant of ten thousand pounds, the value of which, in that period of depressed currency, was one hundred and sixty-three pounds eighteen shillings and eight pence. Upwards of eight thousand pounds of the capital of the hospital were lost during the Revolution, while the expenses, which were greatly reduced, were double the annual income. Before the war closed only seventy-seven patients were received in the year 1789, of whom forty-nine were paying ones. But better days were at hand; for in 1792 and 1796 the managers were allowed, through legislative

action, upwards of seventy thousand dollars. They erected the western wing in the latter year, and commenced the central building, but such was the cost of the materials, and the slow payments of their grant, it was not completed till 1805. Previous to this, John Penn, the grandson of the Founder, presented a bronzed statue of his great ancestor, which was placed in the centre of the south lawn. In the same year the managers of the hospital wrote to Benjamin West, and solicited a picture from him. He recognized the claims of his countrymen, if he was the favorite painter of George the Third, and promised a picture, which, long in coming, came at last, in 1817. It was his "Christ healing the



FOUNTAIN—RITTENHOUSE SQUARE.

sick." It was exhibited for the benefit of the hospital, and added to its funds some fifteen thousand dollars. It is estimated that about one hundred thousand patients have been admitted to the Pennsylvania Hospital since its first foundation, and that one-half this number were supported during their illness entirely by the institution. Among other institutions of a similar character, we may mention Christ Church Hospital, the Episcopal Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, the Presbyterian Hospital, the City Hospital, the German Hospital, and the University Hospital. Christ Church Hospital was fortunate from the beginning. One of its earliest patrons, Joseph Dobbins, of South Carolina, gave to its managers the square between Spruce, Pine, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth streets, which was sold for one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and at his death, which occurred at Charleston, in 1804, he bequeathed to it all his real and personal estate, consisting of shares in the Bank of South Carolina and other property, amounting to about sixty thousand dollars. His bequest was to poor and distressed widows, but its meaning was afterwards enlarged, so as to include indigent females of the Episcopal church. Christ Church Hospital—a beautiful brown-stone building—stands on Belmont avenue, near the limits of Fairmount Park. St. Joseph's Hospital, which stands on Girard avenue, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, is an example of what a hospital should be. Catholic, in that it is directed by the Sisters of Charity, it is catholic in the widest sense,—in that men of all religions and of no religion, when sick and injured, are kindly nursed and cared for. The University Hospital—a branch of the University of Pennsylvania—stands on the University grounds, south of the department of arts. It is built upon a plot of ground which was given by the city on condition that it maintained fifty free beds for the sick poor.

Philadelphia has a right to be proud of its free schools. The plan which underlies them and the system by which they are conducted date back to 1818. Their early history, if it were written, would be a eulogy on the far-sighted men who, in spite of formidable opposition, succeeded, after many struggles, in engrafting popular education on the municipal government. After sixteen years of experiment, change, alteration, and improvement, the legislature enacted a general law establishing free schools throughout the State. From that day they have steadily increased, but not to the same extent in Philadelphia as in the rural districts; for the annual increase of dwellings here, which is estimated at five thousand, is not met by a corresponding increase of schools. A few figures from the last annual report of the Board of Public Education, covering the year 1874, and comprising Philadelphia alone, may probably be interesting,

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WEST WALNUT STREET.

and are certainly worthy of attention. There are in the city proper four hundred and sixty-five schools, of which sixty are grammar schools, one hundred and twenty-one secondary schools, two hundred and twelve primary schools, twenty-nine consolidated schools, forty-one night schools, besides the Central High School and the Girls' Normal School. The attendance of pupils in the day schools was over ninety thousand, and in the night schools over sixteen thousand; the number of teachers in the day schools was over one thousand seven hundred, and in the night schools over two hundred. The amount of money appropriated by the City Councils for the use of the Board of Education was over one million six hundred thousand dollars, and the expenditures within about thirty thousand dollars of that amount. A careful examination of the course of study pursued in these schools—beginning with the lowest and ending with the highest—discloses its excellence and the wisdom that determined it.

The enlarged and graded course of the High School, for example, is as comprehensive as that adopted by the highest colleges. The same may be said of the studies in the Girls' Normal School, which has enrolled in less than thirty years over four thousand pupils, of whom over two thousand have become teachers. The average daily attendance in 1874 was five hundred and eighty-two scholars. This number will be more than doubled when the school shall have quitted its narrow quarters on Sergeant street for the new building which is being erected for it at the corner of Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets. It is a beautiful structure of brown stone, with sandstone facings and trimmings, and an ornate Mansard roof. It will accommodate one thousand two hundred pupils, and will contain a laboratory and an observatory.

The Young Men's Christian Association has outgrown its old rooms on Chestnut street, above Twelfth, and is erecting a new building on the south-east corner of Chestnut and Fifteenth streets. It extends from Chestnut to Sansom street, and when finished will be five stories in height, including the Mansard roof. The walls are of Ohio stone, with buff trimmings; the base is of Cape Ann granite, and the principal openings are embellished with shafts of polished Scotch granite. The main entrance to the building is on Fifteenth street, where a vaulted porch leads through a tower about one hundred feet high into the hall, which contains the grand staircase and the elevator. Ascending the grand staircase, we find on the north side of the hall the chief rooms of the association, and on the south side the audience-room, which, with its galleries, will seat fifteen hundred people. The good that this institution has accomplished cannot be stated statistically. It is large, and likely to be larger, for the world moves, and never backward, in morals.

From the mission of to-day to the academy of the last century, through hospitals and schools, until we find ourselves here. Let us rest after the journey, by taking a quiet stroll in the neighborhood. If we go to Rittenhouse Square, we can contrast the splendid mansions which surround it with the tumble-down dens of Alaska street. If we are loth to do that, we can listen to the splashing of the fountain and congratulate ourselves that there is no lack of these silvery shafts—obelisks of purity—in our beautiful city. We proceed, perhaps, to Walnut street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, where, looking west, we see the sunshine brightening the comfortable houses on the right, and breaking on the left along the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity. It is a pleasant place here; much too pleasant to be invaded by the roar of business, which is fast turning Chestnut street into Bedlam.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.



LINCOLN MONUMENT.

THE spell which Fairmount exercises over those who are familiar with its beauty may be summed up in a couplet. It was written a little over a hundred years ago by a queer young Irishman, who had rambled for awhile about the continent,—nobody seems to know exactly why,—and who, on his return to England, had settled down into a bookseller's hack,—the most charming hack that ever illustrated literature. He wrote prose and poetry better than any man of his day; and among his poems was one descriptive of his rambles, entitled "The Traveler." With his usual want of sense, this person, Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, sought no patron for his poem, but dedicated it—like the simpleton he was—to his brother, a poor country clergyman.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untraveled fondly turns to thee."

The couplet often recurs to us while we are pursuing our daily avocations, and never more strongly than when we wander along the crowded streets of a poor neighborhood. We must have a glimpse of nature, we say to ourselves; we must have a walk in Fairmount. Where there's a will there's a way, so we soon find our way to the Green street gate. We pass the Art Gallery without entering, for just at present we care nothing about pictures,—patriotic, scriptural, allegorical, or otherwise,—and following the main promenade, we come in sight of a marble pedestal, upon which sits, in bronze, the effigy of a man. We saw one such, you remember, at Laurel Hill, and a self-satisfied effigy it was. Very different is the man before us,—thoughtful, serious, melancholy. He filled an exalted position in his life-time, and since his death has passed into the history of his time as the man of the people.

“One of the people! Born to be
 Their curious epitome:
 To share, yet rise above,
 Their shifting hate and love.
 Common his mind, (it seemed so then,)
 His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
 Plain were his words, and poor,—
 But now they will endure!
 No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
 But prudent, cautious, pliant still:
 Who, since his work was good,
 Would do it as he could.
 Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
 And, lacking prescience, went without:
 Often appeared to halt,
 And was, of course, at fault;
 Heard all opinions, nothing loth,
 And, loving both sides, angered both:
 Was—*not* like Justice, blind,
 But watchful, clement, kind.
 No hero this of Roman mould;
 Nor like our stately sires of old:
 Perhaps he was not great—
 But he preserved the State!
 O honest face, which all men knew!
 O tender heart, but known to few!
 O wonder of the age,
 Cut off by tragic rage!”

Honor to Abraham Lincoln! What shall we say of the statue of Lincoln? We might say something for it, and something against it, though nothing against it when it is compared with its hideous counterpart in New York. No famous man of modern times was less heroic in appearance than Lincoln. He was tall, gaunt, clumsily-made, everything, in a word, that ideal art shrinks from. If we



TERRACES—LEMON HILL.

consider the difficulty of the task which was imposed upon the sculptor when he set to work on a model of Lincoln, we see that it has been met and overcome. The likeness is excellent, and the posture is natural and easy. Which one of President Lincoln's official acts will be decided of most importance by posterity, we can only conjecture. Contemporary judgment suggests his Proclamation of Emancipation. It is this, therefore, that the statue of Mr. Rogers suggests, as far as a statue can; and it was on the anniversary of the Proclamation, September 22d, 1870, that the Lincoln statue was unveiled in the presence of fifty thousand people, who were what they

inscribed themselves on one of the faces of the pedestal, "a grateful people." The South speaks there. The East speaks on the eastern face:—"Let us here

highly resolve that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the face of the earth." The North speaks on the northern face:—"I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within the States in rebellion

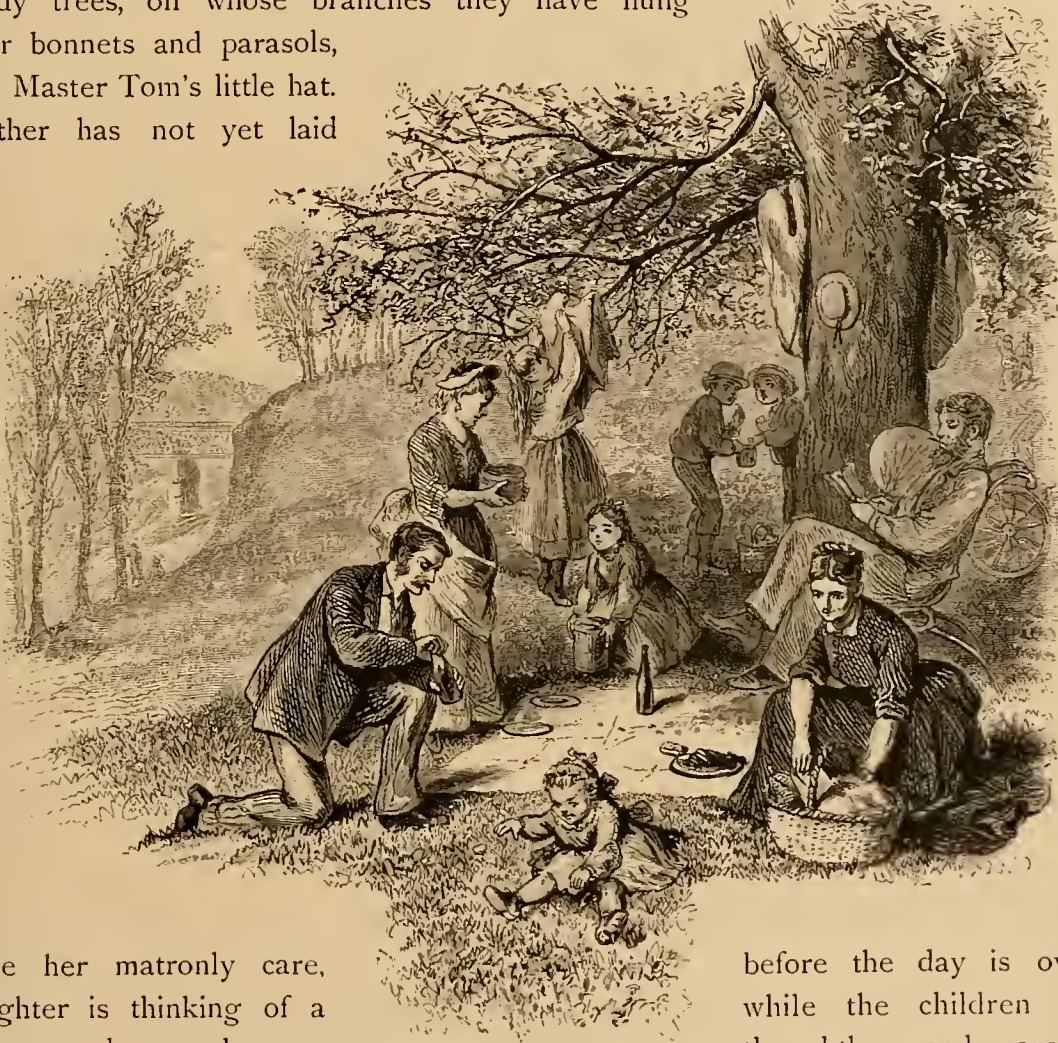
are, and henceforth shall be, free." The West speaks on the western face:—"With malice towards none, with charity towards all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in." The work

is finished, thank God! and North, South, East, and West are one again,—“one and indivisible,”—like the Colonies which laid the foundation of the Republic a hundred years ago.

We pass the Lincoln statue, which stands at the foot of Lemon Hill, and stroll along the plateau to the right. We are surrounded by picturesqueness, for nature and art strive to excel each other here. It was a favorite spot with the Founder, who lavished his sylvan taste upon it, in the shape of walnuts, hawthorns, hazels, and fruit trees, which he sent from England; trees, shrubs, rare seed, and roots, which he sent from Maryland; and grapes, which he sent from France. He also directed that the most beautiful wild flowers of the woods should be transplanted hither. They flourished, except the grapes, which were remembered, however, in the early name of the place,—“Old Vineyard Hill.” A century or so later it was known as “The Hills.” Under this last name it became historic ground, chiefly through our great Revolutionary financier, Robert Morris, who resided here for twenty-eight years. He had a fine house in town, but it was his habit to dine at the Hills on Sunday. He gave grand dinners, and had the grandest company,—statesmen, soldiers, heroic hearts, the great men of the time. We see them, in thought, walking through the grounds, but not in the mansion at the Hills. It has gone, and the Hills have gone. We have now the present mansion, which was built later, and we have Lemon Hill. We have passed the little fountain and the goldfish glancing about in its basin, and have ascended the flight of stone steps on the sides of the terrace. The view to right and left along the slopes of verdure on the eastern front, and the flowering shrubs, japonicas, lilacs, and the like, is a beautiful one. There is an elegance in shapely terraces, well-made walks, and level lawns which Nature seldom attains when left to itself. Shall we follow the stream of pleasure-seekers which flow around us, and, mounting the steps of the old mansion, saunter on the broad piazza, which has a fine outlook; or shall we loiter, as many are doing, near the pavilion and listen to the playing of the band? The music is good, but not the best,—not Beethoven’s or Mozart’s, which would be lost, perhaps, in that *dolce far niente*. Opera bouffe does not tempt us, so we stroll on, beneath the old trees, pines, oaks, horse-chestnuts, until we find a spot that suits us,—a banqueting-place for our minds.

The Park here is literally a banqueting-place, for it is given up, in summer, to innumerable little family picnics. They start early in the morning, these happy families, mothers and children, master and miss in their teens, little masters and misses only a few summers old, Aunt Rachel, grandmamma,—they all start, and

the Park reached, they wend their way from the horse-cars, and coming to Lemon Hill, as we have, they resolutely leave the crowd and pick out a cosy spot where there are trees, and where they can see the sparkling Schuylkill. They are here already, under the shady trees, on whose branches they have hung their bonnets and parasols, and Master Tom's little hat. Mother has not yet laid



FAMILY PICNIC.

aside her matronly care, daughter is thinking of a young gentleman who may possibly join the party

They romp, they run, they dance, play tag, ball,—what games in vogue do they not play?—and go where they please. It is Liberty Hall everywhere, which it would not be if Fairmount were the Central Park. When the sun gets towards the nooning, papa and, perhaps, grandpapa make their appearance in time for lunch. The cloth is laid, the baskets are opened, the dishes are set, the lunch is brought out, and they begin. The journey, the fresh air, the absence of the city,—something has sharpened their appetites

before the day is over; while the children are thoughtless and careless and as merry as grigs.

wonderfully. Bread and butter, fried chickens, cake disappear with unparalleled celerity. *Presto!* the lunch is gone. Papa now lights his cigar, and reads his newspaper, or a book,—most likely his book. Mamma and the girls gather up the dishes, and the children fall to romping as before. What Roman emperor was it who said he had lost a day? If he were alive now, and picnicking here, he would confess that he had found his lost day. The sun is setting behind the hills of the West Park, and group after group wend their way back to the horse-cars. Their baskets are lighter than they were in the morning; their spirits are high. This is one way of going to and returning from Lemon Hill. Another way is to take a boat in the morning, and row your party up the river until you find a spot you like, where you land, and have your picnic. You have an hour or two to spare afterwards, so you return to the boat, and row the ladies up the river. If you are an amateur oarsman, you are ambitious to show off. You are going to let them see how close you can sail in the wake of the steamer as it goes paddling away towards Rockland. Take *Punch's* advice, Jason,—“don’t.” The boat will wobble, Medea will be ducked, and you will catch a crab and look foolish. A pleasant way of ending the day is to start before sunset, and row as far as the Falls, where you can get a supper of catfish, broiled chicken, and waffles. Refreshed and strengthened with these, Jason, you can return by moonlight. You can say then all the soft nothings that come in your head, and sing any sentimental song you may remember. Medea will not be critical.



TAKING THE WAVES.

A few years hence, when she has your brood about her knee—but we must not drift into Mythology.

Among the light, elegant accomplishments which have obtained a foothold among us in the past ten or twenty years, none has become so popular as the charming out-door sport of croquet. We suppose it came from England last, and from France first; but whatever its origin, we wanted it, and adopted it at once. It was a pleasant summer pastime for the country; it called out just emulation enough to make it interesting, and required just exercise enough to make it healthy. Children were not too young for it, nor grown folks too old: it was suited alike to the rich and the poor. The ladies like it, because it shows them to great advantage—a tricky spirit, playing hide-and-seek with their charms. It discovers a tiny rosebud among the lilies of Clementina, and it ripens the buds of Lucilla into full-blown roses. Tom, Dick, and Harry, stalwart men that they are, find themselves the better for it. It requires less skill than billiards, and it supplies more fun; it is less absorbing, and more social. On a fine summer afternoon the broad lawns of Lemon Hill are crowded with players and spectators, and a very pretty picture the different groups make,—the gay dresses of the ladies contrasting with the sober grays and blacks of their companions, and the movements of both with the grass under their feet, the trees around, and the sky overhead. Let us watch them as they play croquet. Lucilla is interested in the game, no doubt, but not enough to forget herself for a moment. Note the studied grace of her motions as she grasps her mallet and calculates the angle of the ball; she will hit the stake without deranging a fold of drapery or a tress of hair. Is she playing the game of hearts as well as croquet? Certainly, for she is a young and beautiful woman, a born coquette. She covets admiration, adoration. Clementina is as artful in her seeming negligence, and more dangerous on account of it. Fresh, confiding, tender-hearted, (ah, minx!) every man of us flatters himself that he is the favored lover. Is it not so? Young Cræsus peers askance through his eyeglass, and Fred Fineboy looks as if he would like to knock somebody about with his mallet. Pshaw, lads, you have the game in your own hands. “Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.” Good-by, young people. We are going among the elders, who, like yourselves, are playing croquet at Lemon Hill. They are of the sterner sex, and they bring to the sport the skill with which they play billiards, and put stocks up and down. It is a match game, and the players are experts; money will change hands among them and the spectators, but it will not be ours. We came out for pleasure, and this, look you, is business.

A CENTURY AFTER.



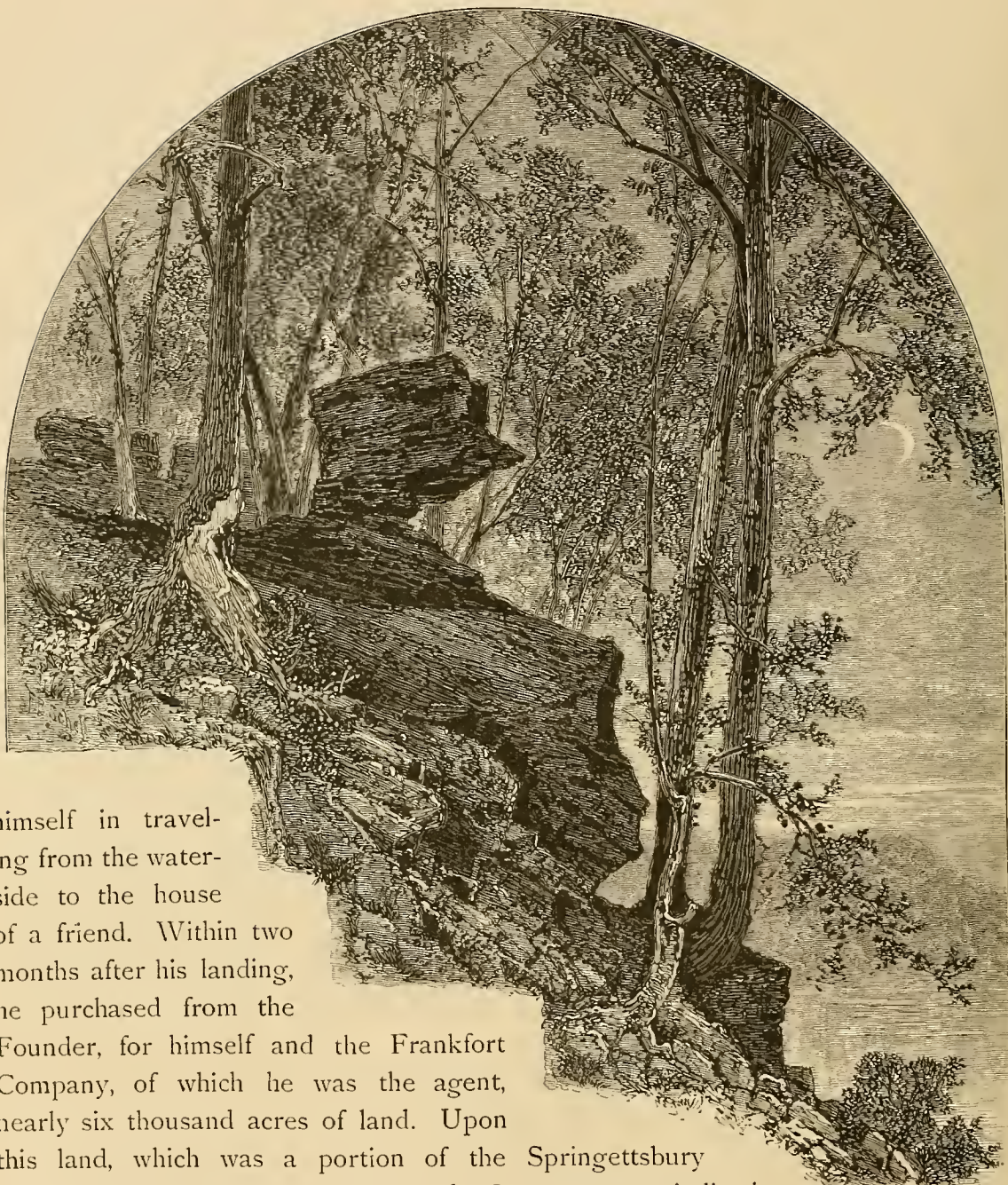
Let us go elsewhere—but where? Not to Mount Pleasant, for we were there not long ago, nor to Strawberry Mansion, nor Laurel Hill; but to the Wissahickon, a long and pleasant drive, in which we shall pass these places in

the East Park, keeping the river in sight all the while, and the wooded slopes of the West Park until they end on the heights of Chamouni. A greater contrast than exists between Fairmount and the Wissahickon cannot well be

CROQUET.

imagined. We leave a region of broad lawns, rolling uplands and ravines, and rocky river banks, and enter a long, narrow valley, hedged in by steep hills studded from top to bottom with oaks, maples, and chestnuts. The scenery is of the most primeval character, the valley being a natural gorge, through which a little creek or river works its way. It is a quiet stream, with scarcely a ripple on its current, except when it is swollen with heavy rains in spring and autumn. The precipitous sides of the gorge are covered with wild forest trees and vines, which grow down to and overhang the water's edge along its whole extent. The further we advance the wilder the view; every turn and bend reveals new elements and strange combinations of romantic picturesqueness.

The Wissahickon retains its Indian name, or rather names, for it seems to have had two, each equally descriptive of it, viz., *Wisamickan*, "Catfish creek," and *Wisaucksickan*, "yellow-colored stream." It was a favorite haunt with the Indian tribe that dwelt hereabout,—the Leni Lenape, or original people, a race, says Heckewelder, who were in his time the same that they were from the beginning, and were acknowledged by nearly forty tribes as their grandfathers. Their possessions originally extended from the highest sources of the Delaware and the Susquehanna, the lower Minnisink being their headquarters. At last their supremacy, which was acknowledged for centuries, was disputed by the tribes known as the Six Nations, who, about the middle of the last century, succeeded, by the assistance of the whites, in driving them from their ancient hunting-grounds. The conquest of the Delawares, as they were then called, and their exile from the valley of the Delaware, is a melancholy episode in aboriginal history. The last council is called; no fire is kindled; no song of mirth is heard. The corn and dried venison are collected; the tribe is ready to depart. The aged chief steps forward and speaks:—"Let us take a last, lingering look as the departing rays of light are shed upon the Blue Hills, and then go hence to that strange land, whilst the sun sleeps behind the mountain that the white robber may not laugh at our tears." The Leni Lenape are gone, but they have left their memory along the banks of the Wissahickon, dividing its traditions with those of the early German settlers. The advent of the Founder, and the freedom of belief which he represented, attracted in his train a thoughtful, independent element from the German people. Its first exponent was Pastorius, who sailed from England with a shipload of his countrymen early in 1683, and after being chased, as they feared, by the cruel and enslaving Turks, landed at Philadelphia on the twentieth day of the sixth month. Philadelphia, which then consisted of three or four little cottages, was surrounded by woods, in which he frequently lost



himself in traveling from the water-side to the house of a friend. Within two months after his landing, he purchased from the Founder, for himself and the Frankfort Company, of which he was the agent, nearly six thousand acres of land. Upon this land, which was a portion of the Springettsbury manor, Germantown was commenced. Its name was indicative of the nationality of the first inhabitants, who were also called Palatines. It grew so rapidly that in 1689 it was incorporated into a borough-town, Pastorius being its first bailiff; and it claims the honor of erecting, a year or two later, the first paper-mill in the New World. This was built by William Rittenhouse, or Rittinghausen, a Hollander, who had carried on

SPHINX ROCK.

the business of paper-making in his own country. Gabriel Thomas, who came from England in the ship "John and Sarah," in 1681, and who resided in Pennsylvania about fifteen years—old Gabriel Thomas says, in 1696, that all sorts of good paper were made in the German town, as well as fine German linen. And Pastorius, writing in 1718, says, that God had made of a desert an enclosed garden, and the plantations about it a fruitful field. Germantown was a very primitive place. The houses were made of logs, the interstices being filled with river rushes mixed with clay; they were plastered inside with clay and straw, over which was spread a thin coat of lime. They were one-story, and so low that a man six feet high could touch the roof; they stood with their gable-ends to the road, and their roofs, which were high and hipped, were occasionally tiled. Rude and homely as they were, they were palatial when compared with the caves in which Pastorius lodged at his landing. They were the dwellings of the commonalty; his own house, at Chestnut Hill, was such as befitted a member of Assembly and a bailiff, not to say a scholar, which he was, writing Latin, we are quaintly told, in a good hand. He left a work in manuscript, entitled "The Bee," and "A Description of Pennsylvania," which was published in Holland. Oblivion claimed it long ago, but hath spared us thus much knowledge of its author, Francis Daniel Pastorius, who died about 1720.

While Pastorius and his hardy Palatines were clearing away the woods at Chestnut Hill, and raising log-houses at Germantown, and grist-mills and paper-mills along the Wissahickon, there was growing up a German youth, in Siebenburgen, in Transylvania. His name was Johann Kelpius, and his family, tradition says, was noble. All that we know of him is, that he was a student of Dr. Fabritius, of Helmstadt; that he learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and English; that he was a reader of the mystical philosophers; and that he emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1694. With him came more than forty others, most of whom were in easy circumstances, men of learning like himself, and whose object, like his, was to increase their piety by leading solitary lives. They arrived among their countrymen at Germantown, where they were said to have shone "as a peculiar light," but they settled chiefly on the Ridge, the range of hills on the west bank of the Wissahickon. They called themselves the Society of the Woman in the Wilderness. Kelpius was their leader. They believed in celibacy and the approach of the Millennium. Kelpius was certain that he should not die before he saw the Millennium. But he was mistaken. He died in 1708, at the age of thirty-five, sitting in his garden and attended by his children—spiritual children, and those he taught gratis, who wept as for the loss of a father.

Kelpius was a learned man, as learning went then, and his writings, which are confined to manuscript, are said to be acute, except as regards the peculiar religious opinions entertained by him. They were an outgrowth of the period, derived, probably, from the works of Jacob Bœhme, and as such may be interesting to the student of religious thought, but not to the world at large, which has outgrown mystical interpretations of the Scriptures. Kelpius professed love and charity for all, and desired to live without a name or sect. The Society of the Woman in the Wilderness held together until his death, when the bands that had bound the brotherhood were loosened. Woman out of the wilderness was too much for them. They no longer looked for the Millennium, but consoled themselves by marrying. The work of Kelpius was continued, after a fashion, by three of his disciples, Conrad Mathias, Christopher Witt, (a doctor of medicine, who believed in astrology and other exploded tomfooleries,) and John Seelig. Seelig came over with Kelpius, whom he survived thirty-seven years, dying in 1745, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. He lived a hermit, like his master, and wore the coarsest garments. Such, in brief, were the early worthies of Germantown and the Wissahickon, concerning whom, should he desire further information, we refer the reader to the antiquarian sketches of Mr. Horatio Gates Jones, and the rambling pages of gossipy old Watson.

Just above Falls Bridge, on the left of the river drive of the East Park, we pass the Sphinx Rock, which possesses the merit, not common in these natural monuments, of somewhat resembling the antique figure from which it is named. What riddle does this forest Sphinx propound to us, and what would come to it if we should happen to guess it? We shall not try, for we have no wish to see it plunging from the precipitous bank into the river. Hereabouts, on the edge of the sloping bank, there is a platform in the spreading branches of an old tree. It is near a beer garden, by whose host it was erected, probably at the suggestion of some bibulous customers, who wanted to have a high old time there. Is the lager any better up yonder, Hans, than it is down here? He does not answer,—perhaps he does not hear, but he orders more beer, which is a sufficient answer to one who is athirst. Hans and Carl and Louis frequent, in fine weather, the neighboring Schuetzen Park. They come with Gretchen and Maria and Pauline, sweethearts and wives and children, (a true Kindergarten this,) and enjoy themselves in the old German fashion, eating, drinking, and making merry. Yesterday the Turners were here: to-morrow, may be, they will have a Schuetzenfest. If there were one hundred holidays in the year they would manage to keep them all. When pleasure is in order, they go a-pleasuring:

when labor is in order, they labor like men. Provident, thrifty, indefatigable, they are an example to our native citizens in the matter of work as well as play. Descendants of the same earnest race as Kelpius, they have outgrown the ascetic follies of the Pietists, the Hermits of the Ridge, and the Tunkers; and if they occasionally make pilgrimages here, they come, not like the last, through the woods, silently, following each other in Indian file, with the hoods of



PLATFORM IN TREE.

their gray surtouts drawn over their heads, barefooted, with cords around their waists, but in their holiday attire, noisy, jubilant, everywhere at home. Jacob Bœhme has given place to Prince Bismarck, and Dr. Martin Luther to Lager.

We have passed Wissahickon Hall, where we can obtain ices and other light diets in summer, and catfish and coffee at all seasons, and further on, Maple Spring Hotel, where we can satisfy the sense of the grotesque with Father Smith's gnarled statuary, and can procure row-boats for as long or short a time as we may desire. We could not have taken this drive fifty years ago, for the Wissahickon was inaccessible then, except by by-roads and lanes. At the Ridge road below, for example, a mass of rock stood on one side and a precipice on the other; there was also a fall, ten or twelve feet in height, where the brawling creek emptied into the Schuylkill. Now there are good roads here, as we see, on either side, for when one side is too mountainous,

the drive deftly crosses to the other. There is a bridge on the Ridge road, another at Rittenhouse street, and others above. Just below the Rittenhouse Street Bridge, on the west bank of the Wissahickon, is the Lover's Leap. The summit is reached by clambering the heights up a well-worn path and by keeping along the brow of a cliff, or, with greater labor and danger, by struggling up directly from its base. It overlooks a wild gorge and is fully two hundred feet above the level of the stream—a rugged steep of jutting rocks, shattered and splintered by frost and disintegrated by time. It requires some nerve to ascend it, for the rocks have, in some places, a sheer perpendicular descent of fifty or sixty feet. Kelpius is said to have carved his name on the face of the highest rock; but the act is not in keeping with his expressed wish to live without a name. If he carved it at all, it may have been in some ecstatic vision of the Woman in the Wilderness, "clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet and the twelve stars on her forehead." However this may be, the inscription, if it ever existed, is no longer legible. The Lover's Leap is well known to artists, who are fond of sketching it and its surroundings, but it is seldom seen by ordinary visitors, who like to "do" the picturesque easily. The most characteristic features of the Wissahickon lie within a short distance—say five or eight hundred feet—of each other, in the immediate vicinity, but they are a book shut up, a fountain sealed, to most pleasure-seekers, who only know of them by hearsay, or catch a glimpse of them from the carriage drive. But the Lover's Leap—what story or tradition does it preserve? We are not told distinctly, but whatever the tradition or story, it doubtless concerned some amatory scion of the Leni Lenapes, possibly the Princess Winona, whose memory and misfortunes are preserved, however, in another Lover's Leap, near the Delaware Water Gap. But what matter who was done to death here? Wherever there are woods and rocks and falling waters, there is a Lover's Leap, a Devil's Pool, and a Bridal Veil.

A quarter of a mile below the Lover's Leap there is a spring with which tradition has associated the name of Kelpius. It is about one hundred yards from the brow of a hill, which slopes towards the creek, and is reached by a lane, which passes through the woods above Maple Spring. It is carefully walled at the sides and back and overhead, either by the hands of Kelpius or his fellow-hermits, and a venerable cedar, which he is believed to have planted, grows out of and forms a part of the wall to the left and rear. Its roots twine among and strengthen the old masonry, neighboring therein the gnarled roots of



LOVER'S LEAP.

a stunted dogwood. A short distance above this natural spring is, or was, a hut, which is said to have been the home of Kelpius. It stood upon the side of a steep, grassy hill, with a southerly exposure in winter, and was made of rough-hewn logs, the interstices of which were plastered over. It was neglected after his death; the walls tumbled down, and foxes burrowed in the cellar. From this last circumstance the name of the township, Rocksburrow, afterwards Roxborough, is said to have been derived. The cellar remained intact, in spite of the foxes, and at a later period a one-story house or hut was built upon it. This was occupied by Mistress Phœbe Ritter, a widow, who took in washing there, and who died some thirty years ago, over ninety years of age.

Following the road upward, we reach a bend in the stream, where Paper-mill run joins it in a little series of waterfalls. Near the last of these, which has a perpendicular descent of twenty feet, stands the old house in which David Rittenhouse was born. A grandson of Garret Rittenhouse,—whose paper-mill was close by,—he was born in the same year as Washington. He worked on his father's farm in boyhood; but as he was often found with the plow idle in the furrow and the fence covered with figures, it was clear that his thoughts were elsewhere. When he was twelve he came in possession of the mathematical tools of a dead uncle, and a translation of Newton's "*Principia*." These determined his career. Before he was seventeen he made, without any assistance, a wooden clock, and before he was nineteen he discovered, also without any assistance, the method of fluxions. His father, at last, furnished him with a set of clock-maker's tools, and before he was of age he followed the trade of a clock-maker, rating his time by astronomical observations. The first work by which he became known, and which he constructed solely at night,—in his idle hours, as he called them,—was a great orrery, after a new and more perfect plan than had hitherto obtained. When it was finished it was purchased by Princeton College, a second, after the same model, being purchased by the University of Pennsylvania. But before this, in 1763, he was commissioned by the proprietary government to measure the first and most difficult part of the boundary line, since known as Mason and Dixon's. He also determined the boundary line between New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, as well as the boundaries of other colonies and States before and after the Revolution. In 1774 he was appointed to calculate the transit of Venus. He was State treasurer from 1777 to 1789, and two years later he succeeded Franklin as president of the American Philosophical Society; the next year he was appointed director of the Mint, and the year

before his death was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of London. He died in 1796, in his sixty-fifth year. Philosopher, astronomer, inventor, man of industry and probity, who had no time to get rich; such was the child of Dutch descent, who first saw the light in this old house.



KELPIUS' SPRING.

We follow the drive half a mile, and crossing the Red Bridge soon reach the Monastery. When and by whom it was erected antiquarians are not agreed. It appears to have been built about 1750, by Joseph Gorgas, a member of the Society of Tunkers. It was doubtless his intention to gather here and about himself a community of his own sect, and he probably did so, though not for any length of time, for in 1761 he removed to Germantown and sold the property. It passed through several hands till the beginning of the present century, when it was owned by a miller. It was afterwards used

as a paper-mill. Watson, who wrote about twenty years ago, states that its then owner converted it into a dwelling. He also states that this person, who was a manufacturer of flax thread and twine, closed many of the windows. Other changes were made by other occupants until it was left what it is now, a three-storied stone house with an old-fashioned hollow cornice. It stands on high ground, on the brow of a hill, with a range of hills towering above it. A lane winds round the bend of the bluff, and climbing its steep side forms, in front, a semi-circular lawn. The outlook here, from the broad porch, and the uplook from the romantic dell below, are magnificent; for, what with the hills around and the great mossy rocks studded with stunted trees, Nature is in her wildest mood. Below, in the Willow Glen, there is a spot which is known as the Baptistery. Tradition says that converts were baptized here by the brethren of the Monastery. They were called monks, and were probably Seventh-Day Baptists, similar to those who founded cloisters at Snow Hill and Ephrata.

The Pipe Bridge crosses the Wissahickon about three miles and a half from its mouth. It spans the valley at an altitude of one hundred feet above the level of the stream, stretching from pier to pier in light festoons. It is of iron throughout, except the bases of the piers, which are set in masonry, and is a model of grace and strength. Its length is nearly seven hundred feet. Two twenty-inch mains, which form its top chords, convey the water supply of Germantown from the Roxborough to the Mount Airy reservoir. A little wooden bridge spans the river a short distance above the Pipe Bridge. Above that, on the east side, are Cresheim creek and the Devil's Pool, which we have seen, you remember; and above these is a stone bridge with strong buttresses, crossing which we are in sight of Valley Green Hotel. We can obtain refreshments at this favorite stopping-place and can hire boats, if so inclined, and row down to the mouth of Cresheim creek. But wherever we go and whatever we do, we must not forget to observe the effect of the bridge on the water. Its reflection is so perfect on fine days that we see an entire oval of masonry instead of a single arch and its mirrored shadows. The deception is marvelous. Half a mile further up we come to a marble fountain, which is rememberable as being the first drinking-fountain erected in Philadelphia. It stands in a sylvan spot, on the left of the road, among rocks, and is covered with ferns and wild flowers. A mountain spring constantly fills its basin. No wine so delicious in summer as its clear, cold, sparkling vintage. Earliest of all our fountains, whose name



ON THE WISSAHICKON.

now is legion, it preserves the memory of John Cook, by whom it was erected eighteen years ago, and of Charles Magarge, the owner of the spring. It was erected, as the slab above declares, "*Pro bono publico.*" May the wish inscribed below, "*Esto perpetua,*" be fulfilled.

We find fewer traces of the aborigines than we should have expected along the Wissahickon, and the traditions concerning them, when there are any, are vague and unsatisfactory. We passed one Indian locality, the Lover's Leap: we shall pass another, the Indian Rock. It is half a mile above the first fountain. The river there enters a deep gorge, whose sides are covered with woods, which repeat themselves in the dark mirror below. The water is so still that the rocks which are scattered up and down the creek create no ripples in its crystal current. Stillness broods everywhere—the silence of the unbroken forest. But yonder, on the summit of the eastern hills, rises the Indian Rock. It is square, with a deep hollow below it, and resembles a fire-place or a pulpit. Yes, it shall be a pulpit, and the rude figure of an Indian which stands out shall be a preacher. What sermons doth he preach in stone? And who is he? He was placed there, we are told, in memory of the last chief of the Leni Lenape. He lingered hereabout on his old hunting-grounds long after his tribe had gone. At last he too made up his mind to go, and gathering together his dusky remnants, forty souls, as the missionaries would say, mostly women, he departed, bag and baggage. We may fancy him striding away, with his blanket wrapped around him, and his tall feathers nodding, and the women following with the packs strapped to their backs, and, possibly, a papoose or two. Good-by, Tedyuscung, and good riddance. For if thou art he, as some believe, thou wert addicted to fire-water. Go thy crooked ways, bad Indian, or we will put thee in the stocks.

A mile further on, and we have reached the northern limits of the Park. We cross a bridge here, and ascending a height are at Chestnut Hill, where many Philadelphians have summer residences, and a noble outlook over broad farm-lands and distant mountains. Historic ground lies hereabout, especially at Germantown. It is the morning of October 4th, 1777. The British have drawn their line across the Germantown road, and Washington is on the road from Metuchen Hills to attack them. Greene commands the left wing, which consists of the divisions of Wayne and Sullivan, the brigade of Conway, and the brigades of Nash and Maxwell. He is to attack the right wing of the British, and Armstrong the left wing, which rests on the Schuylkill. The night march is made in silence, and the morning, when it comes, is foggy. We surprise the

pickets of the enemy, and fall upon his infantry. "Have at the bloodhounds!" They waver; the bugles sound a retreat. Cornwallis hears it in Philadelphia, and orders his grenadiers to march. Howe hears it in Germantown, and starting from his bed, dresses in haste, and tries to check the fugitives. It is only a scouting party, he says; but a shower of grape from our cannon sends him riding back to camp. In the meantime, Musgrave has thrown himself into Chew's house, with six companies, and barricaded the windows and doors.



CHEW'S MANSION.

We advance slowly, keeping up an incessant fire at every house and hedge that checks our pursuit. Washington comes with a part of the reserve, and Musgrave is commanded to surrender. His reply is a volley of musketry, which wounds the officer who carries the flag. The British blaze away at us, and our cannon are brought to bear, but they are too light to breach the walls. Washington leaves a regiment here, and rides to the front. But where is Greene all this time? He is three-quarters of an hour late, and his line of

battle has to advance two miles through swamps and thickets. When he enters the village the enemy is prepared for him; he is outflanked. He is driven back. Woodford, on his extreme right, strays to Chew's house, where he halts, and orders his field-pieces to play upon it. What is this new fire in our rear? ask the men of Wayne's division. It must be the British. They fall back. Washington, who is exposed to the hottest fire, sees that the day is lost, and gives the word to retreat. It is made in good order, and just in time, for a few minutes later he would have confronted the grenadiers of Cornwallis, who are approaching on the full run. So ends the battle of Germantown, of which the most interesting episode, for us, is the skirmish around Chew's house.

But who is this that cometh, laden with parcels and packages,—a fugitive fleeing for his life, alarmed at the battle that is going on? Battle, fugitive,—you are dreaming. He is that happy man, a Germantown husband. It is his business, perhaps his pleasure, to go into Philadelphia on certain stated days of the week, and purchase there and bring home what his better-half needs for the household. It may be a basket of groceries; it is certain to be two or three bundles of dry goods; very likely it is a doll-baby for little Seraphina. You didn't think of this, did you, Benedict, when you were paying attention to Beatrice? But take it easy, man; for as Ophelia says, "We know what we are, but know not what we may be." You might be worse than a good Germantown husband.



ARTS AND SCIENCES.

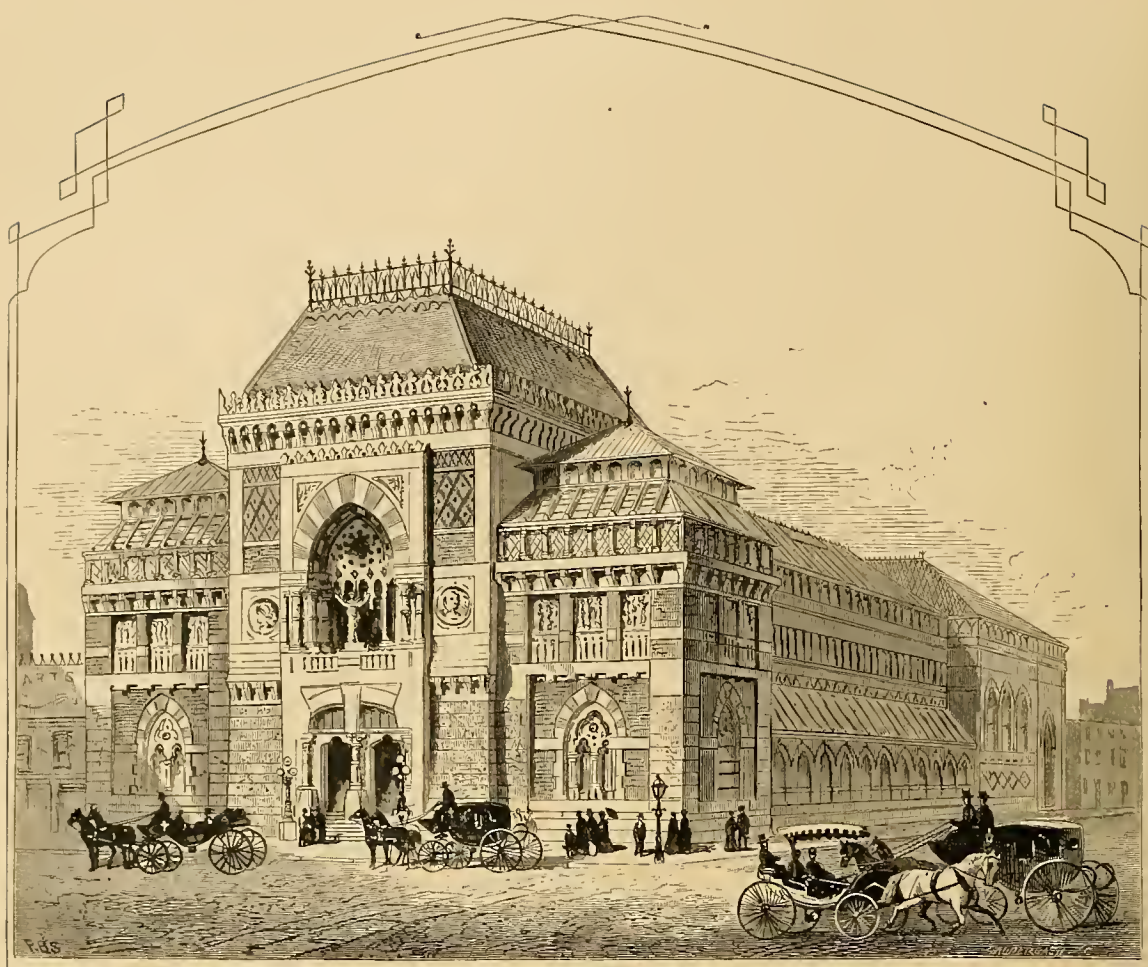
THE history of American art, if it were fully written, would be instructive in many ways. We all think we understand it, or so much of it as pertains to the city of our nativity and our own day. A Bostonian is familiar with the unfinished work of Allston, and the masterly portraits of Hunt and Rouse; a Connecticut connoisseur, with the historical pieces of Trumbull; a New Yorker, with the landscapes of Church and Gifford and McEntee; and a Philadelphian with the historical works of Rothermel, and the marines of Richards and Hamilton. But ask each of these supposititious art authorities what he knows about the local art of the other, its origin, prospects, and present status; nay, ask each what he knows about his own home-art, especially its origin, and unless his studies have led him to investigate it, he has but little to say. When and where did art begin in America? Who were our first painters? What branch did they cultivate,—portraiture, landscape, history, allegory,—and what did they amount to? Among the earliest whose names occur to us are West and Stuart. West is little more than a name to us, the greater part of his long life having passed in England. Stuart we know better, and chiefly by his portrait of Washington, which cannot have escaped us in some form or another. Sully we know, because he lived into our own time. We shall not take it upon us to say that art is better appreciated in Philadelphia than in—say Peoria; but we do say that Philadelphia has a right to be proud of her record in art. We have honored it by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, as we have honored learning by the University of Pennsylvania, and charity by the Pennsylvania Hospital. These last were naturally an early growth of our civilization, sprouting in the old colonial days when the necessities of life demanded attention; but these once founded and in operation, our ancestors turned their thoughts to the elegancies and luxuries of life. The taste for art existed before the Revolution, but it was kept in the background by political events which cast their shadows ominously before them, and after the Revolution it was passive until the smoke of all its battle-fields had cleared away, and the pursuits of peace had returned. That it was active and strong in the first year of the present century is certain, for in the summer of 1805

a meeting of the lovers of art was held at the State House in Philadelphia, and at another meeting, on the 26th of December, the original rules by which the Academy of Fine Arts is governed were adopted. Its charter was granted on May 28th, 1806. The projectors and founders of this institution were seventy in number, and it is an honor to the legal profession to state that forty-one of these gentlemen were lawyers. When the corner-stone of the present Academy was laid, in December, 1872, the last of the founders survived, in the person of the venerable Horace Binney, who was unable to attend the ceremony, being nearly ninety-three years old. It was largely through Mr. Binney's influence that the Academy of Fine Arts was founded. A fellow-worker with him, and an important one, was Joseph Hopkinson, a lawyer and a Philadelphian, whose memory lives, with that of his father, in our early annals. He was a boy of eight or thereabouts, one day in January, when the British men-of-war lying in the Delaware were frightened from their propriety by the appearance, in the morning, of sundry kegs, which came floating down the river from Bordentown. The word spread that they were torpedoes, and they were fired at till the sun set. There was a rebel in each; some went so far as to say that their bayonets projected from the bungholes! The absurdity of the affair tickled the fancy of Francis Hopkinson, the father of Joseph, who wrote a facetious ballad about it, which soon became popular with the army of Washington. Poetry was catching in the family, for twenty years later, when he was a rising lawyer, Joseph Hopkinson was waited upon, one Saturday afternoon, by an actor of his acquaintance, who was to have a benefit on the following Monday night, and who felt blue at the prospect of a bad house. If he could get a patriotic song, written to the tune of the "President's March," he did not doubt of a full house. The poets of the theatre had failed to write one; would his good friend Hopkinson try his hand? He did so, and gave him the song the next afternoon. It was "Hail, Columbia." Other founders of the Academy of Fine Arts worthy of honorable mention were Joseph R. Ingersoll and Henry D. Gilpin, lawyers both, and patrons of art. The latter bequeathed to the Academy, at his death, his collection of pictures, which was estimated at one hundred thousand dollars, and which, as the "Gilpin Gallery," perpetuated his name. Mr. Gilpin was the sixth president of the Academy, the first being George Clymer, one of "the Signers," and the second Judge Hopkinson, who filled the chair for nearly thirty years. The growth of the Academy of Fine Arts was slow, as the growth of such institutions must be in a country where the Government does nothing for them. Founded and maintained by the public spirit of our

citizens, it held its exhibitions, for many years, in a modern building of the Ionic order, which was begun in 1806, and stood on the site of the present American Theatre, on Chestnut street. The first exhibition was held in 1811, and it speaks well for early American art that more than five hundred specimens of painting and statuary were then displayed. The Academy was reconstructed after the fire of June, 1845, and twenty-three years afterward steps were taken to rear a building which should be more worthy of its standing and its treasures.

The Academy of Fine Arts will bear comparison with any institution of the kind in America. It has a front of one hundred feet on Broad street, and a depth of two hundred and fifty-eight feet on Cherry street. Its situation, with a street on each of three sides, and an open space along a considerable portion of the fourth, is very advantageous as regards lighting, and freedom from risk by fire. It is built of brick, the principal entrance, which is two stories high, being ornamented with encaustic tiles, terra-cotta statuary, and light stone dressings. The walls are laid in patterns of red and white brick. Over the main entrance on Broad street there is a large Gothic window with stone tracery; the Cherry street front is relieved by a colonnade supporting arched windows, back of which is the transept and pointed gable. Beyond the entrance vestibule, through which we will suppose we have passed, the main staircase, which starts from a wide hall, leads to the galleries on the second floor. Along the Cherry street side of the Academy are five galleries arranged for casts from the antique; and further on are rooms for drapery painting, and the life class. These have a clear north light which can never be obstructed. On the south side there is a large lecture-room, with retiring-rooms, and back of these are the modeling-rooms, and rooms devoted to the use of students and professors. We have ascended to the second story, and are in the main hall, which extends across the building, and is intended for the exhibition of large works of art. This story is divided into galleries, which are lighted from the top. Through the centre runs a hall which is set apart for the exhibition of statuary, busts, small statues, bass-reliefs, etc. Each side of this hall are the picture-galleries, which are so arranged in size and form as to admit of classification of pictures, and which can be divided into suits where separate exhibitions may be held at the same time. The art collections of the Academy are considered the most valuable in America. They comprise the masterpieces of Stuart, Sully, Allston, West, and other of our early artists, the Gilpin gallery, already mentioned, fine marbles, and *fac similes* of famous statues, and a magnificent gallery of casts from the antique. On the whole, we are proud of our beautiful Academy and its treasures.

A CENTURY AFTER.



ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

Sixty or seventy years ago the population of Philadelphia, including the county, was less than one hundred thousand. It was the principal city of the country, but it contained few places of amusement. The Chestnut Street Theatre was closed during the summer and was opened only three evenings in the week in the winter. The Philadelphia Museum, founded by C. W. Peale, in 1784, was removed to the State House in 1802. Here, and in the public gardens and taverns, and in the scattered oyster-cellars, our young men amused themselves. If one of them had manifested an inclination to study the natural sciences, it would have puzzled him to do so. There was no naturalist of distinction in America, though there were several botanists in Pennsylvania, as the Bartrams and Bartons, and Wilson had begun the publication of his "American Ornithology." There were two or three small collections of minerals in the city, but no work on

mineralogy for sale. The Museum was frequented, but chiefly on account of its monstrosities. A chicken with three legs or a calf with two heads was run after, and perpetual motion was voted superior to the mastodon. About this time, a young Friend, from Bucks county, John Speakman, kept an apothecary's shop at the corner of Market and Second streets. He had a thirst for knowledge, and he sought information from his friends and the customers of his shop, which gradually became a centre of scientific and literary gossip. Among his acquaintances was Jacob Gilliams, a leading dentist, who was in the habit of visiting William Bartram, with whom the ornithologist, Wilson, was very intimate. These visits inspired a love of nature in him, which he imparted to his friends, especially to Speakman, who suggested that if they and their companions could meet each other at stated times, and communicate what they might learn about the phenomena of nature, they would receive more pleasure and profit than from irregular and desultory conversations. Before they parted, such a meeting was agreed to, and was held at the house of Speakman on the evening of January 25th, 1812. From this meeting, which was attended by six gentlemen, came the Academy of Natural Sciences. How slow the growth was, Dr. Ruschenberger, who may be said to be its historian, has told us. It was decided at the start that, while no one was to be questioned concerning his religion or politics, religion and politics should never be alluded to at any meeting. The company organized, appointed Speakman treasurer, and adjourned to report progress. They met several times as before, and not wishing to abuse the hospitality of their host, concluded to assemble at a public house, which was known as "Mercer's cake shop," and is thought to have been the first place where ice cream was sold in Philadelphia. Fearing, however, that visitors to such houses might be expected to become customers, and that they might subside into a club of good-livers, they sought accommodations elsewhere. The present title of the institution was employed for the first time in the minutes for March 21st. So far, there were six members, and they had little to encourage them. "We cannot dissemble to ourselves," they wrote, "that unless we take on ourselves, among our very small number, a responsibility as to character and expenses, that may and must be considerable, and unless we make very extraordinary, zealous, determined, and persevering exertions, the institution must die in the nutshell, before it can germinate and take root; in fine, that unless we be faithful and honorable to each other, and zealous for the interests of science, liberally devote much time, much industry, much labor, much attention, and any sum of money that may be requisite, such an establishment as the one we

desire may never take place, or not for ages, in this community,—a society of generous, good-willing emulation for the acquirement, increase, simplification, and diffusion of natural knowledge.” These were brave words, and they were lived up to. From Mercer’s cake shop, the Society removed to a small room on the second floor of a house on the east side of North Second street, near Race, over a milliner’s shop. There were now seven members, Thomas Say having been elected. He was appointed conservator; Speakman, treasurer; Gilliams, comptroller; Dr. Gerard Troost, president, and Dr. Camillus Mann, secretary. Each gave what he could: Dr. Mann and Speakman books, Parmentier, one of the vice-presidents, a herbarium, collected about Paris, and Dr. Troost some artificial crystals prepared by himself. This was in April. Four months later Speakman purchased a collection of minerals for the museum, advancing the cost from his own private means. The rapid increase of their collections and the smallness of the room in which they were kept compelled the Society to seek larger apartments, which they found on the west side of North Second street, in the upper floor of a three-story house, over an iron store. At the close of the year the Academy of Natural Sciences consisted of fourteen members and thirty-two correspondents. Ten members were elected in 1813 and twenty-five in 1814, the correspondents elected during those years being twenty-four. Larger apartments were demanded in the latter year, and Gilliams proposed to build a hall on a lot at the rear of his father’s house. His offer was accepted, and in the summer of the next year the cabinet and library of the museum were removed to the new hall, in Gilliams’ court. The times were not propitious for the natural sciences, for the country was at war with England, and the importation of scientific books was nearly impossible. Philadelphia was considered in danger, and some of our young scientists were doing duty in camp.

The history of the Academy of Natural Sciences is a history of unwearied devotion on the part of its officers. Its presidents were men of mark, notably so Dr. Troost, who was a mineralogist and chemist. Its second president, William Maclure, was the pioneer of American geology. It was largely through his munificence that the Academy was indebted for what prosperity it had in its early years. His donations to the museum and library were numerous, and he gave, at different times, upwards of twenty-five thousand dollars to the building fund. The reputation of Dr. Morton, its fourth president, was world-wide. The Society was incorporated March 24th, 1817. The publication of its transactions was discussed, and the result was the first number of a journal which appeared in May. Before the close of the year it was found that the demand did not

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

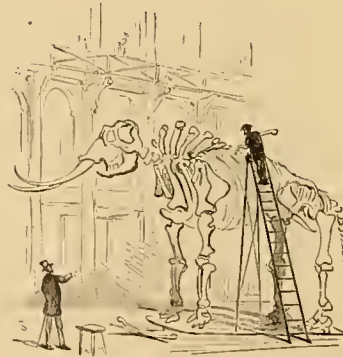


ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

cover the expense of printing. Mr. Maclure supplied types and a printing-press, and a young compositor and pressman went to work on it, in his house. It was discontinued the next year, but revived in 1821 by Dr. Isaac Hays, who conducted it without loss. The publication of the journal introduced the Society to the notice of other learned societies, and the system of exchange once begun has continued to the present day, when about two hundred periodicals are received from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In the sixth year of its existence the Academy appointed standing committees on zoology, botany, mineralogy, and geology. It numbered now about one hundred members and one hundred and ninety correspondents. It was growing so rapidly that a committee was appointed to consider the means of better accommodations. A lot and building were purchased, in January, 1826, at the corner of Twelfth and Sansom streets, and in May the Society moved into this building, which had been used by the New Jerusalem Church. Here the collections increased so steadily that in 1839 a lot was purchased at the corner of Broad and Sansom, and a hall erected. This hall, which was finished in February, 1840, was enlarged some years afterward, at the expense of Dr. T. B. Wilson, to display a magnificent collection of ornithology, which had been purchased by him, and which he presented to the Academy. It is interesting to trace the growth of the different

collections. There is scarcely a spot on the habitable globe which is not represented through its natural history. In 1837 there were about one thousand specimens of birds, two hundred and fifty of which were from Surinam, and two hundred from India. The collection of Dr. Wilson, which was made by the Prince of Essling, contained twelve thousand specimens. This was followed by about two thousand Australian birds, and about a thousand parrots and conirostral birds. The ornithological collection was estimated at thirty-one thousand specimens sixteen years ago. The collection of fishes was estimated at that time at eleven hundred and seventy specimens, of three hundred and seventy-nine genera. The collection of shells was estimated at twenty-five thousand specimens of about nine thousand species. Entomology, crustacea, and zoophytes are largely represented. The collection of botany numbers about fifty thousand specimens. The collection of ethnology, in which Dr. Morton was deeply interested, is one of the best in the world. The library contains over twenty-two thousand volumes, in every department of natural science, reports of geographical and geological expeditions, voyages, travels, and scientific publications in the different European languages.

The want of space caused by the increase of all the collections led the Society to purchase, in 1868, the site of the new Academy of Natural Sciences, at the south-west corner of Nineteenth and Race streets. Upon this lot, which has a front on Nineteenth street of two hundred and eighty-eight feet, and a depth on Race street of one hundred and ninety-eight feet, the north wing was commenced, in July, 1872. The work has progressed as fast as the funds would allow. The subscriptions to the building fund, since 1865, amount to over two hundred thousand dollars. The construction of the north wing, and the cost of its cabinets, will probably reach that sum. The estimated cost of the rest of the building is half a million of dollars.



THE SCHUYLKILL.



TOM MOORE'S COTTAGE.

SEVENTY-TWO years ago there came to this country a young Irishman of twenty-five. He was a poet; that is to say, he had translated Anacreon in fluent verse, and had published a volume of amatory poetry, of which he was soon heartily ashamed. He traveled about here a little, this ingenuous Mr. Little, stopped at Norfolk, where he wrote a lovely ballad about the Dismal Swamp; went to Washington, where he wrote a heroic epistle to a viscount; strayed to the Falls of the Mohawk, which he depicted in rhyme, and then to Buffalo, where he wrote another heroic epistle. In the course of his rambles this epistolary Celtic person visited Philadelphia, and occupied a cottage on the west bank of the Schuylkill, in the neighborhood of the Belmont Water-works. This cottage still remains, and an old tree, under which he may have sat, and celebrations used to be given there in his honor. He had honored our city by living in it, and leaving it. Have you read of late years his "Lines written on

leaving Philadelphia"? Shall we listen to the pipings of this pretty little Pan as he wanders alone by the Schuylkill and gazes on its flowery banks with a sigh? He tells us that he did not remain long unblessed by the smile he languished for, though he scarcely hoped it would soothe him until the threshold of home was pressed by his feet. He tells us that the lays of his boyhood had stolen to the ears of our fair ones, who flattered him by saying they found in his heart something better than fame. Nor did woman deny her enamoring magic—whatever that was: *her* eye was like eyes he had loved, and, like those happy luminaries, had softened and wept at his song. Hear his last sigh, his *suspira de profundis*:

"The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he strayed by the wave of the Schuylkill alone."

Shall we allow this endearing young lover to depart, or shall we detain him a moment on the flowery banks of the Schuylkill? It is the Centennial Year, and we are all good-natured, so we will detain him. He has told us what he thought of our women; he shall tell us now what he thinks of us. "The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride of civilization, while they are still so remote from its higher and better characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America." Poets should never prophesy. The poet and the Vates are no longer one. Your little gifts sleep in unread volumes of verse and prose; your memory lies buried in the unreadable tomes of your noble friend Lord John Russell. We have somehow survived here along the Schuylkill, and are making preparations for the Centennial. We forgive you, Thomas Moore.

How did we come here by the Schuylkill? We rambled up Nineteenth street, from the Academy of Natural Sciences, and, reaching Callowhill street, struck westwardly seven or eight squares, until we found ourselves at the Fairmount Bridge. It is erected on the site of the Wire Bridge, which succeeded an old wooden structure destroyed by fire a number of years ago, at the foot

THE SCHUYLKILL.



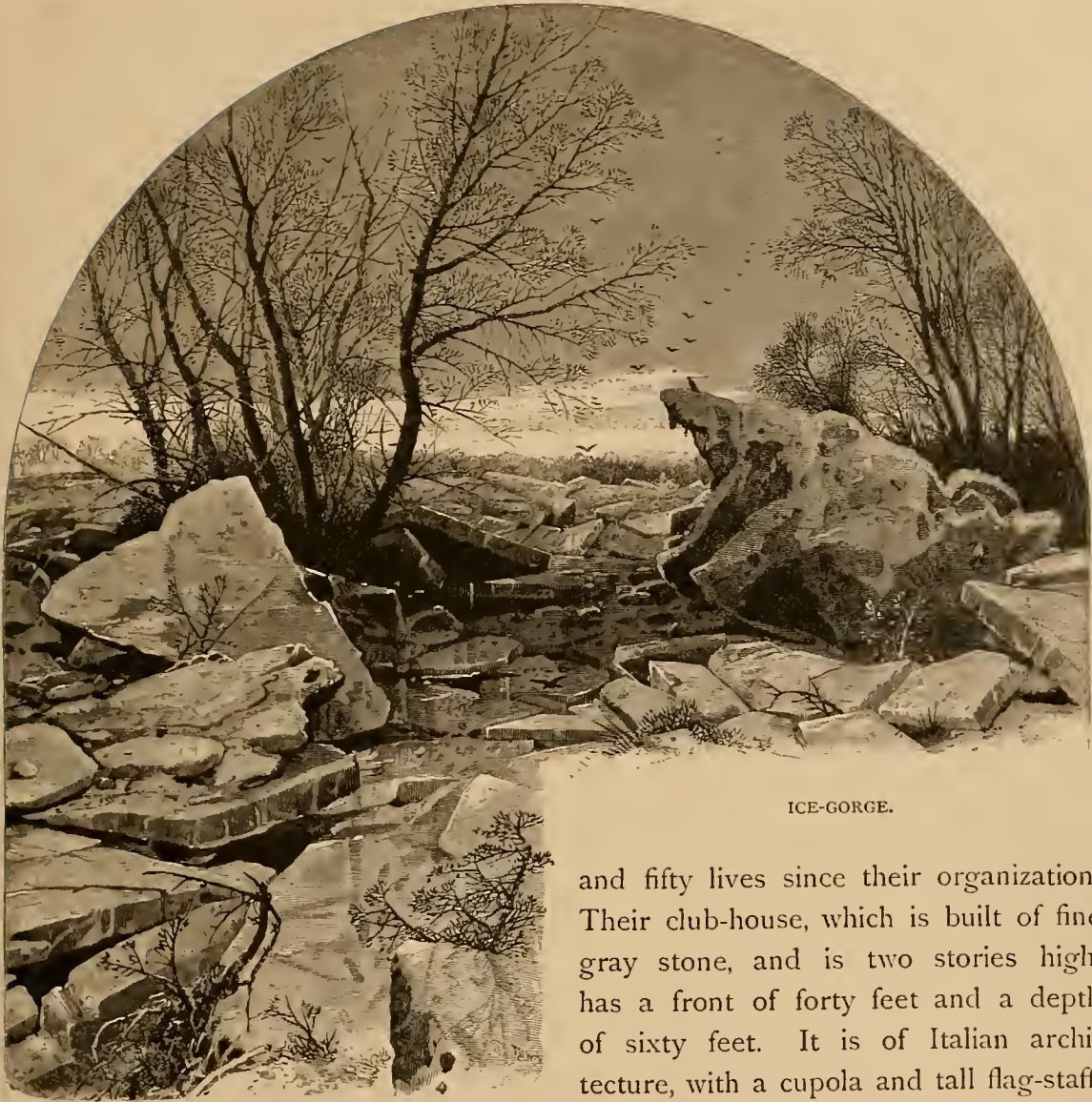
CALLOWHILL STREET (FAIRMOUNT) BRIDGE.

of Callowhill street, known in olden time as Harding's Ferry. This bridge, which was finished in the summer of 1875, is one of the finest we have. It has two decks. The lower one opens on Callowhill street, and the upper one, which rises to a considerable height, at its eastern approach winds around the Fairmount Basin, with an easy declination, into Spring Garden street. Its western end passes over the Pennsylvania Railroad, on a level with the high ground of Mantua Village, now known as the Twenty-fourth Ward, and leads into what was formerly Bridge, but is now Spring Garden, street. The river is spanned by a single iron truss, three hundred feet in length, the eastern and western approaches being built of iron and stone. The outlook from the upper deck, which is a favorite promenade, is grand. We have gained it, and standing here, with the Water-works at our feet, we look up to the north. We see the dam just above us, the little steamboat starting out from its landing, the pretty boat-houses, the Zoological Garden on the opposite bank, and the river winding away, lost among the hills of the Park. Turning our eyes to the south, we look over the city,—over its countless squares of buildings, and their profusion of domes, towers, and spires. A noble view at all times, it is a striking one at night, for then we look down on the immense yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is fairly ablaze with the dazzling lights of its locomotives. Colored lanterns flit hither and thither, along and across the tracks, lifted, waving, lowered,—like erratic Will-o'-the-wisps. We hear the puffing and screaming of engines, and the rush and roar and rattle of passing trains. It is beautiful and terrible,—a

sight to be remembered. The bard of the Schuylkill never dreamed of anything so magnificent when he paced its flowery banks.

There was nothing about the Schuylkill in the winter of 1872 that could remind one of flowers. From the dam beyond the limits of the Park the river was a great ice-gorge. That ice-gorges might be expected elsewhere in the State, at other cities and towns along the running streams, say at the Delaware Water Gap, seemed natural; but that the Schuylkill here should be a *mer de glace* was incredible. It was true, nevertheless. Above the Skating-club house the stream was choked with blocks of ice that had been tossed about in inextricable confusion by the action of the flood, great masses being thrown up on the drive. Above Girard Avenue Bridge it was more densely packed. Above Columbia Bridge it was at its worst, for the masses there—blocks, crags, peaks—were piled high in the air, the drive thereabout being buried under these boreal fragments which had tumbled up among the trees with the wrecks of rustic bridges. It was a wild, grim, rugged scene, and thousands went every day to see it. The river for once seemed to have forgotten itself, and the memory of its smooth, transparent floor, upon which whole armies of skaters had disported themselves year after year. Philadelphians have always been proud of their skating: perhaps they have boasted a little about it. Old Graydon thought otherwise, however; for he maintained, in his memoirs, that his countrymen were the most graceful and expert skaters in the world. That cheery old gossip, Watson, (our local Pepys,) had a high opinion of his compatriots. He mentions the names of some who were superior to the rest in his day, not forgetting a stalwart colored man who outsped the wind, and, while darting forward on his low-gutter skates, uttered a wild scream, which, he says, is peculiar to the African race while in active exertion. Besides this dark winter loon, he mentions a winter robin, in the person of George Heyl, who wore a red coat and buckskin tights, and was incomparable at figures and High Dutch. Watson's generation of skaters is gone, but their descendants flourish among us. Prominent among them was the late Colonel James Page, whose graceful movements were the admiration of two generations of his fellow-citizens. They incorporated the Philadelphia Skating Club in 1861, and added to its natural object, which was improvement in the art of skating, the higher object of rescuing those who are in danger by breaking through the ice. A humane society, they have a variety of apparatus for saving life,—cords and reels, ladders, hooks, axes, life-floats, station and caution flags, life-lines, boats, blankets, grapnels, and drags. The records of the society show that they have saved over two hundred

THE SCHUYLKILL.



ICE-GORGE.

and fifty lives since their organization. Their club-house, which is built of fine gray stone, and is two stories high, has a front of forty feet and a depth of sixty feet. It is of Italian architecture, with a cupola and tall flag-staff. The roof is covered with slate-work, and encircled with a railing. The lower story is devoted to the boats and life-saving apparatus. The second story is divided into the necessary club-rooms, among which is one for the board of surgeons, another being a reception-room. The latter fronts on the river, and is popular with the ladies. The Delaware was the favorite skating-ground of the old worthies of whom Watson has told us, but since navigation has forced us to keep it open in winter by means of our ice-boats, our skaters have betaken themselves to the Schuylkill. They may be seen there in thousands, after the unseen artificers of nature have stretched their winter bridge across its waters, disporting like children. Hither, thither,

up, down, they glide and dart about, striking out in eccentric curves and convolutions, rushing and sheering past each other, eager, daring, wary,—madcaps all. The sun is bright, the air inspiring: their cheeks glow, the blood dances in their veins. Why should they not be merry?

When the ice begins to melt and skates are hung up, our oarsmen appear on the river in their shells, and make the ash bend in their efforts to keep their blood warm in the cold March winds. If we go back, in thought, to the first boatmen of the Schuylkill, we find ourselves in a wilderness watching the Indians in their light, birchen canoes. Later, we might find, perhaps, the stately barge of the Founder. That he delighted in boats and boating is evident in one of his letters to Logan:—"But above all dead things my barge. I hope nobody uses it on any account, and that she is kept in a dry dock or, at least, covered from the weather." Later, we find the bateaux of Fort St. David and the squadron of "the colony in Schuylkill," which is composed of the "Shirk" and the "Fly." Later yet, but still in the colonial period, we find their successors, the "Manayunk" and the "Washington," which were admitted into the squadron in 1762. They were built of mulberry timber, with ash oars, and are said to have remained within the limits of the Park for sixty years. After these, and in our own time, we see sundry pioneer clubs, the first of which, the "Blue Devil," was organized in 1833. This cerulean demon took part, two years afterwards, in the first regatta of which a record is kept. It was contested by four four-oared barges and seven eight-oared barges, of which she was one. The present Schuylkill Navy was organized in 1858, and its first regatta was held the next year. It then consisted of eleven clubs and twenty boats; it now consists of ten clubs and sixty-eight boats. The clubs of which it is composed were organized in the following years:—Bachelors', 1853; University, 1854; Undine, 1856; Quaker City, 1858; Pacific, 1859; Malta, 1860; Pennsylvania, 1861; Philadelphia, 1862; Vesper, 1865; and Crescent, 1867. The total number of members belonging to these clubs, including honorary and contributing members, is four hundred and sixty-eight. The Undine Barge Club has the largest number of boats, which is twelve, and the Pacific and the University the smallest, which is three. The last-named club was organized by classmen of the University of Pennsylvania. A frequenter of the Park soon learns the clubs to which our oarsmen belong. He knows the Bachelors' boys, because their blue flannel shirts are trimmed with white braid and have gilt buttons on their fronts and cuffs. He knows the Quaker City's boys by the trefoil on the corners of their shirt-collars; the Philadelphia's boys by their double-breasted

THE SCHUYLKILL.



SKATING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

shirts, and the University's boys by their red-and-black-striped shirts. The Philadelphia's boys wear blue flannel skull-caps; the Pacifics and Pennsylvanians wear leather caps. He also knows, if he can distinguish the little silken flags at their bows, to what club the boats belong. The blue-and-white stripes denote the University Club; the blue trefoil on a white ground denotes the Quaker City; the white star on a red ground the Pennsylvania; the white star on a blue ground the Vesper; the Maltese cross on a purple ground the Malta; the yellow crescent on a white ground the Crescent, and so on. He knows, further, the pennants of the commodore and vice-commodore, and the pennants of the first, second, and third class champions. He learns, perhaps, that the Quaker City Club has held the first champion flag for three successive years. If he has leisure, this summer saunterer, he lingers around the boat-houses on the east bank, at the foot of Lemon Hill. The first one, which is built of stone, with a balcony at each end, is occupied by the Pacific and Quaker City; the second, which is two stories high and has a Mansard roof, is occupied by the Crescent and the Pennsylvania; the third, which is of brown stone, with a balcony at the front and rear, is occupied by the Bachelors; the fourth, which is of West Chester green stone, with bay windows on the Park, a balcony over these landward and another balcony looking on the water, is occupied by the University and the Philadelphia; the Vesper and the Malta occupy the fifth; the sixth, recently completed, is of light green stone, owned and occupied by the College Club; while the Undine has a share of the seventh, which is the Skating-club House.

If we were to arrange a calendar for the meridian of Philadelphia, we would omit some one of the meteorological remarks that are supposed to be pertinent to March, such as "look out for squalls," and substitute in its place the pleasanter item, "look out for shells in the river." When the first spring

days come there are signs of activity in and about the boat-houses. Boats are brought out and carefully examined and overhauled, and rowing-suits are scrutinized to see what harm the moths have done. Flags are flying from the staffs, and scores of curious outlookers gather along the river bank. Races are made for the season. The boats are out morning and evening, and the training begins. Single shells and double shells, four oars and six oars, they are all at work. The Schuylkill is one of the best river-courses in America. There is no tide in it and scarcely a perceptible ripple. The water is of good depth and sufficiently wide to accommodate six or eight boats abreast. The measurements are accurately ascertained. The distance from Turtle Rock to Girard Avenue Bridge, for example, is two thousand and sixty feet; to the middle of Peters' Island, a mile and a half; to the Laurel Hill landing, two miles and two thousand three hundred feet, and to the Falls Bridge, where the stake-boat is sometimes placed, two miles and four thousand six hundred feet. The record of distances traversed by the Schuylkill Navy, if carefully kept, would present some astonishing figures. A record of the Undine Club shows that its boats are out from five hundred to seven hundred times yearly. A record of one of its members for eight years and five months shows a distance of eleven thousand four hundred and eighty-one miles pulled over. The greatest number of miles rowed by a member in one year is two thousand six hundred and forty-three. The best time yet made was in 1869, when the "Hiawatha," of the Malta Club, flashed through the water and did her three miles in eighteen minutes and two seconds. One would think that what with their daily exercise and their regattas the amateur oarsmen of the Schuylkill might be content, but such is not the case. It was an observation of the late lamented Samuel Patch (who had much better have been a rower than a diver) that some things can be done as well as others. Our rowers have shown the truth of this great axiom by occasionally doing a little boating outside of the Schuylkill. The Bachelors' Club, when a bantling of six, made an excursion on the Delaware and Delaware and Raritan Canal to New York. The Malta Club, when only a year old, went down the Susquehanna to Havre de Grace, and a double-scutt outrigger, belonging to the Undine Club, went to New York by the same route as the Bachelors' boat. We have witnessed regattas before now on the Schuylkill, when the shores and waters were lined with spectators, and the shells were pulling up the river, under the bridge, past Peters' Island,—four, five, six abreast,—shooting ahead and falling behind; cedar shells, white, green, orange, crimson, blue shells, each with its tiny flag at the bows; but we have never witnessed what will be seen here

next summer. Our Centennial Regatta Commission are making preparations for magnificent regattas on the Schuylkill, and their action is heartily seconded by all the boating-clubs in the country. We shall see our best amateur oarsmen and, without doubt, the best professional crews of England and Ireland.

The magic tapestry of Prince Hussein, in the "Arabian Nights," was, no doubt, expeditious in transporting him whithersoever he wished, but it was not so expeditious as the wings which have borne us, without wishing, across the

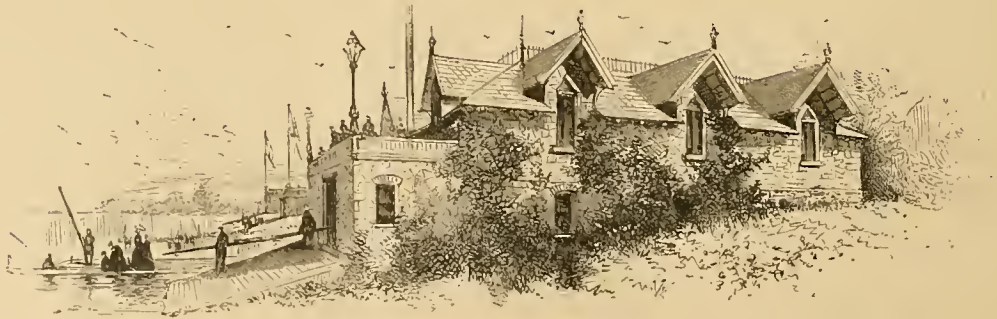


BOATING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

river and placed us on Mount Prospect. We have here the finest view of the upper part of the city and its surroundings that can be obtained in the Park. Below, at the foot of our mountain throne of Chamouni, stretches the Schuylkill, placid, winding, bright, here a lake, there a river, and everywhere a mirror of the changeful sky. Opposite is Laurel Hill,—City of the Dead,—with innumerable monuments thickly clustered together on its sides and summit, beautiful, solemn, a forest of marble planted by love and sorrow over the ashes of their lost ones. Looking up from where we stand, through an opening in the encircling foliage, we have a glimpse of the Reading Railroad Bridge and Manayunk. The best view of the bridge is from the east bank, under the willows at the foot of Laurel Hill. We behold largely there what we

see here in miniature, the graceful structure spanning the river with its gray stone arches and piers, over which long trains are speeding cityward to the great coal-wharves at Port Richmond. Nature freshens and strengthens herself as she recedes from the city, and here, at Chamouni, the outlook is grand. For, besides what we noticed in our hurried glance up and down the river, we have around us glens, woodlands, and rocks, and farm-lands and villages in the distance. If Mount Prospect has a history it has escaped us, and if there are traditions attached to its old mansion we have not heard them. It is said to have been built in 1802, by George Plumstead, a merchant of Philadelphia, who, we trust, enjoyed himself in its pleasant chambers, now set apart for the dispensing of creature comforts to ramblers like ourselves, to the diminishment of our shekels. Be sure, he enjoyed his great trees, three of which are still standing. We have seen great trees in the East Park, at Rockland, in the Ravine, and by the Strawberry Mansion, but none like these. They are larger and more impressive, these patriarchal old giants, than all others in Fairmount, and they represent three different races of forestry, one being a black walnut, another a chestnut, and the third a tulip poplar. Wordsworth might have painted them if he could have seen them in his poetic wanderings in the Lake country, but no lesser artist than he. They are simply magnificent.

The wings which bore us hither are bearing us up the Schuylkill. We have passed above the Wissahickon, and have reached Manayunk, which lies on our right. It has grown to be what it is within the last fifty years, for as late as 1823 it was chiefly known for its shad-fishery. Then it had but one other industry, Mark Richards' Flat Rock cotton factory, but since the construction of the Schuylkill Canal, which concentrated here a large amount of water-power, mills have risen like exhalations,—cotton-mills, woolen-mills,



BOAT-HOUSES.

paper-mills, (an old industry hereabout,) and great mills for the manufacture of iron and steel. We have escaped from the buzzing of looms and the metallic ring of iron, and are in pleasant rural places, where many wealthy Philadelphians have built themselves country seats. We are occasionally reminded of the city by a rolling-mill and the smoke of a furnace. Now we have passed Conshohocken and are at Norristown, which is built on the site of Penn's old demesne at Norriton. There was a cry of hard times a hundred and seventy years ago as there is to-day, and the letters of James Logan, who was managing the affairs of the Penns, are full of complaints. He was greatly troubled in collecting rents, and in selling lands, the payments for which were deferred. What little money there was was in town, and wheat was worth very little. He writes on one occasion:—"Last night William Penn, Jr. sold his manor on Schuylkill to William Trent and Isaac Norris for eight hundred and fifty pounds. They were unwilling to touch it, for, without a great prospect, none will now meddle with land; but in his case he was resolved to sell and leave the country." The growth of Norristown was slow, the place being wholly built since our first struggle with England, when, oddly enough, it was the farm of John Bull, whose farm-house, by the way, was extant in the time of Watson, and was known as Richardson's Inn. Norristown, like Manayunk, is largely engaged in the rolling of iron. It has a population of about eleven thousand, and is very neatly built, with a court-house of light gray marble. The soil is enriched with the valuable kinds of marble, as statuary and *breccia*. It is the capital of Montgomery county, which has still a German-speaking population in its northern part; and very queer German it is, too, as the readers of Mrs. Gibbons' entertaining volume on "Pennsylvania Dutch" are aware. Some seven miles out of town there is a religious community which takes its name from its European founder, Casper Schwenckfeldt, a nobleman of Silesia, who was born two years before the discovery of America, and who may be described as the earliest Quaker, in that he taught a religion of quietism and non-resistance about a hundred years before Fox was born. They have a portrait of their prophet there,—a dignified figure in a furred gown, with a patriarchal beard,—and they are reputed to live pious and humble lives.

The liberal spirit of Penn and his followers made Pennsylvania from the beginning the asylum of hosts of religionists. In less than a year after his landing at the Blue Anchor Tavern, Pastorius had taken up his settlement at Germantown, and the next year he was followed by Kelpius and his Society of the Woman in the Wilderness. The air of Europe in the sixteenth and

A CENTURY AFTER.



LOOKING UP THE SCHUYLKILL FROM CHAMOUNI.

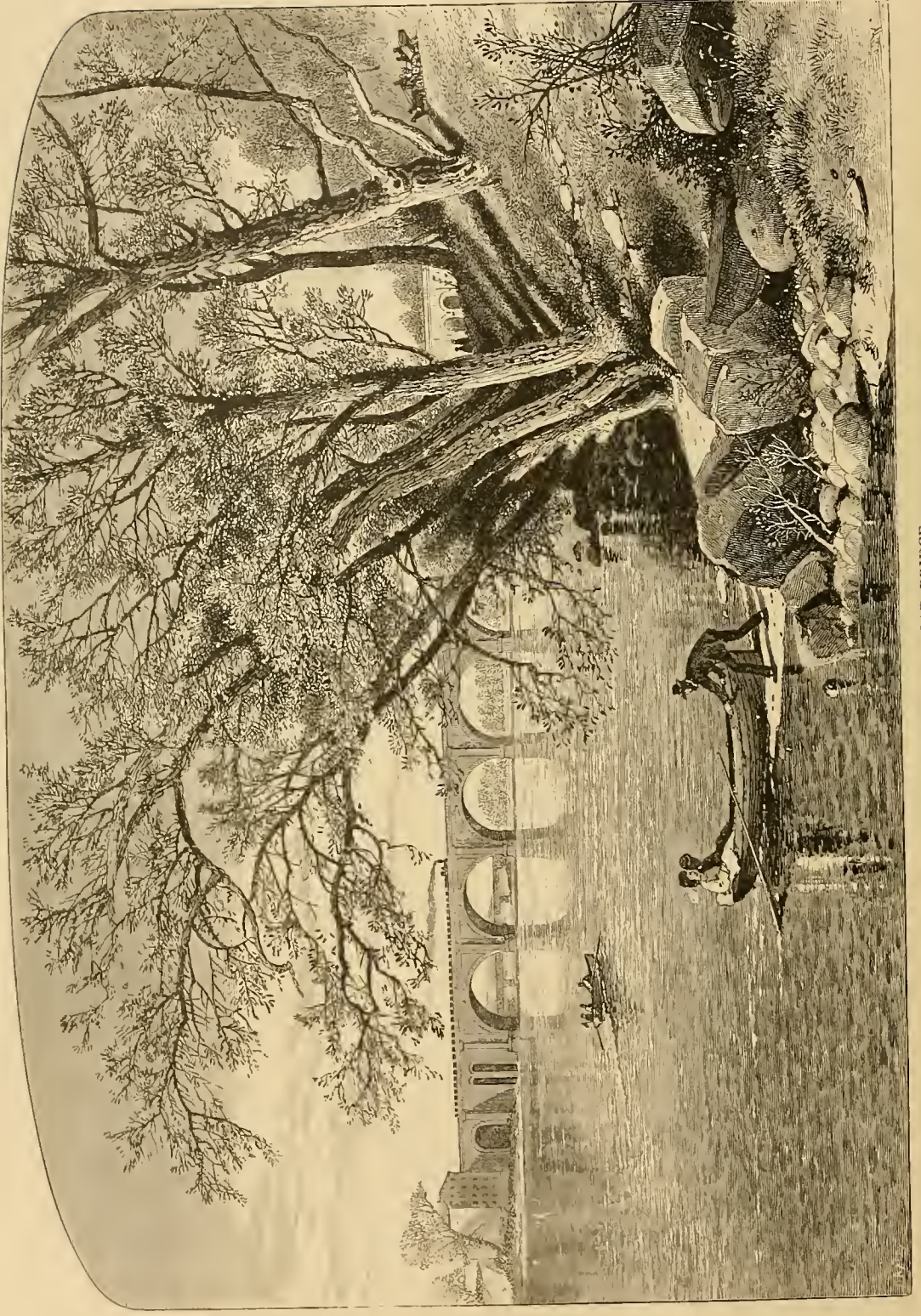
seventeenth centuries was charged with religious electricity. The Reformers differed among themselves, and began persecuting each other. Luther, for example, did not agree with something that Schwenckfeldt had written, and they had a conference about it, which, of course, satisfied neither. He had not the same toleration for others that he demanded for himself, so he had his opponent banished. He fled into Germany, where he exerted his name and talents in favor of the Anabaptists, but he soon separated from them, and founded a new sect, of which he was the head. He did not admit that the

Scriptures were inspired: God would communicate their meaning to each individually. Every man, therefore, was the master of his own belief. The austerity of Schwenckfeldt's manners, and his air of conviction, attached most of the German spiritualists to him. He was written for and against. Melanchthon, gentle-hearted, but foul-mouthed, changed his name into Stinckfeldt. He could not live down his brethren militant, but he outlived them,—Luther by fifteen years and Melanchthon by a year. His disciples survived him in Silesia, where they still remain. A portion of them emigrated to Pennsylvania forty years after the death of Kelpius, and settled in Montgomery, Bucks, Berks, and Lehigh counties. They have led obscure lives, for the existence of the community at Norristown was, until lately, unknown.

The wings which wafted us a moment to the theological Europe of the sixteenth century, have wafted us back to the eighteenth century and the Schuylkill. Washington is in the woods at Whitemarsh, and Howe threatens to attack him. He marches on the night of December 4th, fourteen thousand strong, and at daybreak has drawn his lines beyond Chestnut Hill. He skirmishes with our army in front of him, but finds it too strong. His men lie on their arms that night, and the heights are lighted with their watch-fires. The next day he marches to Germantown, and a day later returns, and feels our lines, which are still too strong. He then abandons the idea of attacking us, and retires to Philadelphia, where he goes into winter quarters. It is necessary that we should do the same, and Washington and his generals discuss the matter over their maps. Some mention York and Reading, and others speak for Carlisle.

"But Washington decided,
When all had spoken round,
That Valley Forge, in Chester,
Should be our winter ground."

One of our poets says this, and as he follows history closely, we may trust him here. He depicts the breaking up of the encampment at Whitemarsh. It is snowing, and our army are climbing over the whitened hills. They cross a wasted country, with here and there a farm-house. No smoke-wreaths are curling up from the chimneys; no face looks out of the doors and windows. They halt at night in the shelter of the pine woods, and light fires. At daybreak they are off again in the blinding snow. Finally they cross the swollen Schuylkill, and reach Valley Forge, (where we are now,) on December 19th, 1777. They halt along the river, and cook their dinners; some sit apart,



READING RAILROAD BRIDGE.

and rub the rust-stains on their muskets; the teamsters comb the sleet from the manes of their horses. They are twenty-one miles from Philadelphia,—a day's march from the army of Howe. Valley Forge admits of defense against artillery, and has more than one convenient route of escape into the interior. They have no shelter, and can have none until they build themselves huts. They plan a village on the hills, with its streets running east and west, and its construction is the work of their Christmas holidays. They build long rows of log huts, and make pikes and stockades along the line of trenches. They cut off the entire forest in building these rough houses and for fuel, but they cannot keep warm. They have no clothes to wear, no blankets to lie on, no tents to sleep under. The sentinels stand with their feet in their hats or caps; anything not to freeze! Three thousand are unfit for duty; they are barefooted, and otherwise ragged. They can not be properly cared for in the crowded hospitals. They die for want of straw to lie upon—chilled to death on the cold, wet ground. The well ones (as if any could be well here!) sit all night by their fires of brushwood. They act as horses, dragging carts without a murmur. A whole brigade goes for days without meat. Things will mend, no doubt. Congress has promised them a month's extra pay, and given them permission to take what is necessary for their subsistence. Congress has also sent them Baron Steuben, who has come over to America as a volunteer, and who will drill them, and make them soldiers. They have faith in their commander, and they respect his stately wife, who shares his winter campaign. We see this noble gentleman and lady sitting at table, she at the head, with the officers whom he has invited to dine with him. Their fare is a scanty piece of meat, with hard bread, and a few potatoes. They drink the prosperity of the nation (which is sorely in need of it) in simple toddy, and have for dessert a plate of chestnuts. Can they hope to prevail against his Excellency General Howe, and his tall grenadiers,—this soldier, whom his subordinates are caballing against, and these poor men who are perishing of cold and hunger at Valley Forge? Ay, marry, they can and will. They will live through the winter and spring, and one day in June they will cross the Delaware in pursuit of the British.

During the Revolution,—of which we have recalled the darkest episode here at Valley Forge,—a little boy was tenderly cared for on a plantation in Louisiana. His father had been an admiral in the French navy, and was a man of culture and refinement. When his little Jean Jacques manifested his tastes, which was at an early period, he encouraged them. His first and last taste was

for natural history, as embodied in the most beautiful and ethereal of all the citizens of its wonderful kingdom—birds. He was never tired of watching and studying them. He had his little feathered pets, and when they died he wept and would not be comforted. The love of birds naturally begot the desire to draw them, and the desire to draw the desire to paint. His father determined that he should study art, and under a great master, so he was sent to Paris, where he was placed in the studio of David. He neglected the higher forms



VALLEY FORGE.

of art, we are told, and devoted himself to what he liked better—birds. “What had I to do,” he asked, “with monstrous torsos and the heads of heathen gods, when my business lay among the birds?” He returned to America at the age of seventeen or thereabout, and took possession of a farm which his father had given him here. “It was refreshed,” he wrote, “during the summer heats by the waters of the Schuylkill and traversed by a creek named Perkioming.” It is just above Valley Forge, on what we now call Perkiomen creek. The valley through which it flows is remarkable for beautiful scenery, and in the

days of our young naturalist it sheltered many rare birds. Settled in this nest, among his beloved birds, he did at last what the birds do—he found a mate. She appreciated his genius and sympathized with his pursuits, and he was happy. He lived here about ten years, perfecting himself in natural history. Pennsylvania was not without its naturalists. Bartram, an old man, was skilled in botany, like his father before him, and Alexander Wilson, the Scotchman, who landed at New Castle, in his twenty-eighth year, and walked up to Philadelphia, shooting birds by the way,—Wilson,—weaver, poet, peddler, printer, pedagogue,—who was now in charge of a seminary at Gray's Ferry, was soon to make his name famous. He claimed to be the first American ornithologist: the greatest was the gentleman of French extraction, who was living about twenty-five miles above him on the Perkiomen creek, and whose tall, commanding figure he may have passed in the woods. There is a tradition that they met in the West afterwards, for our ornithologist removed to Kentucky. Westward through the wilderness to the Ohio. They settled near the town of Louisville, where he opened a store. It was there that Wilson and he met. Wilson had published four or five volumes of his "American Ornithology," and was trying to procure subscribers for that work. Our friend was debating whether he should take it, but his partner advised him not to, as his own drawings of birds were superior to Wilson's. Wilson was surprised, the story goes, to discover an ornithologist in the tall backwoodsman before him. The woodland life of our hero, which commenced in earnest in Pennsylvania, was pursued for years in the West and South, where, clad in a rough leathern dress, with a gun by his side, and a knapsack for his brushes and pencils, he wandered in their pathless solitudes, in the canebrakes of Kentucky and the pine barrens of Florida, floating about the still bayous, and drifting in a frail skiff down the rushing tide of the Mississippi. Years passed like days in the infinite secrecies of nature, and our adventurous friend found himself again on the banks of the Schuylkill. How two years later he departed for Europe, where he and his drawings made a profound sensation, and where he published his magnificent "Birds of America," commencing without a single subscriber and was rewarded royally; and how the great writers of England were proud to know him—Jeffrey, Wilson, Scott, and the great scientists of France—Cuvier, St. Hilaire, Humboldt; who knows not this, and the after-life of our great naturalist, John James Audubon? Hail to his honored shade!

Our journey up the Schuylkill has brought us to Phoenixville, which is situated at the mouth of French creek, the water outlet of a lovely, fertile valley. Phoenixville is noted for its rolling-mills and furnaces, which are said to

A CENTURY AFTER.



READING.

be the largest in the country. The population, numbering about seven thousand, is engaged in the manufacture of iron, which, as well as copper, is found within its limits. The honor of producing the iron of which the dome of the Capitol at Washington is made, belongs to Phoenixville. Pottstown need not delay us, though the scenery about is charming, and the houses, nestling in pleasant yards and amid shady trees, are cosy and comfortable looking. The roadway shops of the Reading Railroad Company are located here, and the railroad itself, which has followed us, passes through one of the streets, and crosses Manatawny creek over a lattice bridge one thousand feet in length. The general character of the river scenery is the same. We feel that we are getting farther from the great city and nearer to nature; nor does the bustle, the din of the manufacturing towns along its banks, disturb the impression. Phoenixville and Pottstown, when we are once past them, are altars whence smoke is curling to the primitive

Powers, and the waters are their everlasting libation. Winding along through grassy slopes and little patches of woodland, mile after mile, until Mount Penn, Mount Gibraltar, and Neversink draw together, and we find ourselves approaching the city they shelter—Reading.

Where Reading stands there stood in the old time an inn, which was kept by Conrad Weiser. He was an Indian agent, and it was his duty at stated times, as it is the duty of Indian agents now, to distribute presents among the aborigines,—not from the Great Father at Washington, for then neither were, but from Richard and Thomas Penn, the Proprietaries. At this inn, which remained until about forty years ago in the shape of a little store, the red men assembled; and there they received their presents, sang their war-songs, went through their war-dances, and smoked the pipe of peace. As we do not read that he was scalped, we will honor his memory by supposing that he was tolerably honest—for an Indian agent, and that his fire-water was considerably watered. There was abundant need of it, for once in a while his copper-colored wards went off on the war-path. The first house in Reading was built in 1748: in 1752 it contained one hundred and thirty dwellings. This growth, which was a rapid one for the time, was no doubt due to the agents of the Penns, who called for settlers in it, describing it as “a new town of great natural advantages of location, and destined to be a popular place.” It was a very popular place when Washington and his single-hearted soldiers were wintering at Valley Forge: for it was an asylum of refuge for numbers of imperilled and disaffected patriots, who cared more for their own precious comforts than for the sufferings of their countrymen down below. They were where they should have been. Everywhere there was a savor of royalty,—King street, Queen street, Prince street, Duke street, Earl street,—all the nobility and gentry figured conspicuously at the street corners and on the inn signs. (What, pray, was the sign in front of Weiser's inn?) These powerless names were in vogue in Reading fifty years after the close of the Revolution, when they were changed, “as more compatible with the republican simplicity of our present form of government.” It would have been well if the reform had stopped here: for when it went to the length of changing the street called after the second wife of the Founder, whose memory we have preserved in our Callowhill street, it went too far. We Americans are a tolerably inventive people, but our invention does not show to advantage in the naming of places. There was a time when we ran upon our great men, military and civic, when every city had its Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson streets. There was a later time when

old classic cities were in high favor, when hundreds of towns were Romes, Athens, Ithacas, Uticas, and so on. There came a time when antiquity and patriotism were alike exhausted in our nomenclature. Then we drew upon the French for Bellevues, Bellevilles, and Bellairs, for our villages, and upon Daboll for our streets. The largest portion of New York, for example, consists of numbered streets and avenues. A stranger can tell where he is



POTTSVILLE.

in an enumerated city like that sooner than elsewhere, say in Boston, where streets go winding about and across each other like the threads of a great spider web, the State-House and its Hub being the spider. But let us return to Reading, lest any further allusion to the *arachnida* should entangle us with our brethren of Massachusetts. (Perish the thought in this Centennial Year!) Reading is laid out on the chess-board pattern of Philadelphia. Its streets are well paved, and its houses and stores are in good taste, being at once

substantial and handsome. It is the third city in the State in its manufactures, and the fourth in its population, which numbers about forty thousand. It has twenty-three churches, two opera-houses, and several banks and hotels. When it was first settled the world of mineral wealth which lies hereabout, and the under-world of black diamonds which lies in the carboniferous regions above, were unknown. But when they were once known,—when our iron ores and our coal-veins were discovered and worked,—it grew as if by magic: both sought it on their destined missions to mankind—one shot through it on its way to the Delaware, the other lingered, and lingers until it is transformed. “Build my house in the shape of this,” said the old settler, Daniel Boas, holding up a sledge-hammer to his builder. It was done, tradition says, and was a surprise to his neighbors. It was an instruction and an inheritance to posterity, for out of the sledge-hammer house the wealth of Reading has come. The value of its furnaces, foundries, rolling-mills, and railroad shops is over three millions of dollars. The annual value of their manufactures is over eighteen millions of dollars, and the number of men employed is over twelve hundred. The foundry, car and locomotive shops of the Reading Railroad Company are here, and their depot, which is said to be the finest in the State. There are many beautiful drives in the neighborhood, and charming rural spots to which excursion parties are made. Perhaps the finest view of the city is from above the railroad bridge of the Lebanon Valley Branch of the Reading Railroad. It is a noble panorama, with the placid river fringed and shaded by trees, and the light arched bridge along which a train is dashing in the foreground; and in the background the city, a cluster of buildings, out of which rise tall church-steeple and the smoke of furnace-chimneys, and beyond all the triple sheltering mountains. A lover of the picturesque may go farther and fare worse than at Reading.

The Reading Railroad, so far from ending, may almost be said to begin here,—it puts forth so many branches in various directions. We are not following the railroad but the river, but as the railroad follows the river it amounts to the same thing. The landscape, which has hitherto consisted of farm-lands, changes as we ascend into a mountainous region. We have reached Port Clinton,—situated at the junction of the Schuylkill and the Little Schuylkill,—a pleasant town, which has not yet seen its first half century. Past Auburn and Schuylkill Haven, on, on, until, in the gap by which the Schuylkill breaks through Sharp Mountain, we come to Pottsville. There was a flavor of comparative antiquity about Reading; but Pottsville, like Port Clinton, is

A CENTURY AFTER.



NEAR QUAKAKE JUNCTION.

positively modern. In 1827, John Putt, a descendant of one Wilhelm Putt, a Hollander, who came to Pennsylvania in 1734,—John Putt, we say, built a furnace here, in digging the foundation of which a coal-vein was discovered. Greenwood Furnace was well enough in its way, but Putt and his family had a better way of putting things: they simply held on to their lands and grew

rich by their rise in value. Puttsville sprung up, as such places will in America, and to-day is the beautiful town of Pottsville. (Potts, you see, is a more elegant name than Putts, and the Potts are certainly a very ancient family, dating back, we believe, to the stone age.) Pottsville is well laid out. It has handsome dwellings and stores, bright, picturesque streets, horse-cars, saloons, hotels, churches, a little theatre,—in short, all the modern metropolitan improvements. Behind it rises Sharp Mountain, and looking over and down Centre street is the statue of Henry Clay on a tall pedestal, which has a whole hill for its base. If one wishes to drive about there are good roads among the hills, where he can see dusky villages of miners scattered along the great coal-basin. There is a sprinkling of the foreign element therein, chiefly Welsh and Swedish, and of late it has become a little turbulent and unmanageable. A mythical lady of dubious renown, Molly Maguire, has many desperate followers, whom the Law sometimes wants. The annual yield of the coal-field is between three and four millions of tons. Branches of railroad extend in various directions, as at Reading, burrowing among the black hills, and reaching the coal-depots on the Susquehanna. One feature of these roads is the inclined planes upon which the trains traverse the mountains. Near Ashland, we are carried over the Upper and Lower Planes of Gordon, two up-hill and adjacent inclinations. The Lower Plane rises over four hundred feet in less than a mile, at an elevation of nearly a quarter of a mile above the tide, and the Upper Plane, which is somewhat shorter, has a still greater elevation. There are four of these planes in the Schuylkill region, and until we are accustomed to them the sensation is not pleasant; for if anything should happen to the little engine that is pushing the train up-hill, what would become of us?

As we have confined ourselves hitherto to the Schuylkill, let us now retrace our steps to Port Clinton, and take a short flight up its lesser relative, the Little Schuylkill. *Presto!* we are there. As lovers of the picturesque we have one thing to be grateful for, *i. e.*, that the pursuit of anthracite under difficulties has clambered mountains and opened ravines which would have been inaccessible to common travel. Mammon has penetrated for us our wildest and most romantic scenery. We have reached Tamaqua, twenty miles from Port Clinton, where we have a bit of dinner. Now we pass northward again, winding along the river as it toils around the mountains. The railroad track ascends so gradually that it is scarcely noticed. Past East Mahanoy Junction to Tamanend, and past Tamanend and Quakake Junction. We are no longer in the valley, but are getting among the mountain tops, passing through tunnels, and winding

around curves, some of which are so sharp that the rear end of the train seems to be chasing the engine, and in a fair way to catch it. What devil's game of tag is this? There will be a collision. Rest, perturbed spirit, rest: there is no danger. The view near Quakake Junction is a grand one. Look out and see the trains ascending and descending the mountain side, the smoky locomotives and the long black trains creeping, creeping along, here on a level, and below on a steep plane,—the rim of the valley, an immense bowl of verdure, sprinkled with trees, which at this distance look like bushes,—far-stretching, rocky, primitive,—it is magnificent. Shall we go on across the narrow valleys until we see Catawissa creek rolling and lashing along its rocky channel, or shall we remain? We remain, and note the scenery. Here we see the American forest in all its wildness: yonder some of the lower hills are completely cleared, and cultivated to their summits: others are covered with pines. The valleys seem dark and lonesome until the eye detects here and there a little farm-house hiding for shelter from the cold north wind. How home-like those tiny snuggeries look, and all the more so because the smoke which rises from their chimneys is from wood, not coal. That thin white wreath reminds us of Moore, whom we have at last forgiven for his nonsense about the Schuylkill.



COAL-BREAKER.

PHILADELPHIA TO PITTSBURG.

IF God made the country and man the town, as Mr. William Cowper declares, the dweller in town is sometimes so weary of the work of his fellows that he longs to behold the glorious creation of his Maker. The never-ending flatness of our streets, and the cleanly glare of our white shutters, become so oppressive at last that he must have a day's pleasuring where they are not. He has done Fairmount Park over and over again, and, if he is an adventurous Rambler, he has clambered up and down the heights of the Wissahickon. These have their charms, as we have sung in our artless prose, but there is one charm which they do not possess, and which we must seek elsewhere—the breadth and beauty of pastoral landscapes, such as lie in abundance along the lovely Chester valley, and beyond on the route to Pittsburg. Let us step on board the train at Mantua, and while we are moving Chesterward let us note what we see, or what is near by, and discourse about it in our leisurely and discursive way. We have left Mantua, Hestonville, and Overbrook, which are within the corporate limits of the city, and are nearing Merion. It is in Montgomery county, which was originally a part of Philadelphia, and remained so until after the Revolution. We have come far enough to detect the general character of the scenery, and to report upon the thousand advantages which railroads have given us. Only a poet, and a thoughtless one at that, can afford to decry them. How long would it take thee to walk from Mantua to Merion, my sentimental Penseroso? More than an hour, sirrah, and we have come in about ten minutes. The swiftness of our iron Pegasus has shortened time and overcome space. The Pennsylvania Railroad enables us to live in suburban residences and do business in town, and brings us from the heat of the crowded streets into the pure, fresh country air. Walk, an thou wilt; we prefer to ride. Thou art out of place in any Mantua in America: trudge away to Mantua, in Italy, where belike thou wilt find the puling young Romeo in the shop of the lean Apothecary.

Wynnewood, which we have reached, commemorates the name of Thomas Wynne, who came over with the early colonists and settled in the neighborhood, where his descendants remain. That he was a person of repute, this sturdy



CHESTER VALLEY.

Welshman, may be inferred from his being made president of the first Colonial Assembly of Pennsylvania. South of Haverford station, which we are passing, is Haverford College, which is owned and controlled by Friends, though open to students of all denominations. There are cotton and woolen mills back, and, as at Elm, boarding-houses for summer visitors. A few miles south of the college is the birthplace of a famous man, whose dust reposes in London, in the great cathedral of St. Paul's. He was born an artist,—beginning in his seventh year by a drawing of his sister's baby in red and black ink, and continuing, like the young Audubon forty years later, by copying in water-colors the flowers and birds around him. Portrait-painter in Philadelphia at sixteen, student in Italy at twenty-one, settled in London at twenty-five, he was the favorite painter of George the Third, who, for nearly forty years, was his good friend and munificent patron, and who wished to honor him with knighthood, as he had honored his friend Joshua Reynolds. You have seen the picture which he painted in his old age for the Pennsylvania Hospital, and another picture of his in the Academy of Fine Arts. To name "Christ Healing the Sick," and "Death on the Pale Horse," is to revive the illustrious memory of Benjamin West. We are in Delaware county, at Villanova, which, like Haverford, is a collegiate town, the Augustinian Fathers having an institution here, containing twelve professors of arts and sciences. Delaware county was originally in Chester county, but about ninety years ago it was separated from it, and has since flourished independently. It borders largely on the Delaware, and is a rich meadow country, devoted to dairy-farming and stock-raising. It was at Chester that Penn landed, as we told you on our journey down to the Delaware breakwater, but we did not tell you how the town, which was then Upland, obtained its present name. They landed there, Penn and his party, and he turned to his friend Pearson and greeted him. "Welcome," he said; "Providence has brought us here safely. Thou hast been the companion of my perils. What wilt thou that I shall call this place?" Pearson replied, "Chester, in remembrance of the city from whence I came." Whether the Friends who had preceded the Founder in Upland, and the earlier-settling Swedes, were consulted in regard to the new name of their town, is not stated. The territory about was acquired by treaties with the Leni Lenapes, which are curious reading. The first, which was signed by an Indian named Wingehone, conveyed to Penn all his land on the west side of the Schuylkill, beginning at the first falls, and extending back, "so far as my right goeth." By a later treaty, made in the same year, (1683,) the lands between Chester and Pennypack creek

A CENTURY AFTER.



COATESVILLE BRIDGE.

were conveyed: "This indenture witnesseth, that we, Packenah, Jackhane, Sikals, Portquesott, Jervis, Essepenarck, Felktrug, Porvey, Indian kings, sachemakers, right owners of all lands from Yuing Yuingus, called Duck creek, unto Upland, called Chester creek, all along the west side of Delaware river, and so between the said creeks backwards as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods to us in hand paid, and secured to be paid, by William Penn, Proprietary of Pennsylvania, and the territories thereof, viz." Then follows a list of these goods, which were at once useful and ornamental, ranging from guns, powder, lead, tomahawks, knives, awls, needles, and wampum, to tobacco and beer and looking-glasses and jew's-harps, all of which may have been worth five hundred dollars. There is something odd about these treaties, which, modernly considered, seem to conflict with each other,—different parties on the one side conveying and reconveying the same

lands to the Founder on the other side. Watson gives us the substance of one of these old treaties, which he says was made two years after the one we have quoted from, and in which figure the barbaric names of four Indian sachemakers, apparently conveying lands before conveyed, and he mentions the goods which were given in consideration for it. They consisted of fathoms of duffels and strawed waters, shoes, stockings, shirts, caps, combs, and hawks'-bells, besides their customary hardware, guns, knives, and awls, powder and lead, of course, and forty pounds of red lead.

We are in Chester county, in Chester valley. It varies in breadth from two to four miles, and is bordered by a long continuous range of high ridges called the North and South Hills. From these miniature mountains, which are densely wooded, we look up and down the lovely valley for miles, taking in at a glance the cultivation of man and the fertility of nature. It is a beautiful landscape which we behold—thousands and thousands of acres of pastures and farm-lands, dotted with houses and barns, that cluster together, here and there, around church-spires, sprinkled with clumps of trees, and clothed in Nature's universal mantle of grass. If it were spring now we should see the farmer's sowing, if it were summer they would be in the fields with mowers and loaded hay-carts. The cattle are feeding in the pastures, and the feathered tenantry of the farms are picking up their daily provender, though, of course, we do not see them at this distance. We know they are there, however, as well as the cows, for we get our eggs, our poultry, and butter from Chester county. At the edge of the great valley, which Watson says was originally settled by Welsh emigrants, stands the town of Paoli. A notable feature of Paoli is the old tavern, which dates back before the Revolution, and bore the name of that brave Corsican gentleman, General Paoli, who was at the time turning the heads of the English, particularly the addled head of Boswell, at the Garrick-Shakespeare Jubilee. A darker memory attaches to Paoli. There was a bloody deed done here, or, more strictly speaking, about half a mile south-west of Malvern, which is two miles away. The battle of Brandywine had been fought, and Washington, who had withdrawn across the Schuylkill, sent General Wayne to harass the rear of the British, who were advancing on Philadelphia. Wayne encamped at some distance from the road, but his presence was known to the Tories of the neighborhood, who piloted General Grey thither through the woods. He drove in the pickets, and fell on the sleepers. A few volleys were fired, and all was over. No quarter was given: one hundred and fifty were killed in cold blood: the enemy set fire to the straw, and all the wounded who could not escape

were burned to death. But for the coolness of Wayne, who rallied and covered the retreat, all would have been cut off. The "Paoli Massacre" occurred on the night of September 20th, 1777. The bodies of fifty-three of these murdered victims of British barbarity were found near the field and buried in one grave, and forty years afterwards a marble monument was raised over them by the Republican Artillerists, of Chester county. Wayne, you may like to be reminded, was born about a mile and a quarter south of Paoli. He was at Germantown,



LANCASTER.

as we said, at the battle of Brandywine, everywhere ready and cool, and he immortalized himself at Stony Point. Pennsylvania is proud of "Mad Anthony Wayne."

We are beginning to leave the valley at Glen Loch, where we passed iron-mines, marble-quarries, and lime-burners. At Oakland we saw more burners and miners, and the white marble we are familiar with in our city architecture, and looking back along the twenty miles of the valley that we had traversed, we recalled the sloping hills, densely covered with chestnut sprouts, and enriched with innumerable springs, which steal below, and, like

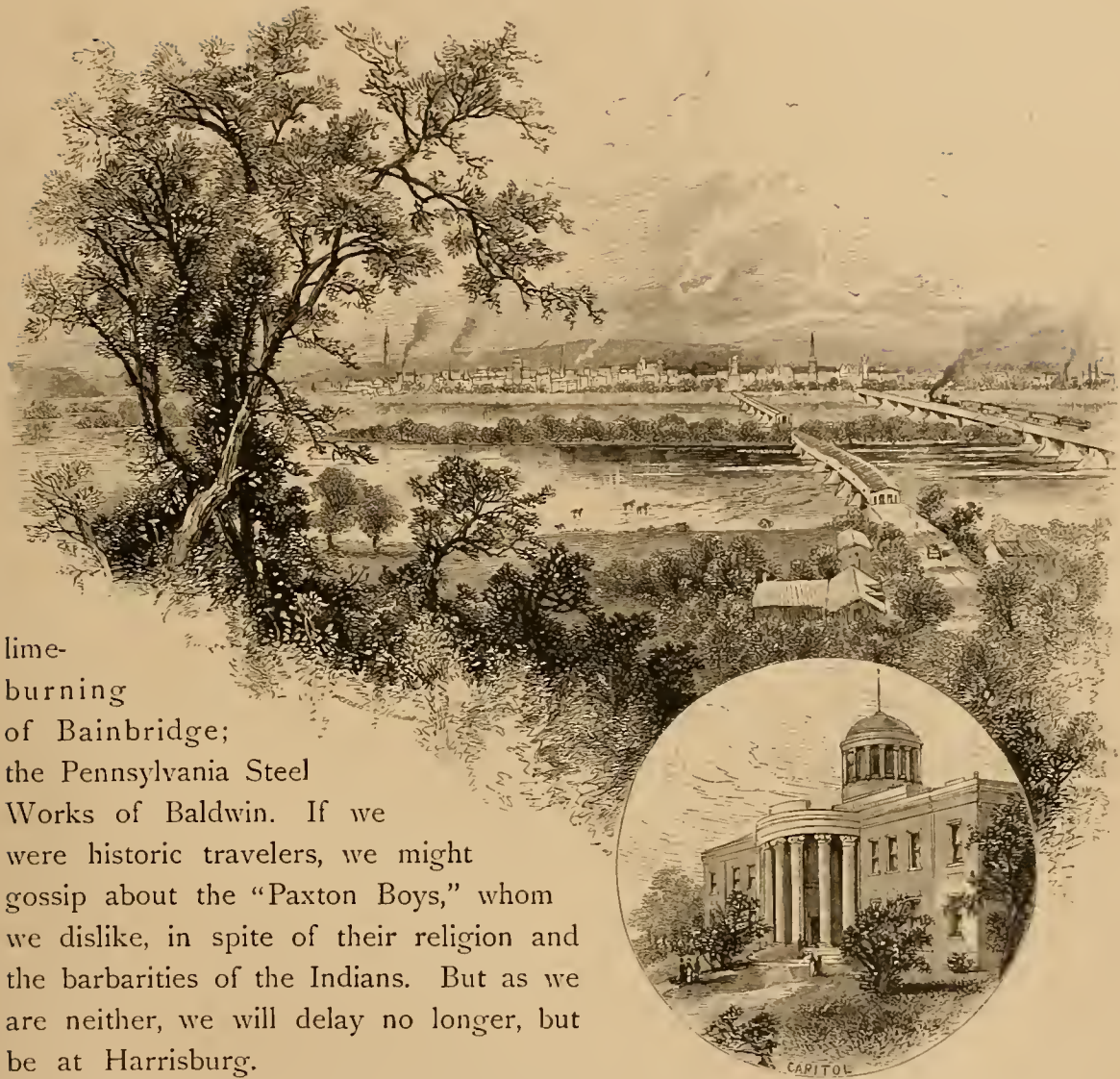
Bryant's complaining brooks, make the meadows green. Downingtown has its Revolutionary memories, and the dubious fame of that grim freebooter, Jim Fitzpatrick.

When the Coates family, Friends, who came over from Montgomeryshire, England, shortly after Penn, and located themselves on the Brandywine, they could no more imagine the transformation that would take place here than poor old John Fitch could have imagined the American and Red Star Lines when his crude little boat was paddling away to Burlington at the rate of eight miles an hour. Those simple-minded old agriculturists lived seventy or eighty years before the discovery of the black stone that would burn, and a hundred and fifty years before the iron horse had fully proved itself in harness. How long would it have taken them to go from Coatesville to Philadelphia? Let Dryasdust, who knows all old-time matters, figure it up for you: we prefer to look out of the window as the train moves along the railroad bridge that crosses the Brandywine, at Coatesville, and see what is to be seen. This bridge, which is a magnificent one, is made of iron; it is six hundred and thirty-six feet in length and is seventy-three feet above the river, which comes stealing down from above. The smoke pours darkly out of the furnace-stacks below, and we fancy we hear the clatter of machinery in the cotton and woolen mills as we go dashing across the bridge. The country through which we are passing may be described as an undulating one, with glimpses here and there of higher hills in the distance. Past Parkesburg and its rolling-mill; Christiana, where the "Peculiar Institution" caused a riot twenty-five years ago; the Gap, the highest point on the road between the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna; and Kinzer's, the only place in America where nickel mines are worked. At last we are at Lancaster. The city and county of Lancaster have each a varied history. The county was first settled about the year 1700, by English and Welsh Friends and German and Irish emigrants. The German element was a religious one, as along the Wissahickon, consisting largely of Mennonists and Dunkers. The first settlement of Lancaster City was made before the creation of the county in 1729, at which time the only building standing within the present municipal limits was a tavern, with a sign of a hickory tree. The removal of the seat of justice here added to the population and importance of the place; so much so, that in a little over twenty years it contained five hundred houses and two thousand inhabitants. "It was a growing town and making money, having then a manufactory of saddles and pack-saddles." Treaties were made with the Indians at Lancaster, and they were generally

kept until after the expedition of Braddock. The defeat of Braddock was an opportunity which they seized, and soon the whole frontier, from the Delaware to the Potomac, was lighted with the blaze of burning cottages. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians along the Susquehanna were exasperated, and after a series of dreadful murders, a party of them attacked the Indian village of Conestoga, near Lancaster, massacred all they found there, and set fire to their dwellings. The "Paxton Boys," who were so-called after one of their townships, figure still further in history, but it is not pleasant reading. Let us turn the leaves until we come to a brighter page. It was the first Thursday and Friday in June, the opening of the annual fair or market at Lancaster. The streets were lined with tables and booths covered with merchandise. "There were silks, laces, and jewelry; calicoes, gingerbread, and sweetmeats, such as the ladies love,—and that was the time when they got plenty of them, too, for the young fellows used to hoard up their pocket-money for months together to spend at the fair. Then the corners of the streets were taken up with mountebanks, rope-dancers, and all the latest amusements. To see these each young man took the girl that pleased him most, or, if he had a capacious heart, he sometimes took half a dozen." There was the sound of violins in every tavern, and there were taverns galore, with portraits of the kings and statesmen and warriors of Europe on their signs. The Continental Congress went to Lancaster after the battle of the Brandywine, and the old British barracks there were used as a prison for captured British soldiers. The city was incorporated in 1777, and in 1799 was made the capital of the State, and remained such until 1812. Lancaster is a city of manufactories, cotton-mills, boiler and locomotive works, woolen and flour mills and breweries. It has twenty-six churches, the Dunkers having one; a college, a children's home, and, what our imperfect civilization has still to maintain, a prison and a poor-house, with a hospital and a lunatic asylum.

Just before we reach Elizabethtown we pass through the only tunnel on the road for about two hundred miles. As we near Conewago the character of the scenery changes,—the fertility which has accompanied us so far is lost in the unproductive soil, which is strewn with fragments of rocks. We cross Conewago creek, over a rough, wooded gorge, whence we obtain a glimpse of the Conewago valley. Near Middletown, four miles further on, we catch our first glimpse of the Susquehanna, twinkling around its little islands, with its dusky mountain background. If we were commercial travelers (which, Heaven forbid!) we might gossip as we went on about the industries of the towns we passed,—the furnaces, car-works, iron-works, and boat-yards of Middletown; the

PHILADELPHIA TO PITTSBURG.



lime-
burning
of Bainbridge;
the Pennsylvania Steel
Works of Baldwin. If we
were historic travelers, we might
gossip about the "Paxton Boys," whom
we dislike, in spite of their religion and
the barbarities of the Indians. But as we
are neither, we will delay no longer, but
be at Harrisburg.

There came, it is said, in the good
ship "Welcome," which bore Penn and
his companions to the New World, a Yorkshireman, named John Harris. He
was of an adventurous turn of mind, for, instead of settling permanently in
Philadelphia, where he cleared lands, or in Chester county, to which he removed,
he struck westward through the wilderness, among the Indians, with whom he
became a trader. If he did not bring a wife with him he had one here, and
they lived on the Susquehanna. He dealt in furs, which he transported to
Philadelphia on pack-horses, receiving from thence his supplies by the same
mode of conveyance. An agriculturist as well as a trader, he is thought to
have introduced the plow here, and he established a ferry to accommodate

HARRISBURG.

travelers through the Kittatinny valley. At the time of his settlement on the Susquehanna, which was about 1725, there were Indian towns on the other side of the river, inhabited by the Six Nations, who could summon hundreds of their warriors at a signal. They were addicted to fire-water, and when drunk were quarrelsome, and when not drunk enough, if not wheedling, were more quarrelsome still. They came one day to the store of John Harris, demanding ammunition and rum. He refused them rum,—of which they had already had enough,—whereupon they seized him and tied him to a mulberry tree in his yard, with the intention of burning him. The fire was kindling, when up came another party, and he was released, unsinged and uninjured. When he died,—an old man,—some twenty-three years later, he was buried at the foot of this tree, as were also two of his children. The tree has gone, but an enclosure preserves the spot where it stood. So much for John Harris, who was practically the founder of Harrisburg. His wife, Esther, is said to have been the best trader of the two. She had education enough to write, and was resolute and masculine,—boxing the ears of the Indian chiefs when they were drunk or unruly; and she had religion enough to carry her son John to Philadelphia to be baptized. She is said to have rode there, on an emergency, in one day, on the same horse; and at another time, when trading at Big Island, and hearing of the illness of her husband, she came down in a day and a night in a bark canoe. John Harris, the second, who was born in 1726, and was the first white child born west of the Conewago hills, succeeded his father and accumulated wealth. Harrisburg has no Revolutionary history, other than that when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated John Harris loaned the government of the revolting colonies the considerable sum of three thousand pounds, taking treasury certificates for the same. He was patriotic enough to believe in the Revolution, and far-sighted enough to believe in his land on the Susquehanna, which was not laid out as a city until 1785, six years before his death. He was impressed with the idea that at some future period it would be the capital of the State, and he conveyed to commissioners four acres of ground, in trust, for public use and such public purposes as the legislature shall hereafter direct. The town was first called Maclaysburg, after William Maclay, the son-in-law of John Harris, who owned the land upon which the upper part of the city is built, and was one of the first representatives of Pennsylvania in the United States Senate. It became, in 1812, the capital of the State, as Harris had hoped. It is curious to read, in the pages of Watson, the recollections of Robert Harris, the son of John Harris, the second: how he

PHILADELPHIA TO PITTSBURG.



ON THE JUNIATA.

had seen three different houses, one hundred and fifty feet long, filled with furs; how they had plenty of wild turkeys and deer in the Revolution, (he was eight years old when it commenced,) and how he and his father killed as many as twenty bears that were crossing the river; how he saw the remains of his grandfather's block-house and stockade, and how an Indian came in one night with his gun and fired at an English officer, and, the pan flashing, how his

grandmother, the ready-witted, stout-hearted Esther, blew out the candle for concealment; how he saw a man that was scalped; all this, mind you, the recollections of one man, who was born here. Such was the Harrisburg of the olden time. The Harrisburg of to-day belongs to a different order of things. It does not do a very large business in peltry, but it moves a little in the production and work of iron and steel and the building of railroad cars, employing over fifteen hundred men in these branches of manufacture, and hundreds more in machine-shops, tanneries, planing and flour mills, and the like. It has no block-house and stockade, but their place is supplied by the capitol buildings, which overlook the river from their ornamental grounds; by its churches, of which there are fifteen; its halls and banks, its academy, seminary, and public schools. What with these and the situation of the city, the sparkling river and its verdant islands, the rolling hills and blue mountains in the distance, one may do worse than be at Harrisburg.

At Rockville, we reach the Kittatinny mountain, the first of the Allegheny range, and before we know it we are crossing the Susquehanna on a bridge more than half a mile long. The views from this bridge are magnificent. If we look to the north we see the great mountains which the river has sundered in its passage, and which have left memorials of the battle wherein they were once engaged, in the rocks that were torn from their rough sides, and now cumber its channel, breaking it into rapids and fretting it into foam. If we look to the south we see the broad, bright, calm river sweeping past its little islands and the fertile farms of its banks. We follow it until we can distinguish the city we lately left, some four or five miles away, and in the distance the blue hills of Cumberland and York. We are in Perry county, which may be said to be walled in by two great mountain ranges, the Kittatinny on the south-east and the Tuscarora on the north-west. Nor are these all, for it is intersected by many lesser ranges which divide it into valleys, all fertile, cultivated, and well watered. We have here an indication of the character of the scenery we shall meet: now, the wild picturesqueness of passes between the mountains, whose steep, precipitous sides plunge abruptly into the water, and anon, their gradual withdrawal, their falling back, their retreat, and the triumphant gatherings of man in the rear, in the green fields, in the farms and orchards, in the houses and barns and villages. The early settlers here were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who pushed their way up into the valleys, as their hardy brethren had done in Lancaster county and in the Cumberland valley. They suffered, like the rest of their race, from the incursions of the



ALLEGRIPPUS—ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

Indians, who were perpetually on the war-path, and many families were massacred. Whether they allied themselves with the Paxton Rangers, and avenged their wrongs in the primitive fashion of the time, we are not told; but it is quite likely, for murder begets murder among Christian people as well as among savages. They were nearly exterminated once; but it is hard to destroy Irishmen and Scotchmen, and still harder the blood of both mingled in the same persons, so they remained and prospered. We have passed Duncannon and its iron-works and have come to Duncan's Island and the mouth of the Juniata. Duncan's Island contained a large Indian town, and was a favorite meeting-place for the tribes in the Juniata and Susquehanna valleys. David Brainerd, the missionary, who traveled among the aborigines of Pennsylvania about a hundred and thirty years ago, has left an account of the inhabitants of Duncan's Island, many of whom could speak English, and most of whom were drunken, vicious, and, of course, profane. He describes one of their priests, and as we have mentioned the Mennonists, the Dunkers, and other co-religionists, we will give his description of this clerical savage in his native wilds:—"He made his appearance in his pontifical garb, which was a coat of bearskins, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes, a pair of bearskin stockings, and a great wooden face, painted, the one half black, the other half tawny, about the color of an Indian's skin, with an extravagant mouth, cut very much away; the face fastened to a bearskin cap, which was drawn over his head. He advanced towards me with the instrument in his hand which he used for music in his idolatrous worship, which was a dry tortoise-shell with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made a very convenient handle." There were white as well as red settlers on Duncan's Island, and numerous outrages were perpetrated by the latter. The whites abandoned it twenty years before the breaking out of the Revolution, and four years later there was a bloody fight upon it between these, or other adventurous pale-faces, and the Indians. It demanded courage to live here, and to escape hence when one's life was in danger. This courage was possessed by the wife of the owner of the island, who saved her life and the life of a child by swimming the Susquehanna on a horse, with the child before her. It was a notable feat, for the river was a mile wide and was swollen with the spring freshets. They buried their dead here, and not far from their burial-place there was an old mound, which was destroyed, with the burial-place, by the construction of the canal, to the enrichment of relic-hunters, lovers of beads, arrow-heads, stone hatchets, and similar *bric-a-bracery*.



VIEWS IN AND AROUND PITTSBURG.

Nowhere in Pennsylvania can we find more varied landscapes than lie along the Juniata valley. In its hundred-mile journey from the Allegheny mountains to the Susquehanna, it overcomes every obstacle in its course; dashing boldly, in the olden time, against the stony walls it was to tear asunder, and when the whim seized the spirit of its waters, wildest of Undines, evading them by winding tortuously around and stealing secretly through little glens and valleys. The peculiar qualities of Juniata scenery, both as regards its serried mountain embankments and its sloping valleys and hills, are massiveness of outline and tenderness of tone: the loving hands of Nature have moulded all things into harmonious and beautiful forms. The valleys are nestling-places of pastoral landscapes, peaceful, plenteous, gentle,—homes of simple farmer-folk, and many of the hills are cultivated almost to their summits, which are crowned with forest trees. The Virginia creeper festoons nearly every tree in the river valley, climbing from the ground to its topmost branch, and occasionally the larger vines throw out their arms and bind several together in their clinging embrace. The railroad runs in some places, as we have seen, through and along these pleasant valleys, and at others through narrow ravines, where its path is carved out of the rocks. Here it enters a tunnel pierced through a mountain spur, and there, disdaining its errant wanderings, it boldly bridges the river, and goes straight on. He were a skillful and a lucky painter who could reproduce on his canvas the manifold beauties of the Juniata valley.

Altoona has a history of its own, though not an ancient one. It is the creation of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and only dates back to 1849, when its site was selected by them as a location for their workshops. Four or five years passed, and Altoona was incorporated as a borough. Great workshops were in operation, churches were built, and a large hotel, which was named after that famous old Indian, of whom his countrymen said, pointing at him as they passed his door, "Logan is the friend of the white man." A picture of the great Mingo chief is painted on the wall of the dining-room, resplendent, gorgeous,—lord of the vanishing wilderness. The lover of quiet should avoid Altoona, for what with the clanging of the engine-bells, the arrival and departure of trains at all hours, the loading and unloading of freight, and the unceasing patter and tramp of passengers, his meditations would be disturbed. Add to these the noise of the works, the machine-shops, the boiler-shops, the blacksmith-shops, the freight and passenger car shops, the planing-mill, and what not besides,—a two-mile frontage of industry, and his jarring nerves will drive him to Prospect or Gospel Hill, or to Wapsononoc, whence he may behold the

whole Juniata valley. As Altoona stands at the base of the main Alleghenies, it is here that the ascent begins. If we are observant when we start, we notice the steady movement of the train, which is laboring up a grade of more than ninety feet to the mile. The valley seems to sink and the gorge to deepen: the tops of the tallest trees are far below us. We have rounded Kittanning Point, (an old Indian trail to and from the Delaware,) where the valley separates into two ravines, neither of which can be traversed by us, so, in order to gain another opening, we make a great horseshoe curve, and crossing both on a high embankment we sweep around the western wall. In the new pass we ascend through the heart of the range whose eastern summits rise and fade in the distance. Past Allegrippus and Bennington Furnace into the great tunnel, the little twinkling light of whose farther end is the star to which we are feeling our way in the enfolding darkness. We are more than twenty-one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and we have more than thirty-six hundred feet to go into and through the summit of the mountain, which surrounds and presses upon our long, arched passage-way. We are through at last.

Where the Allegheny comes winding down from the north-east and the Monongahela comes winding up from the south, and where the waters of both join and form the Ohio, stands the busy city of Pittsburg. We have seen, in little, almost from our point of departure, the great industries which have made Pittsburg what it is, and which have converged here as to a common centre. It is well built of brick and stone, which have rather a grimy look. In the eastern portion there are many handsome residences, and the suburbs, where these do most abound, are picturesque and beautiful. Its public buildings are more than noticeable. The City Hall, on Smithfield street, is a substantial and massive structure, and Trinity Church, on Sixth avenue, near Smithfield street, is a good example of Gothic architecture. St. Peter's Church and Cathedral and the Court-house, both on Grant street, will bear a favorable comparison with similar edifices in our older and larger cities. The importance of the site upon which Pittsburg stands was perceived by the French and the English, for its military value was understood by both. To repel a threatened encroachment on the part of the former, a regiment was raised in Virginia, which claimed the land hereabout, and sent to commence a fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, Washington being its lieutenant-colonel. A small party were at work here on the 17th of April, 1754, when a large party of French and Indians came down in bateaux and canoes, with eighteen pieces of cannon, and commanded them to stop. The Virginians were brave men, but forty-one is no



PITTSBURG.

match for a thousand; so, after a parley, they surrendered the post and marched away with all their materials. The seizure of this post by the French and the erection thereon of Fort Du Quesne precipitated a war, and though they held it only four years, it was a disastrous period to the settlers in Pennsylvania, for they supplied their savage allies with arms and ammunition, and they raided along the frontiers, which were devastated with fire and blood. An expedition under General Forbes was dispatched against Fort Du Quesne in 1758, and while the army was at Raystown, Major Grant, of the British regulars, was sent out as an advance with eight hundred men. He pushed on, and, arriving in sight of the fort, encamped on the hill where the Court-house now stands, and made a reconnaissance of the enemy's works. How he attacked them the next morning and was defeated, with a large loss, was taken prisoner and sent to Montreal, does not immediately concern us. Enough that Fort Du Quesne was abandoned by the French shortly after this affair, and was repaired, reconstructed, and occupied by the English, who commenced new fortifications, which cost them sixty thousand pounds, and were considered formidable enough to secure to the latest posterity the British empire on the Ohio.

We must not allow ourselves to trace, however briefly, the early military history of Pittsburg, but come to what more particularly concerns us,—its civil history. In 1764 Colonel John Campbell laid out in four squares that portion of the city lying between Water and Second streets and Ferry and Market streets. In 1769 the manor of Pittsburg, which belonged to the Penns, and embraced the area between the two rivers and extended south of the Monongahela, was surveyed, and in 1784 arrangements were made by their agents to lay it out in lots. This was done. Two years later the Pittsburg "Gazette" was started, and a post established to New York and Richmond. The number of houses here then is estimated at one hundred. In another year a public academy was established by the legislature, and another institution, which obtains largely in the country to-day, established itself, and made no end of trouble. It was the manufacture of whisky, which distillation, beyond any yet known, has a tendency to run "crooked." Shall we pay a tax upon it? said the distillers; we who revolted from England, when she taxed us, and who conquered her, too? Perish the thought! There is no need to relate now the great Whisky Insurrection, which raised thousands of armed malcontents, who were ready for anything, but who were finally awed down by the forces of the Government. The first distillery here is supposed to have started soon after the town was laid out in lots, and in the same year the Penns sold the privilege of mining coal on the hill forming

A CENTURY AFTER.



NEW BRIGHTON AND BEAVER FALLS.

the south bank of the Monongahela. The importance of Pittsburg as a port was soon seen, and in 1797 the Government, fearing a war with France, ordered the building here of two armed vessels. A year before three distinguished foreigners resided in Pittsburg. They were Louis Philippe and two exiled princes of his house, and they proceeded to New Orleans in a skiff. Another Frenchman, the merchant Tarascon, of Philadelphia, established a house here, and began to build vessels to carry on his trade,—schooners and sloops, that ran to Philadelphia and the West Indies. Other and greater industries were

already at work. A steam-engine was in operation in 1794. The next year the manufacture of window-glass was commenced, and was followed two years afterward by a manufactory of green glass, concerning which its chief proprietor made a grim memorandum: "To-day we made the first bottle, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars." A hollow-ware foundry came next, then a steam flouring-mill, later a rolling-mill, and in 1814 a cannon-foundry, from which have grown the great Fort Pitt Works.

Pittsburg was incorporated in 1804. Within the next two years stages connected it with eastern cities, and a turnpike road over the mountains was begun. Five years later the first steamboat on western waters was built here, and proceeded to Natchez, and thence to New Orleans, with passengers and freight. Seven more boats were built within the next six years, and in 1840, twenty-nine years after the building of the first one, there were eighty-nine steamboats wholly or partly owned in Pittsburg, which became the centre of an immense trade, distributing its manufactures through the whole Ohio valley. In 1845 a large portion of the city was laid in ruins by a fire, and property to the amount of nine millions was destroyed. If one could use seriously the much-abused figure of the phoenix, Pittsburg rose from its ashes like that fabulous fowl, and in a few years was all the better for being burnt. Villages were hatched about it, along the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and those on the latter and on the east bank of the former were taken into its nest, and now constitute one family or corporation. Allegheny City, on the west bank of the river, has preserved a separate existence as a city, though it is practically a part of Pittsburg, since it is connected with it by bridges, which make the principal streets of both cities continuous. If Pittsburg is rather grimy it is very healthy. If one should fall sick here there is the Pennsylvania Hospital to which he can be taken, if he is friendless and infirm; and if he should chance to lose his mind, he will be received at Dixmont; if his boys and girls should prove vicious, the Pennsylvania Reform School will do its best to improve and educate them. The broad field of charity is well covered with homes for the friendless, widows, destitute women, destitute men, sheltering arms, a relief society, a dispensary, an infirmary, a house of industry, and four hospitals, beside the one we have named. If, with all these inducements to live, one should die, there are cemeteries in the vicinity, and a beautiful one on the banks of the Allegheny. There is a university in Pittsburg, and four colleges, two of which are for women, and three of which are theological. There is an opera-house and two theatres, sixteen banks, and forty safe-deposit companies.

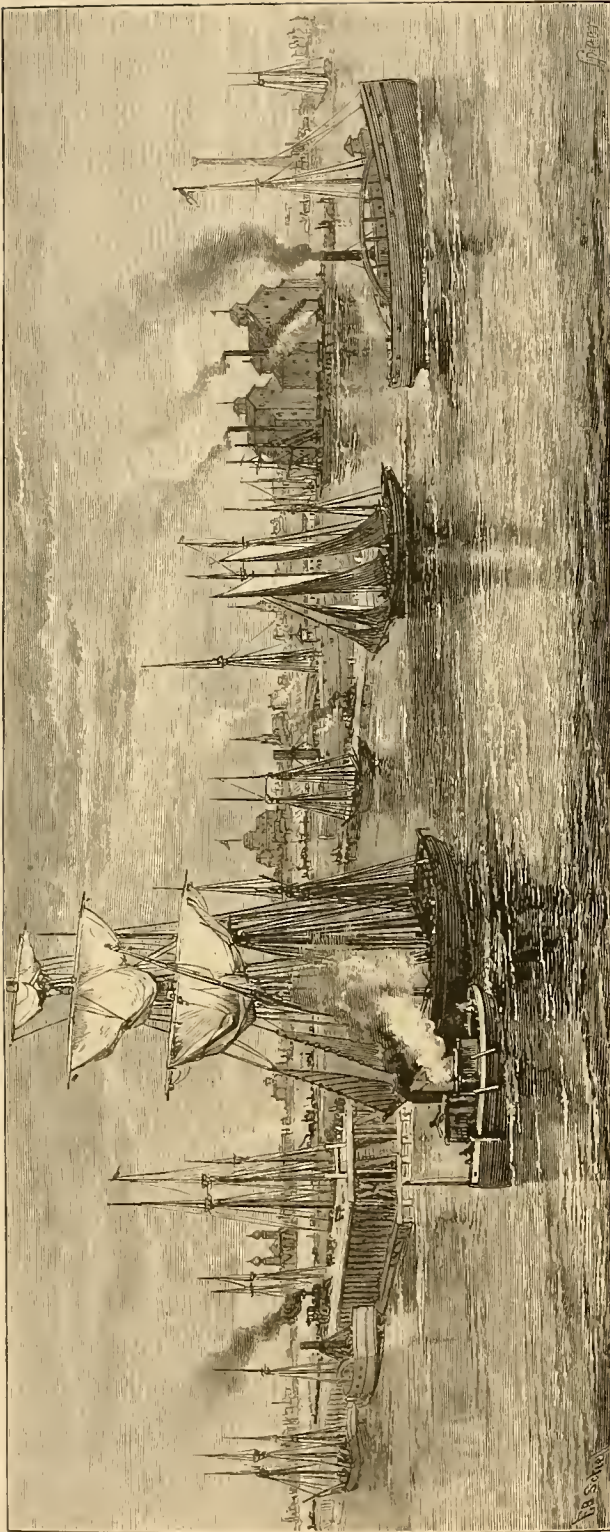
What has made the place what it is is its manufactories. Let us see what they are. Within what is known as Pittsburg there are, it is estimated, thirty-five miles of manufactories of iron, steel, copper, brass, glass, oil, wool, and cotton. These miles of manufactories are not all in Pittsburg itself, but are scattered in Allegheny City, West Pittsburg, Monongahela, South Pittsburg, Birmingham, and East Birmingham. They employ over thirty-four thousand men, whose annual wages are about eighteen and a half millions of dollars, the capital invested being about fifty-five millions, and the annual value of products nearly ninety millions. One-half of all the glass-works in the country are here. Forty firms run sixty factories, which employ nearly four thousand hands, who earn over two millions a year, and whose annual products are worth over five millions. Nearly twenty-seven millions are invested in iron manufactures, employing over fifteen thousand men, who consume annually six hundred thousand tons of metal, and whose products are worth more than thirty-six millions. There are sixty-eight coal-mining establishments, employing over six thousand men, whose annual products amount to about five millions. The annual shipment of coal by river is about two millions and one hundred thousand tons, by rail one and a half millions of tons, the home consumption being one and a half millions more. Thus much, figuratively speaking, for Pittsburg. But what shall we do and where shall we go? We can take a passenger boat, and go down the Ohio. We can cross the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. There is a fine suspension-bridge across the former. Suppose we go to New Brighton and Beaver Falls. At the latter place there is a rock of alum three hundred feet high. Or suppose we go to Allegheny City, where there is a park. To New Brighton, Beaver Falls, and thence to Allegheny City, and then where we will, in and around Pittsburg.



HUMBOLDT MONUMENT, ALLEGHENY PARK.

ERIE TO PHILADELPHIA.

IN going from Erie to Philadelphia we traverse the whole State of Pennsylvania, from its north-western to its south-eastern corner, and pass through scenery the most varied, and places abounding in reminiscences of historic interest. We must not allow ourselves to be detained too long by the last, which bear a marked resemblance to those which tracked us on the way to Pittsburg, and may be said to be reminders of battles and massacres, contending shocks between the red and white races. Erie has an Indian history, in that the southern shores of the lake on which it stands were once occupied by a powerful tribe, the Eries, or Irrironnons, who were exterminated by the Five Nations, about two hundred and twenty-two years ago, and in that the French, who finally overcame the hostility of the conquering tribes by their diplomacy, built a fort at Erie, which was the first European settlement on the southern shore, and which, when it had passed into the hands of the English, was surprised by savages, led by Pontiac, and its whole garrison massacred, with the exception of one soldier, who escaped, and a woman who was taken prisoner. This was thirteen years before the Revolution. Presqu' Isle was soon retaken, and treaties were made with the Indians, but it was not until the success of Wayne's expedition, in 1795, that there was peace throughout the North-west. The town of Erie was laid out in that year, and the next year was the honored burial-place of Wayne, who died here in a log cabin, and was interred at the foot of the flagstaff within the fort, where his body remained until 1809, when it was removed to Radnor churchyard, near the old Wayne homestead in Chester county. The growth of Erie was slow for a long time. It was incorporated in 1805, though it numbered less than one hundred houses, and depended mostly on the trade that was carried on here, in supplying the settlers of the Ohio valley with salt from northern New York, and through the old French portage to the Allegheny river and Pittsburg. This route was used during our second war with England for supplying the garrison and squadron on the lake. The natural situation of the harbor pointed it out as a suitable place in which to build a navy to protect our interests on the northern waters, and thither repaired Captain Perry, who in eight or nine months had a little



ERIE.

fleet of nine vessels, with fifty-four guns, ready for sea and for action. On the 9th of September, 1813, he met the British squadron, which had three vessels less and nine guns more than his own. It was at Put-in-Bay, near the head of the lake, that the enemy attacked us. Their guns did considerable mischief to Perry's ships before he could bring his armament to bear; but when he came to close quarters, where our sailors loved to be, and his men warmed up to their work, he captured every vessel, and covered his name with glory. "Peace hath victories no less renowned than war," but they were not rapid or brilliant at Erie, which followed the example of Pittsburg, in building a steamboat five years later than that flourishing city. This boat, "Walk-in-the-Water," was not a thing of life to the town, which, as late as 1830, thirty-five years after it was laid out, had a population of only fourteen hundred. About this time the system of internal improvements in Pennsylvania was agitated, and the Rip Van Winkles of Erie rubbed their eyes, awoke, and speculation in their lots ran wild. The opening of the canal that

connects the lake with the waters of the Ohio, and the building of the railroad that unites the West with New York, consolidated what before was a doubtful success. An attempt on the part of the Lake Shore Railroad to build a line in the vicinity of Erie, which omitted the town and its harbor, and sought to distribute travel and traffic to rival ports, created a war, for it was little less, between its citizens and the Lake Shore corporation, which lasted three years, during which the railroad was again and again torn up and interrupted. But there is an end to everything, even railroad wars, and the difficulties once adjusted, peace has since reigned at Erie. It is a delightful place in summer, for the cool breezes of the north come rippling freshly over the clear lake, and the scenery about is at once wild and romantic. Massasaugie Point, on the south side of Erie bay, whilom home of a vanished tribe, is devoted to picnics and pleasure-parties. The bluffs and flats are covered with trees, pines, oaks, cedars, hemlocks, and poplars, and the shady and sunny nooks are peopled with flowers and flowering shrubs. Erie is the centre of lake commerce, which has increased so largely that in 1872 one hundred and fourteen foreign and twenty-two hundred and seventy-eight coastwise vessels entered and cleared. The finest steam-propellers on the lake run to and from this place, and a United States steamer makes it her station and winter quarters. The industries of Erie embrace the various manufactures of iron, organs, boots and shoes, etc. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has coal wharves on the lake, and there is a grain elevator, and all the bustle of trade on land and water. There are seventeen churches, an academy of music, an opera-house, five halls, ten banks, two hospitals, an orphan asylum, two public libraries, several hotels, an academy, good schools, and all this with a population of twenty thousand. Of the future greatness as well as the present prosperity of Erie, there can be no doubt.

Proceeding on our way we come to Waterford, after a run of about twenty miles, a pleasant little borough on Le Bœuf lake and creek. We strike here the track of the French, on the trail, we may say, remembering the wilderness which then covered the country, and the savages who were their allies. We intend to give both a wide berth, as we certainly would have done in the middle of the last century, so we will merely mention that the French had a fort at Le Bœuf, (which derived its name, by the way, from the immense herds of buffalo found in the vicinity,) and that it soon passed out of their hands. The present town was laid out in 1794, though it was not until the following year that its name was changed to Waterford. The population, all told, is less

A CENTURY AFTER.



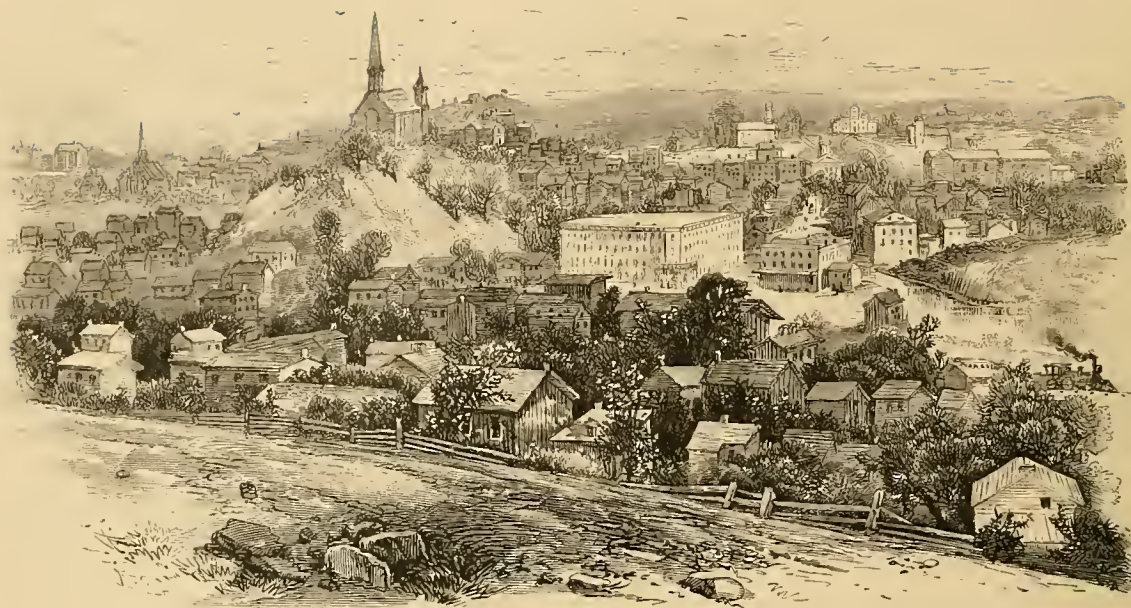
LOCK HAVEN.

than eight hundred, but it contrives to do a fair business in making boots and shoes and firkins and tubs. The produce of the dairy should be added to its other industries. Through Union, which contains about double the population of Waterford, and is devoted to manufactures of wood, oil barrels, pumps, and furniture, and through Concord and Corry. Fifteen years ago the site of Corry was a wilderness. The discovery and development of petroleum in Venango county and the completion of the Oil Creek Railroad to Titusville, created Corry, which was built up rapidly. The bubble burst, as we know, but the prosperity which it brought to Corry remained, and turned its activity into other channels. There are extensive oil-works here, manufactories of wooden-ware, furniture, sashes, and blinds, brushes, fork and spade handles, boring-machines, iron-works, saw and flour mills, railroad-shops, cooper-shops, shingle-mills, and tanneries. Through Pittsfield and Youngsville to Irvineton, which has a pleasant Indian memory in the shape of the brave whom Cornplanter sent to the cabin of General Irvine as a guard when his life was in danger. This old chief was an honor to his race, for, though in his youth he had been the unrelenting enemy of the first settlers, when the land owned by the Seneca tribe, of which he was chief, was ceded to Pennsylvania by the treaty of Fort Stanwix, he received a small reservation in it, and spent the last years of his long life in peace and friendship with his white neighbors. His reservation was twelve

miles above Warren, which we have reached, and which stands at the junction of the Allegheny and the Conewango. The county from which it takes its name was of such slow growth that in twenty years after its creation it numbered less than two thousand inhabitants. It abounds with streams and creeks, which are outlets to a large lumber business, and have been any time within the last sixty years. Old and young were alike interested in the departure of the rafts with the spring tides, and forty years ago there was scarcely a boy of twelve living on any stream in the county who had not made his voyage to Cincinnati, perhaps to New Orleans. The growth of the town of Warren was as slow as that of the county. In the first forty years of its existence it failed to reach a population of eight hundred, but within the last score it has become one of the finest inland towns in Pennsylvania. The country just below it lies within the great oil field. There are iron-works and planing-mills here, and as we cross the Allegheny we see from the bridge the river banks strewn with logs, and on the river great rafts afloat. Past the lumberies and tanneries of Sheffield, the saw-mills of Roystone and Wetmore, to Kane, which nestles among hemlocks and sparkles with streams and springs. Summer visitors to Kane will find, if sportsmen, deer and wild game in the forests, and, if anglers, trout in the mountain brooks. Past Ridgway, which perpetuates the name of a merchant of Philadelphia, who owned large tracts of land there, as the county, of which it is the seat of justice, perpetuates the name of a mountain in its northern portion,—Elk, so called on account of the multitudes of that noble stag that once peopled its woods.

Past St. Mary's, Beechwood, and Emporium, with their flourishing industries of coal, iron, and lumber; past Sterling and its mills, Sinnemahoning, Westport, and Renovo, where we skirt the river, with mountains on the eastern side, and past Farrandsville and Queen's Run, until we reach Lock Haven. We have come as the crow flies, if the crow flies straight, about one hundred and fifty miles, but actually by rail, winding and zig-zagging, about two hundred miles. We have traversed six counties, have crossed creeks, French creek and Broken-straw creek, which comes winding down from New York; have crossed rivers, the Allegheny at Warren; have skirted rivers, the Big Branch down to Ridgway; from Emporium down to Keating, the Sinnemahoning, and from Westport to Lock Haven, the Susquehanna. We have seen mountains in the distance, in Elk county, and at Young-woman's creek we passed between them. We have passed through a coal and iron and timber country, have seen the smoke of manufactories, have heard the whizzing of saw-mills, and beheld

A CENTURY AFTER.



BELLEFONTE.

millions of dollars' worth of lumber. Lock Haven is the seat of justice in Clinton county, which was established thirty-seven years ago, and which, as a portion of Northumberland county, in Colonial and Revolutionary days, had a history similar to that of the counties we have crossed on our journey hither,—a history of hardy pioneer struggles and dangers, and final success. The town, which is on the left bank of the Susquehanna, was laid out, in 1834, by Jeremiah Church, an energetic man of business, who was wiser or luckier, in his day and generation, than the Boston capitalists who laid out Farrandsville two or three years before, and made a trifling loss of seven hundred thousand dollars. The name of this busy little city is derived from its situation, which is between two locks of the Pennsylvania canal. It prospered from its foundation, and is to-day the business centre of several important industries, chiefest of which is lumbering, wherein a very large capital is invested, controlling about one hundred millions of feet of lumber annually. There are two booms here, six saw-mills, and six planing and shingle mills, which are seldom or never idle. There are, besides, three foundries and machine-shops, a boiler manufactory, two tanneries, and manufactories of boots and shoes. In addition to these there is the usual mercantile business of a city of about seven thousand inhabitants. One can be comfortable at Lock Haven, and can see beautiful scenery,—wide river valleys and rough wooded mountains.

While we are here we may as well lie over a few hours, and take a run down the Bald Eagle valley to Bellefonte. As we pass town after town along the road, we see what we have seen all along the route,—saw-mills and lumber at Beach Creek and Eagleville, and iron-works at Howard and Curtin. Bellefonte, which we are approaching, was laid out in 1795, five years before the county of which it is the seat was organized. Centre county, which is so called because it is the geographical centre of the State, consists of wild mountain ranges and valleys, which traverse it from the north-east to the south-west, Bald Eagle creek running through one of these valleys in the same direction. There are four principal valleys, Penn's, Brush, Nittany, and Bald Eagle, and six mountain ranges, Tussey's, Path Valley, Brush, Nittany, Bald Eagle, and the Allegheny. Centre county abounds in rivers, creeks, and springs. Either from the marked character of the scenery through which they run, or from a paucity of invention in the minds of the early settlers along their banks, two of these repeat the names of Penn and Bald Eagle, the names of the others being Fishing, Beech, and Moshannon creeks. There are other nameless little streams and creeks, which gush out of the limestone rocks at the base of the Alleghenies. Bellefonte, near the most important of these,—Spring creek,—is pleasantly situated on high ground on the eastern base of the Alleghenies, and has a noble outlook. The sixty-two years that have passed since its incorporation have been prosperous ones to its citizens, who have enjoyed the honor of having one of their number serve in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States twenty-two years, and two more of their number on the bench of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. It has grown slowly, but surely, and contains to-day a large iron furnace, a rolling-mill, an axe-factory, and machine-shop. Its public buildings are eight churches, four banks, two halls, several hotels, an academy, and public schools; and near is a State agricultural college. We might find Revolutionary histories attached to the neighborhood. There certainly is a colonial history attached to Milesburg, two or three miles above, where the first settlement in the county was made by Colonel James Miles, about twenty-five years before Bellefonte was laid out, and there is an Indian memory, in the name of a red brave whose village was there, and whose wigwam was standing about forty years ago between two great white oaks. It is he, and not his fellow of the *aquila* family, the bald eagle, who is commemorated in the creek and valley and branch of railroad by which we shall return to Lock Haven.

Bellefonte derives its name from a large and valuable spring, thirty or forty feet in diameter, so clear that we can see the sand at the bottom

disturbed by the bubbling up of the water, and which not only supplies the town with water, but forces it through the pipes and hydrants. We should like to linger and look down into its cool depths, and dream of the dark under-world through which it flows, and out of which it rushes so brightly, and imagine its surroundings when Bellefonte was a wilderness. On second thoughts, however, there is no occasion for us to imagine anything about them, for Mr. Bryant's imagination is at our service in one of the noblest of poems,—“The Fountain.” We will read it when we return to our books; in the meantime there are other leaves than his to turn, and the wind is turning them for us, as it goes playing hide-and-seek in the woods of Bald Eagle valley. From Lock Haven—whither we have returned—we proceed on our way eastward, through Wayne and Pine and Bard's, till we come to Jersey Shore. The name of this town strikes one as absurd, if he is not accustomed to our primitive nomenclature. How can a town be a shore? he asks himself, being considerably at sea, and how can Jersey be in Pennsylvania? It is one of the Dundreary sort of things that no fellow can find out. Not so fast, my lord; slacken your speed, abate your celerity, slow up. Jersey Shore is so called because its early settlers came from that paradisaal region, the remembrance of which followed them in their new home. It was founded about the beginning of the present century by Jeremiah and Reuben Manning, Jerseymen, and brothers; and, as the name of General Wayne was then fresh in the minds of his countrymen, on account of his brilliant services against the Indians, it was bestowed upon the town. Waynesburg did not hit the popular fancy, however, but the old name did; so, when the town was incorporated, forty years ago, it was as Jersey Shore. We should like to draw upon our imagination here, as at Bellefonte, for glimpses of its surroundings in the olden time, but the remembrance of Mr. Bryant's skill in painting all that pertains to nature, his knowledge of the woods and waters, and his poetic sympathy with the bright and dark side of savage life, deter us from attempting to sketch in that direction. He could not help us, however, in regard to an ancient circular fortification which was visible, about forty years since, near Jersey Shore, and resembled those which are scattered up and down the Mississippi valley. Who were the builders of these works? It is admitted, we believe, that they did not belong to the race which the white man found in possession on his advent in the New World, but to a different, an earlier, and, doubtless, an extinct race. Who were they, whence did they come, and whither did they go? We can answer the last of these questions in part, for near this old

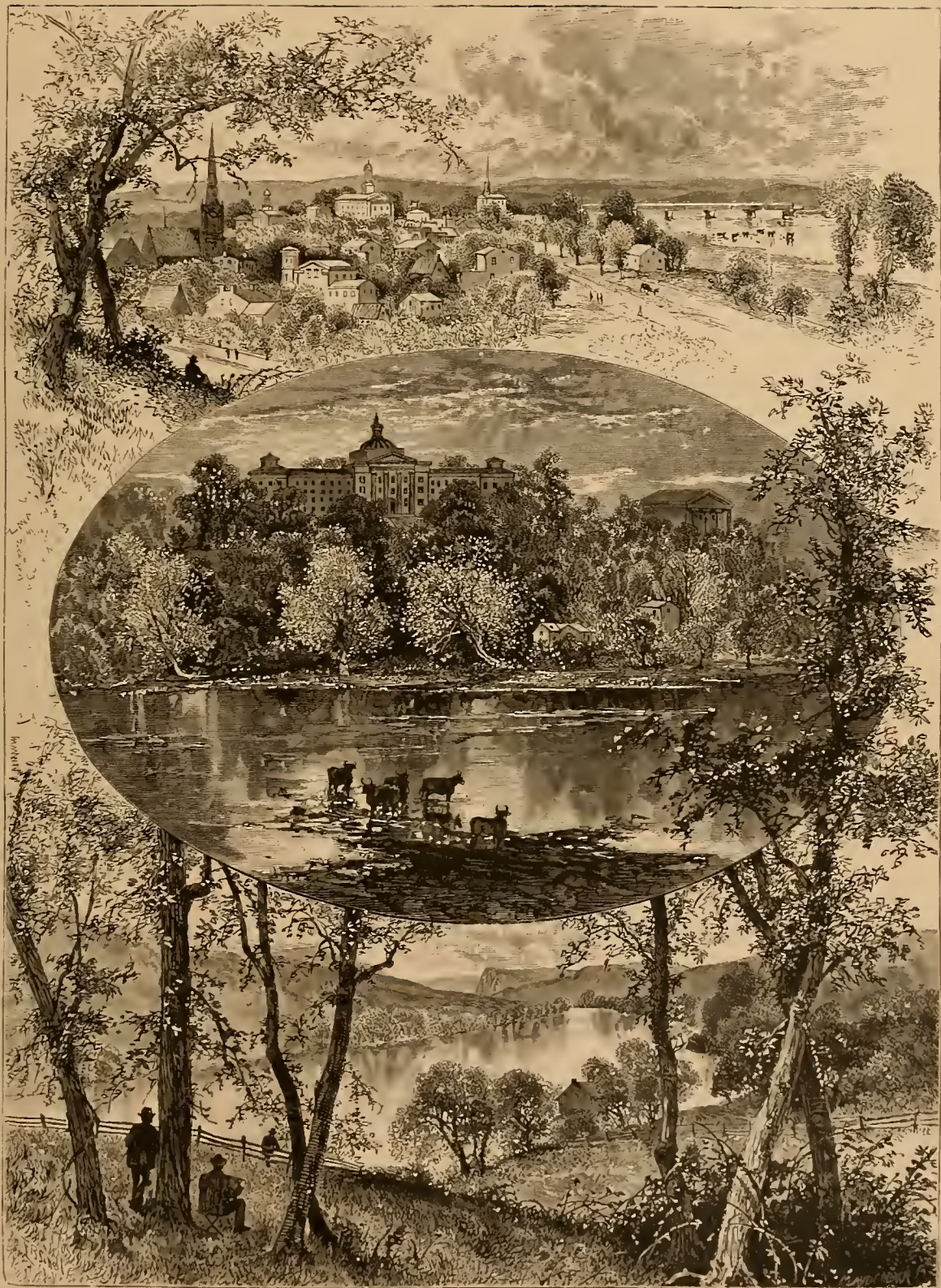


WILLIAMSPORT.

mound, fortification, or whatever it was, there were great burying-grounds, in which bones and rude trinkets were found, not unlike those which were disinterred at Duncan's Island, at the mouth of the Juniata. It is rather a pity that the traditions of the Indians were not collected two hundred years ago, as they were by Schoolcraft in our time. But it was hardly to have been expected. It was the business of the missionary to convert these heathen savages, if he could, and not to preserve their trumpery old stories, and it was the business of the settler to keep his scalp on his head.

Williamsport, which we have reached, is one of the first inland towns in the State. Its industries are akin to those which we have seen at sundry places along our route, the principal one being in lumber. This was commenced about twenty-five years ago by the construction of the first boom on the Susquehanna, and its growth was so rapid that there are now fifty steam saw-mills in operation on all kinds of lumbery for distant markets, the annual shipments of which amount to about two millions of feet. An idea of the magnitude of the business carried on may be gained from the simple statement that the boom company has

handled here, in ten years, between eight and nine millions of logs. Among other wooden miracles at Williamsport there is a manufactory of match-sticks, which turns out an absolutely bewildering number of millions of sticks, say about a hundred and four millions a day. Can any city anywhere match that? Besides this manufactory, there is a furniture factory here, and a boiler factory, and opposite the city, on the south bank of the river, there are large iron-works. Williamsport was laid out in 1795 by Michael Ross, a German, who owned the ground upon which it was built, and who, seeing, no doubt, its future importance, made generous gifts of lands for public purposes. By a wise foresight it was laid out in wide, straight streets, which were worthy of the city that was to spring up along and beyond them. Williamsport has all the modern improvements that obtain in our great cities,—wooden pavements on many of its streets, street-railways, gas, good markets, and an abundant supply of water from mountain springs. It contains twenty-nine churches, (one for about every five hundred inhabitants,) twelve banks, six hotels, six public halls, an opera-house, an academy of music, a seminary, a commercial college, and excellent public schools. Lovers of sport in its now corrupted sense, *i. e.*, sporting-men, find themselves at home in Herdic Park, where there is a magnificent race-course, and followers of Izaak Walton are equally at home in the hatching-houses and trout-ponds connected with the park. It is one thing to catch trout, and another thing to watch trout, but the mere sight of them is not without interest, even to piscatory laymen. There are at least a half million of these little speckled creatures here, in all stages of diminution and magnitude. Williamsport is surrounded by beautiful scenery which abounds in pleasant drives. There is a suspension bridge across the river which comes winding along from the west, swollen a little with its mountain creeks, but still shallow enough to excite the apprehension of lumbermen, who watch for a rise of the waters to bring the logs down with as much anxiety as husbandmen watch the gathering of clouds in harvest-time. The view of Williamsport in the distance, with its high mountain background, its towering steeples, the steam-escapes from its saw-mills, the smoke of its factories, its booms and the rafts in the river, is animated and picturesque. The history of Lycoming county, of which it is the seat of justice, is the history of every county that we have crossed in our journey hither; but one page therein is so curious that we may be pardoned for referring to it. Briefly, then, the proprietary government had trouble with the white settlers who encroached upon the Indian lands after the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and they prohibited the making of any surveys north of Lycoming creek, there being a question whether



LEWISBURG AND VICINITY.

the stream mentioned in the treaty by the Indian title of *Tiudaghton* was Lycoming creek or Pine creek. The disputed territory between these waters,—an area of from ten to fifteen miles in width, bounded on the north-east and west by mountain barriers,—was seized upon by these irrepressible settlers, who increased and multiplied largely. They were outlaws, in that they were outside the law, a fact of which they were well aware, and which they turned to the best advantage they could, by being a law unto themselves. They provided, therefore, for their own government, by electing annually three of their number, whom they called *fair-play men*, and who decided whatever was brought before them, from a disputed boundary to the weightiest matters of life and death. There was no appeal from their decisions, for every man in the community was prepared on the instant to enact the part of the grim old Virginia farmer, Justicer Lynch. They must have been a remarkable set, those extemporized forest Solons, for their decisions are said to have been so just that, when the settlement was finally recognized by the law, they were received as evidence, and confirmed by the judgment of the courts. A chief justice of the State once asked one of these settlers, an old Irishman, to enlighten him in regard to this defunct code:—"All I can say about it," he answered, "is, that since your honor's courts have come among us *fair play* has entirely ceased, and law has taken its place." Was that sarcasm or innocence on the part of that elderly Celt,—a male specimen of the genus *Bos*? And might we not say the same now in this Centennial Year of our Independence?

While we have been prattling about fair play we have passed through Muncy, Montgomery, Watontown, Milton, and have reached Montandon. Here we take the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek Railroad across the Susquehanna to Lewisburg, the seat of justice of Union county. It was laid out, some fifteen or twenty years before that county was established, by Louis Derr, a German, who had an Indian trading-post here towards the close of the last century, and whose memory was preserved in the first name of the place—"Derrstown." It is pleasantly situated on the west bank of the river,—a low-lying plat of verdure fringed here and there with trees, and bordered by a country road. Cattle, wading in the shallow stream, stare up at us as we pass, and the sun shining full on the frontage and roofage of the houses, the steeples of the churches, and the dome of the University, seems to welcome us to this busy little retreat of learning. Of the industries of Lewisburg there is no occasion to speak in detail, since they are identical with those we have

ERIE TO PHILADELPHIA.



JUNCTION OF THE NORTH AND WEST BRANCHES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA, FROM SUNBURY.

already seen, with the exception of a boat-building yard, nor of the public buildings, banks, hotels, and so on. The University, however, is well worth visiting. It was chartered in 1847, and four years later its first class was graduated. It originated chiefly with the Baptists, and its organization gives them a leading influence in its affairs, but it is unsectarian in its management and character. Its course of studies is calculated to discipline, as well as instruct, the mind: generalities, not specialties, are aimed at. Arithmetic may help us a little; for, if we consider that the course of four years consists of thirty-six studies, one-sixth will be devoted to pure mathematics; one to Latin; one to Greek; one to mental sciences, including logic and rhetoric; one to natural science; and the last sixth to modern languages and applied mathematics. Text-books are adhered to, but not in all cases. There are, for example, weekly oral exercises of all classes in English composition and oratory, and oral lectures

on English literature, on the history of Greece and Rome, England and France, and on ancient scholastic and modern philosophy and æsthetics. The financial condition of Lewisburg University is good. Its property, including land, buildings, apparatus, library, cabinets, and invested funds, is worth three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and it is not in debt a dollar. It owns thirty-five acres, mostly woodland, and three substantial brick edifices, the college proper, an English academy, and a young ladies' institute. From these buildings, which can accommodate three hundred students, there have gone forth, in twenty-seven years, upwards of five hundred *alumni* and *alumnae*. These, however, do not so much concern us, picturesque tourists, as the University and its grounds, which are charming. There is a fine view of Lewisburg from College Hill, and from the same elevation, looking south-east, a delightful glimpse of the river, with Blue Hill in the distance.

We have recrossed the Susquehanna and passed Northumberland, where the famous Dr. Priestley, chemist and philosopher, spent the last ten years of his eventful and useful life, and where, in a little cemetery overlooking the junction of the two branches of the river, his honored ashes rest. We are at Sunbury, the northernmost town on the main stream of the Susquehanna, whose two great branches are united just above it; the western branch flowing along from the slopes of the Alleghenies, shadowed by forests and darkened by mountains, and the northern branch winding down from Otsego lake, two hundred and fifty miles away, fed by innumerable creeks. The scenery about Sunbury is very striking, the plain upon which it stands being overlooked by steep bluffs. The river here is a mile wide,—a magnificent stream,—and just below the town its waters receive the waters of Shamokin creek. It was laid out about two years after Williamsport, and, like that city, with wide, straight streets. Forty years ago it promised to be a place of more mercantile importance than it is at present; for at that time the belief was general that the Susquehanna could be navigated from its mouth in Chesapeake Bay to the junction of its branches at Northumberland. A steamboat was dispatched hither from Baltimore, and it not only reached Sunbury but proceeded up the northern branch as far as Danville,—an aquatic feat which was loudly trumpeted in the newspapers of the day. But nothing came of it and the place remained as it was, growing, of course, as every town in America does, in a live State. Sunbury is a live town, and could not well be otherwise if it would. It is the eastern terminus of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad and the point of junction with the Northern Central and other roads. Those which go eastward

from it run into the heart of the Shamokin coal region, some twenty miles distant, and return laden from the mines. The annual amount of coal forwarded hence, by rail and canal, is about six hundred thousand tons. Where coal is there labor is. There are, therefore, at Sunbury great industries, which employ about one-fourth of its inhabitants; in steam saw-mills, planing-mills, grist-mills, oil-mills, and foundries. The shops of the Philadelphia and Erie and the repair-shops of the Northern Central Railroads are here. A prettier industry than obtains in these noisy manufactories adds a grace to the vicinity, in the shape of vineyards, one of which yielded recently, in one year, ten tons of Concord grapes and four thousand bottles of wine. Whether grape-culture can be made to pay as an investment remains to be seen. The public buildings of Sunbury are such as we have noted all the way eastward from Erie, consisting of churches, banks, hotels, schools, an opera-house, a seminary, and an academy.

No finer river scenery can be found in America than lies along the Susquehanna and its tributaries. To ascend it from the Chesapeake to Northumberland, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, would be to see only the main stream that far: to ascend the North Branch as it goes winding away to the north-east to Pittston, and to the north-west and north-east into New York, would be to see only about four hundred miles of its crooked course: to ascend the West Branch as it goes twisting along and around the mountains, would be to see only about two hundred miles of its lesser fork. These ascensions, if they could be made, would give but a faint idea of this great triple river. One may get a better impression of it, if he has a little imagination, by tracing it out on the map, beginning with either branch, and following it on its serpentine way to Northampton. If he chooses the West Branch first, he sees it running up northerly to the base of a mountain range, where it turns and flows easterly till it reaches another range, which it keeps in sight twenty or thirty miles until it pierces it, and finally reaches Williamsport. If he chooses the North Branch, he sees it coming down from Otsego southerly and south-westerly until it strikes Susquehanna county, where it makes a great bend, and enters New York again, and, increasing its volume, runs crookedly to the south-east and south-west until it joins the West Branch just above Sunbury. We note ten or twelve distinct mountain ranges along and adjacent to this branch, and half as many more neighboring the North Branch. The drainage of these mountains enters the Susquehanna through the multitude of creeks and rivers which empty their waters into its stream. From tiny rivulets to full-grown



WINTER ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

rivers, their name is legion. We have already mentioned some of them, as the Sinnemahoning, Bald Eagle, and Lycoming creeks; but we have not mentioned some of the larger tributaries, as the Chenango, which enters it at Binghamton, the Tioga, which enters it at Pittston, and the beautiful Juniata, which enters it below. A bird's-eye view of this intricate net-work of water-courses, dropped among mountains and forests, in valleys and farm-lands, and at the feet of smiling villages, towns, and cities, would be a noble one, especially in the verdant months of the year; but if it were surrounded by the gloom of autumn and the darkness of winter,—if the withered leaves were falling in the forests, and the mountains were whitened with snow, it would be dreary enough. Winter landscapes are delightful as art, but in nature they are lonesome and dreary. When great rivers like the Susquehanna and the Delaware are frozen over, it means mischief, as Hamlet says. Not so much then, as when the winter begins to break up, when bright, warm days come, and the snows are loosened on the mountain sides,—when the spring freshets precipitate their boreal accumulations into the creeks, the creeks into the rivers, and the rivers into the branches of the Susquehanna,—great aqueducts, swollen with turbid currents, and choked with floes and hummocks, for then mischief and danger and destruction may be, and should be, looked for. An ice-gorge is well enough as a picture, but such ice-gorges as we have in Pennsylvania exceed the limits of the picturesque. We mentioned one in the Schuylkill two winters ago. It was most tolerable and not to be endured, but it was nothing to those which occur at the Delaware Water Gap and at Port Jervis, where the broken masses are frequently piled fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the river, threatening ruin to all below. Mr. Stedman is the only American poet who gives us even a hint of a real spring freshet:—

“At last it came: five days a drenching rain
Flooded the country: snow-drifts fell away;
The brooks grew rivers, and the river here—
A ravenous, angry torrent—tore up banks,
And overflowed the meadows, league on league.
Great cakes of ice, four-square, with mounds of hay,
Fence-rails, and scattered drift-wood, and huge beams
From broken dams above us, mill-wheel ties,
Smooth lumber, and the torn-up trunks of trees,
Swept downward, strewing all the land about.”

We shall not trace the end of our journey as minutely as we traced the beginning, but follow the course of the Susquehanna, on the Northern Central Railroad, through the mountains that lead to the Shamokin coal region, the

A CENTURY AFTER.

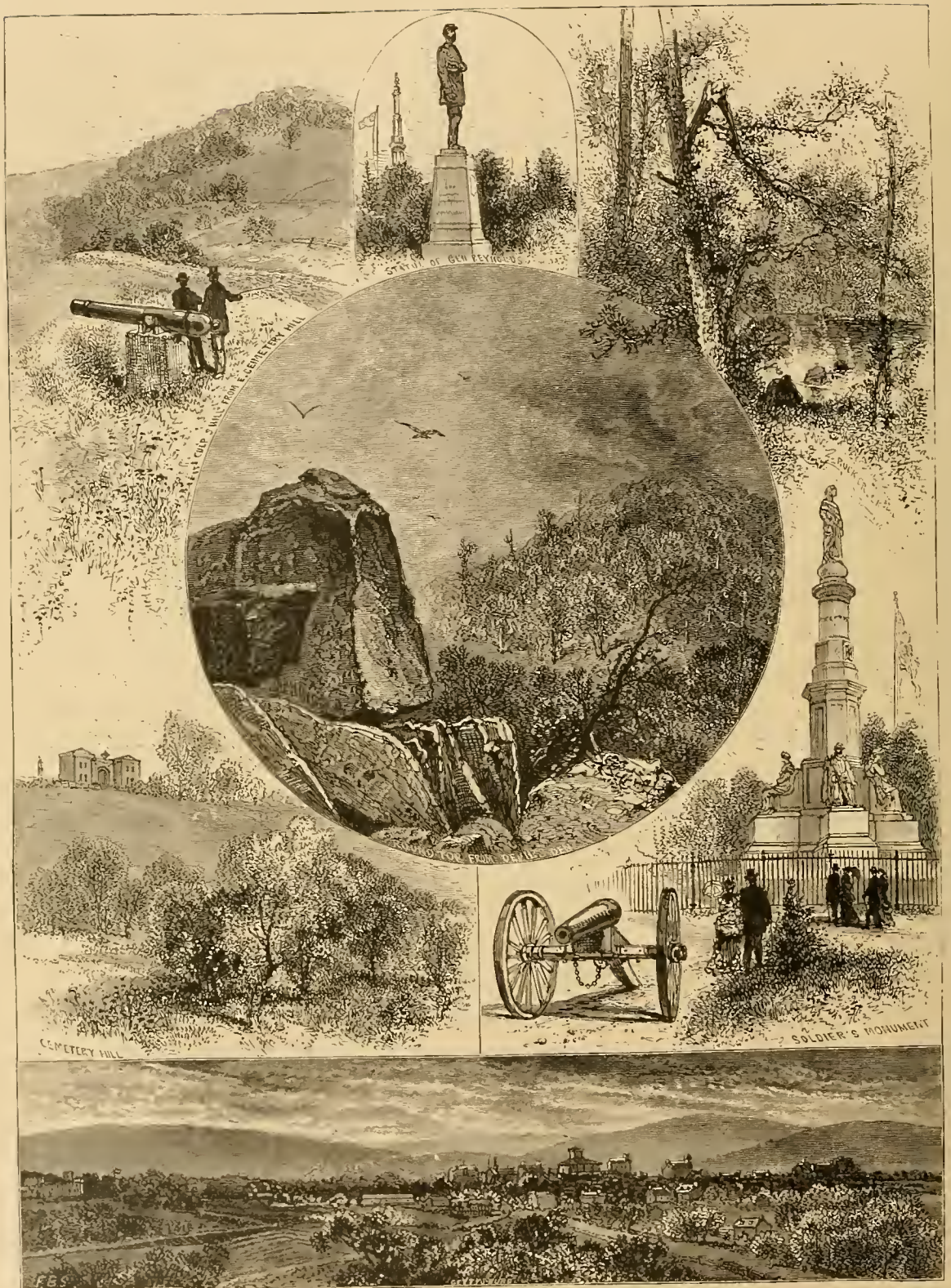


YORK.

Tuscaroras and the Kittatinny mountains, past the mouth of the Juniata, the Conewago hills, to Columbia and York. York is about fifteen miles from the west bank of the Susquehanna, in a direct line, and is the seat of justice of York county, which was a portion of the first territory acquired by Penn from the Indians thirteen years after his landing at Philadelphia. It was purchased for him by Governor Dongan, of New York, and four years later the grant was confirmed by two sachems of the Susquehanna tribe, but vaguely, in that it merely conveyed the Susquehanna river and lands adjoining the same. The Founder was not satisfied with this *terra incognita*, nor were the Conestoga Indians, who laid claim to it; so, eighteen years after he was gathered to his fathers, the Six Nations conveyed to his descendants all the land as far north as the Kittatinny mountains, and west of the river as far as the setting sun,—an extensive tract, extending at that parallel as far as California. Four years after the death of Penn, this land, which was known as the Springettsburg manor, was surveyed, and settlements were made within its limits. The town of York was laid out in 1741, and so desirous were the proprietors to hasten its growth that they gave tickets to any person who wished to take up a lot, on the conditions that the owners of these tickets, which could be sold or assigned, should build upon the lots, at their own proper cost, a substantial dwelling-house,

the moderate dimensions of which were stated, within the space of one year from the time of their entry for the same, and pay a perpetual rent of seven shillings sterling per lot. Building proceeded so slowly here that at the end of ten years only fifty lots were improved. The county had then been formed for upwards of a year, and, while nowhere thickly settled, its inhabitants were an adventurous and hardy race, of whom the earliest were English, who were speedily followed by numbers of Germans and Scotch-Irish. They were among the first to resist the aggressions of Great Britain, and they raised a company of riflemen, who were the earliest in the field in Pennsylvania. It was two years before the Declaration of Independence, and the patriotic town from which they marched was York. The patriotism of York was strong in the times that tried men's souls, for others of its soldiers followed these ready sharpshooters; and when the battle of the Brandywine was lost, Congress retired here from Philadelphia and held their sessions in the old court-house. An Episcopal church had been built three years before, and a bell had been presented to it by Queen Charlotte, consort of his stubborn majesty George the Third, and this royal and disloyal bell somehow got into the cupola of the court-house, and now summoned the rebel Congress to their deliberations. One of their number, Philip Livingstone, of New York, a Signer, died here, and was buried in the cemetery of the German Reformed church. It was not until three or four years after the close of the Revolution that York was incorporated, the establishment of the county having preceded it thirty-eight years. Its site, on both sides of Codorus creek, was well chosen, and its plan was modeled after that of Philadelphia, which one sees here in miniature, especially on market-days. Its industries are of the most varied character, those of iron predominating.

We have mentioned incidentally two or three battles of Revolutionary and colonial days, Brandywine, Braddock's defeat, and sundry Indian fights and massacres; but they were mere skirmishes compared with a great conflict which was fought thirteen years ago, in the last days of June and the first days of July, about thirty miles from York. The Army of Virginia had eluded the Army of the Potomac, and had crossed Maryland into Pennsylvania, and reached the neighborhood of Gettysburg. Nature seems to have laid out the land for a stupendous battle-ground. The town stands on the northern slope of a hill, which faces another hill; behind it are other hills, a mile or two off,—Round Top and Little Round Top; and on the western side a long, rising ground Oak Ridge, which extends two or three miles. Where the impending battle would be was settled by the first column of General Meade, which passed

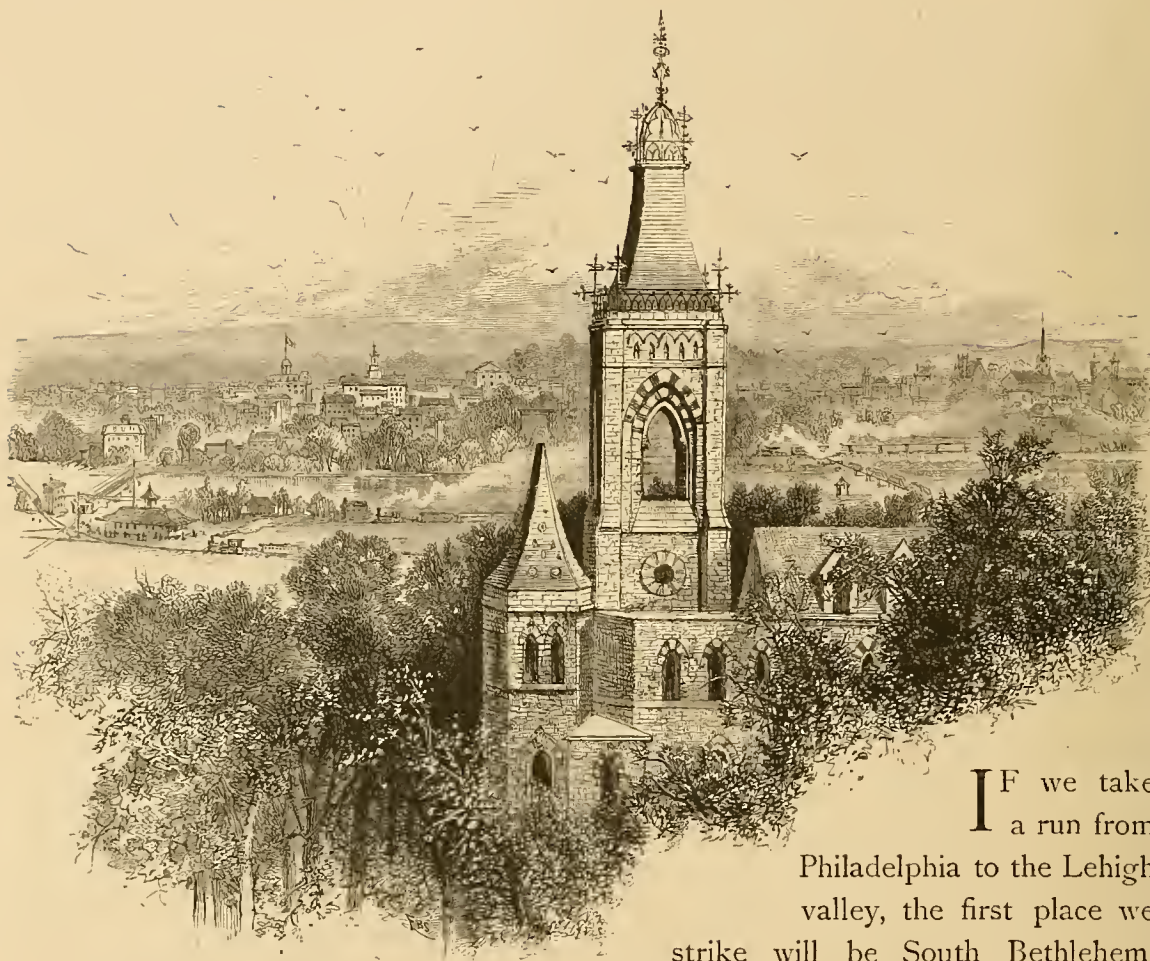


GETTYSBURG.

through Gettysburg on the 1st of July and attacked the Confederate army. They fought well, but were overpowered; their general, Reynolds, fell by the bullet of a sharpshooter, and they were obliged to give way. They established themselves, however, on the hill south of the town,—Cemetery Hill,—and, during the night, General Meade came up with the bulk of his army, and both sides prepared to do or die. Our left was placed in position opposite Oak Ridge, our centre on Cemetery Hill, and our right along Rock creek. We presented a wedge to the enemy, which they tried to break on the afternoon of the 2d of July, by repeated charges on the eastern and western slopes of Cemetery Hill. They were repulsed, but not disheartened; for the losses they inflicted were greater than they received. How the battle raged elsewhere, especially on our left, where Hancock and Hayes and Gibbon stubbornly confronted the corps of Longstreet, and where Sickles nearly lost the field by his foolhardiness, we have all read in the histories of the war. We fought till ten o'clock at night. The next morning came, and with it a tempest of artillery. In the afternoon General Lee made a desperate effort along his whole line to carry Cemetery Hill. A great arc of over one hundred guns rained down shot and shell, which, in a few minutes, cleared every exposed portion of it, filling the air with splintered fences, grave-stones, and trees. We reserved our ammunition for three hours, gradually slackening our fire, as if our batteries were being silenced. At last, at four o'clock, the Confederates made the last of their desperate charges up the western slope of the hill, where they were met, at first, by a volley of small arms, and then by an annihilating storm of grape and canister. The hardest fighting was, perhaps, at Round Hill, where cannon had been carried and planted, and where the men of Maine and Texas fought hand to hand with clubbed muskets and jagged stones. The Texans were hurled down the hill, the whole Confederate line reeled, and when the sun set that hot July evening the battle of Gettysburg was over. It was the turning point of the war, though it lasted nearly two years longer and cost us thousands of precious lives, and it ranks among the decisive battles of the world. Gettysburg, which, till then, was only known as the seat of justice of Adams county, became at once a famous spot, to which pilgrimages will long be made.

"When Spring, with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod."

PHILADELPHIA TO SCRANTON.



BETHLEHEM, FROM LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

IF we take a run from Philadelphia to the Lehigh valley, the first place we strike will be South Bethlehem, on the south side of the Lehigh river. Bethlehem proper, on the

north bank, has a history of its own, which is curiously connected with a remarkable person whose name is linked with the fortunes of its first settlers. It is Nicholas Louis von Zinzendorf, son of Count George Louis von Zinzendorf, councillor and chamberlain of August the Third, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. Born at Dresden in 1700, he was placed, by the early death of his father, under the care of his grandmother, by whom he was educated. The theological atmosphere of her house excited the imagination of the child, who wrote letters to Christ and dropped them out of his window, in the hope that

some heavenly air would bear them to their place of destination. At the age of ten he was sent to the University of Halle, where he established meetings, and founded the Order of the Mustard-Seed. These doings were reported to his uncle, who sent him, in his seventeenth year, to the University of Wittenberg, which had a better reputation for orthodoxy than Halle. Thither, nearly two centuries before, came a sturdy German, of twenty-five, as professor of scholastic philosophy, and there, just two centuries before, when the Dominican monk, Tetzels, was peddling indulgences through Saxony, he posted ninety-five theses against such trumpery on the door of the Schlosskirche. When the two hundredth anniversary of this daring day came round, Zinzendorf shut himself up in his chamber, and bewailed the corruptions of the Church. When he was nineteen he left Wittenberg, and traveled in France and Holland, conversing everywhere with clergymen. He was made a councillor at twenty-one, and at twenty-two he married a countess. About this time the Bohemian Brethren, a remnant of the stricter sort of Hussites, who had been persecuted, made their appearance in Saxony. Zinzendorf gave them permission to settle at Ebersdorf, an estate of his in Upper Lusatia. This settlement, which was at the foot of the Hutsberg, was known as *Herrnhut*, which may be translated, "Protection of the Lord." He put himself practically at their head, and in 1727, when he resigned his position as councillor, he revised their ancient liturgy. He left his wife to manage his affairs, and devoted himself, his time and his money, to the support and advancement of his sect. Four years later he was at Copenhagen, at the coronation of the king of Denmark, where he conceived the idea of converting the Greenlanders. He had previously tried to convert the Jews, but finally concluded that the time for it was not come. He made two voyages to St. Thomas and St. Croix, in the West Indies, where he established missions. Banished in his thirty-ninth year, he wrote a catechism, which he modestly called the Good Word of the Lord, and sailed for North America, whither his disciples had preceded him. They settled first in Georgia, but in 1738 their settlement was broken up by the war between England and Spain. They then directed their attention to Pennsylvania, where, on the banks of the Lehigh, he and his daughter, a girl of sixteen, joined them in 1740 or '41. The name of the place is said to have been Beth Lecha,—house by the Lecha,—which would seem to have been the first name of the Lehigh; but, at the suggestion of Count Zinzendorf, who was probably present at a Christmas-Eve service, held in a stable, in the rear of the Eagle Tavern, it was changed to Bethlehem. How long his mystical countship remained in the New World we are not clearly told.

A CENTURY AFTER.



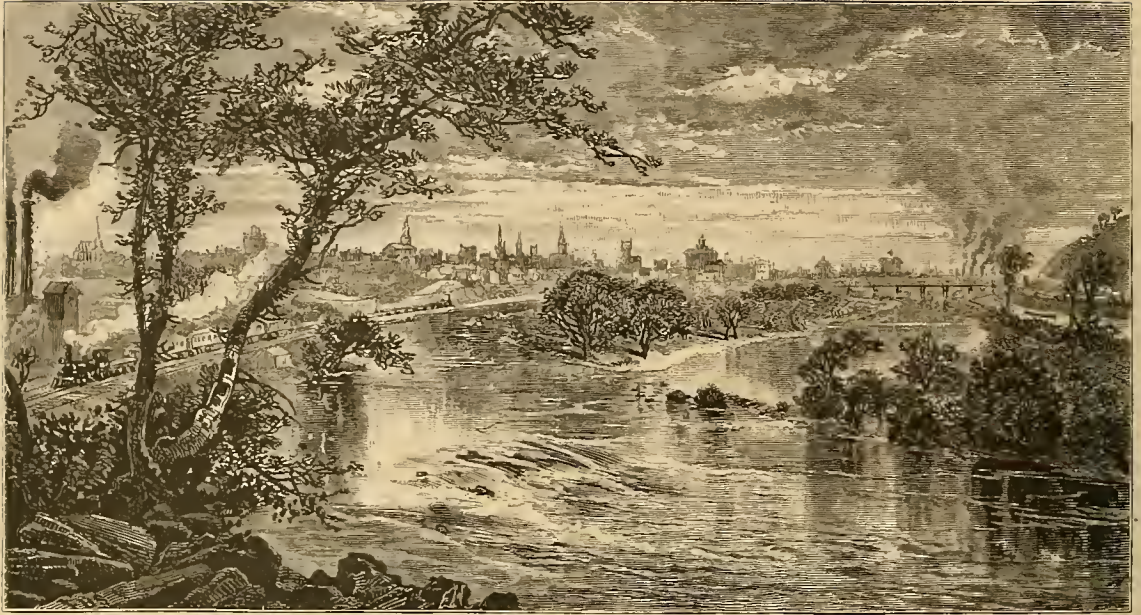
His chief business here was the establishment of missions among the Indians, preaching to his followers, and writing letters in explanation and defense of his doctrines. We find him afterwards in England, where he obtained an act of Parliament for the protection of the United Brethren, and in Russia, where the government ordered him to the frontier under the protection of a military escort. Such, in brief, was Nicholas George Count von Zinzendorf, who died in his sixty-first year, and was buried in his own estate at Herrnhut.

Other names than that of Zinzendorf attach to Bethlehem, as those of Washington, Adams, Pulaski, Gates, Hancock, and Franklin. When Washington retired across the Delaware he removed his hospital and supplies to Bethlehem, the Moravians giving him the use of their buildings. He was supplied with domestic goods from the Sisters' House, selecting "blue stripes" for his wife, and stout woolen hose for himself. In the spring of 1778 the Single Sisters presented Count Pulaski with a banner, which they had embroidered, in token of gratitude for his protection, and which was borne in his regiment until he fell in the attack on Savannah the following year. Many of the primitive buildings of the Moravians still remain. Among them is an old chapel, erected in 1751;

the Congregation's House, the original chapel and residence of the clergy; the Sisters' and Widows' Houses, where aged and infirm women are cared for; and the old graveyard, home of all the living, where rich and poor moulder alike under plain slabs, with the simplest of epitaphs. There are new cemetery grounds at Nisky Hill, abounding in pleasant walks, and an island in the Lehigh, which in summer is gay with picnic parties. The public buildings of Bethlehem are six churches, a number of excellent schools, a large boarding-school for girls, and at South Bethlehem the Lehigh University,—which was founded by the Hon. Asa Packer, of Mauch Chunk, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad,—a beautiful college edifice, with an observatory, houses for president and professors, seated in a park of forest trees, with an unobstructed view of twenty miles. The industries of Bethlehem are chiefly of iron and zinc, the Bethlehem Iron Company employing seven hundred hands, and the Lehigh Zinc Company as many more, the capital of each being a million of dollars.

A run of twelve miles to the east brings us to Easton,—the starting-point of the Lehigh Valley Railroad,—a pleasant city, trebly watered, which is situated at the junction of the Delaware, Lehigh, and Bushkill rivers. It was laid out in 1750, we are told, and was named, by Thomas Penn, after the house of his friend, Lord Pomfret. His lordship's name was not a good one to conjure with, for it brought neither peace nor prosperity to the first settlers of Easton. They had a hard time of it, as did most of their neighbors in the Lehigh valley, who came flocking here and to Bethlehem after the defeat of Braddock, hundreds of miles away, panic-struck with dread of the marauding Indians. A letter written on Christmas day, in the fifth year of the existence of the town, is melancholy reading:—"There are here three companies of soldiers, waiting for more arrivals, for the people here, though so injured, are very backward to engage in the service to revenge themselves. They are dispirited, and we must have men from a distance to be able to maintain these block-houses, which we purpose to build over the hills soon." The authorities were thoroughly aroused, and next year a proclamation was issued, imposing a bounty on Indian scalps. This, remember, was only twelve years before the Revolution. Thirty-four years later Easton was incorporated as a borough, and sixty-eight years later it received a second charter of incorporation. It was regularly planned, and a public green, called the Circle, was enclosed and shaded. One of the first improvements was a covered bridge, six hundred feet long, erected in 1805, for carriage and foot travel across the Delaware. The public buildings of Easton are its court-house, which is built of limestone and stands on a hill in the

A CENTURY AFTER.



ALLENTOWN.

western part of the town; the house and grounds of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Institute, where the county fairs are held, and Lafayette College, which was chartered in 1826, after the visit of Lafayette to America, though the corner-stone was not laid till eight years later. Easton proper has few great manufactories, but the water-powers of the Bushkill are used by saw-mills, planing-mills, and sash-factories, by foundries, tanneries, and paint-works. The scenery in the vicinity of Easton is quite picturesque. There is a good background of high land, in the shape of Chestnut Hill and Mount Taylor, and from the latter there projects an isolated rock, which is thought to resemble an Indian profile, and is called, strangely enough, St. Anthony's Nose. If one is in a meditative mood, there is a lovely cemetery on the Bushkill, in which he can muse upon death, and which contains many monuments, among others, one to George Taylor, one of the Signers, who died hereabout during the Revolution, and sleeps somewhere in an unknown grave.

At Allentown, seventeen miles west of Easton, at the junction of the Lehigh with the Little Lehigh and Jordan creek, we have fairly commenced our journey up the Lehigh valley. The name of the town was, of course, derived from a person, but whether he was James Allen, by whom it was laid out in 1762, or his father, William Allen, a citizen of Philadelphia, and for many years chief justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, a friend of the Penn family, from

PHILADELPHIA TO SCRANTON.



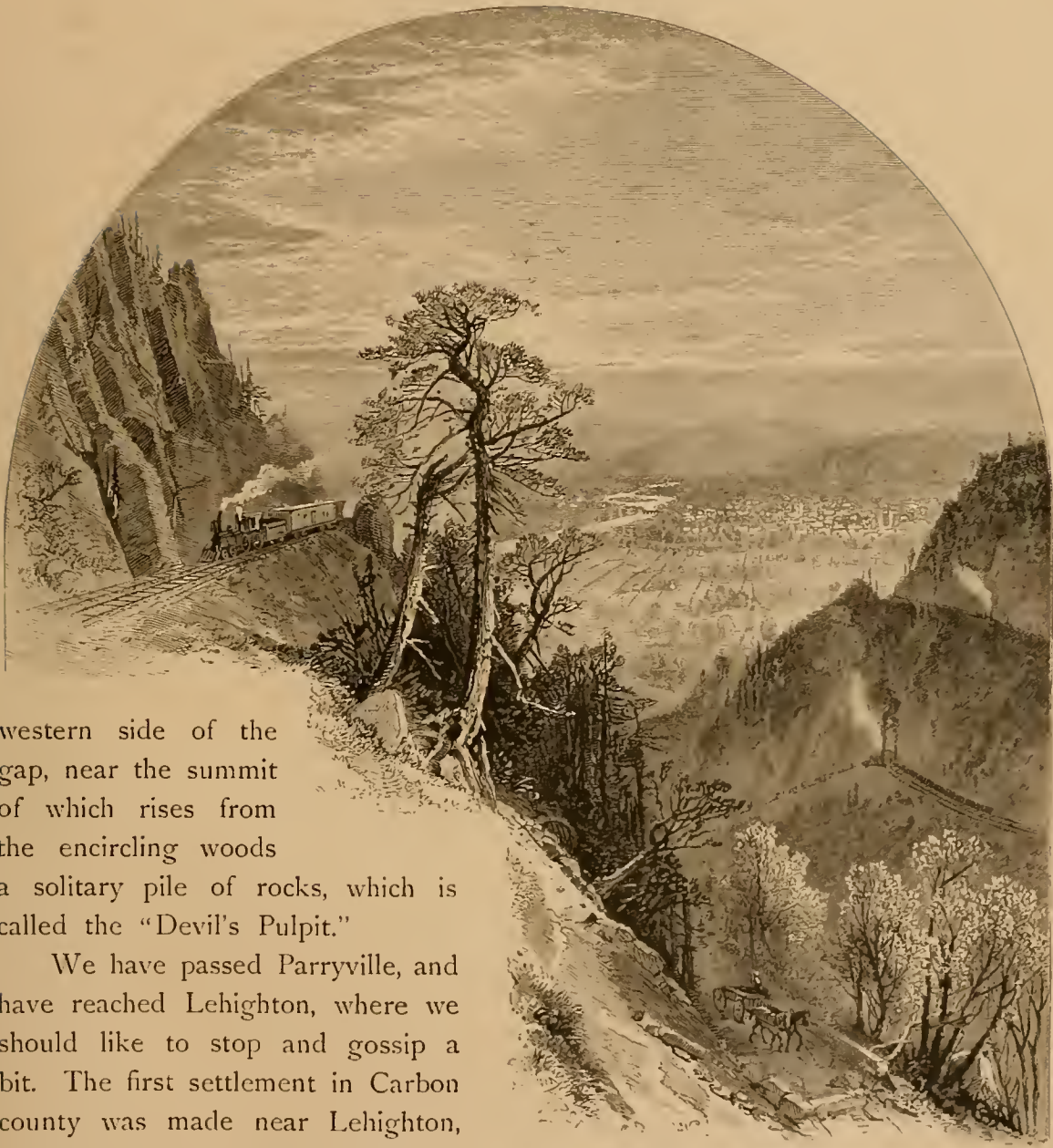
MAUCH CHUNK.

whom he inherited large tracts of land, is uncertain. It was used as a place of concealment during the Revolution, when it was known as Northampton, and among the valuables which found their way here from Philadelphia was the chime of Christ Church. The name of Northampton clung to the town until 1838, twelve years after its incorporation, though the name of Allentown was applied to it in the town records in 1800. Its growth, which was long retarded

by the difficulty of obtaining a necessary supply of water, was, at last, assured by the completion of the Lehigh Valley and East Pennsylvania Railroads. It is built upon an eminence, which slopes gradually to the Lehigh on the east and to Jordan creek on the north. You cross the former by an iron bridge and the latter by a stone one, which is thought to be the largest structure of the sort in Pennsylvania, being about eighteen hundred feet in length. The city is regularly laid out in broad, well-shaded streets. Most of the business is transacted in the centre, which is a large square. The chief industries of Allentown (which was incorporated as a city nine years ago) are in iron,—the Allentown Iron-works, employing six hundred men and using in its five furnaces over a thousand tons a week, and the Allentown Rolling-mill Company, also employing six hundred men and using almost exclusively the pig iron made in its own furnaces, to the extent of twenty thousand tons a year. This last company can use upwards of sixty thousand tons of iron a year, in the manufacture of rails, bar iron, bolts and nuts, steel rails, engines, and other machinery. There are various other industries here,—rolling-mills, foundries, machine-shops, spike-works, brass-works, woolen-mills, planing-mills, carriage and wagon factories, mowing-machine works, sash-factories, and the like, not forgetting the fire-brick works, which produce about two millions of bricks a year. The public buildings are three national banks, several savings-banks, three large school-houses of sandstone and brick, the Allentown Female College, which stands in the north-eastern portion of this bustling little city, and Muhlenberg College, which stands in the south-eastern portion, in its own grounds, fronting a beautiful, shady lawn. There are, besides, sixteen churches, an opera-house, and sundry Odd-Fellows' and Masonic halls, and many fine residences,—elegant mansions, surrounded by gardens and fruit-trees.

We stumble upon Indian names, as of Catasauqua, which is three miles above Allentown, and stands upon a creek of the same name, the aboriginal meaning of which is *parched land*, and at Hokendauqua, which also stands upon a creek so called, and which signifies *searching for land*. We pass great iron and car works at these places, and at Rockdale and Slatington we see what their names would lead us to expect. There are seven or eight large quarries at the latter town, which employ upwards of a thousand hands. Two miles further on we come to the gap where the Lehigh forces its way through the Kittatinny mountains, and where we long to linger in the midst of its magnificent scenery. We climb, in thought, up the craggy cliffs, and look out along the mountain sides, and down into the valleys and woodlands and farms,—a panorama of beauty and grandeur. There is a lofty ridge on the

PHILADELPHIA TO SCRANTON.



WYOMING VALLEY AND WILKESBARRE.

western side of the gap, near the summit of which rises from the encircling woods a solitary pile of rocks, which is called the "Devil's Pulpit."

We have passed Parryville, and have reached Lehigh, where we should like to stop and gossip a bit. The first settlement in Carbon county was made near Lehigh, in 1746, by Moravian missionaries,—probably at the instigation of Count Zinzendorf,—and was known as Gnadenhütten. It seems, from one account, to have been a prosperous mission, the Indian congregation alone numbering five hundred souls, who were preached to out of doors, and David Brainerd, the young Connecticut enthusiast, is said to have labored here, but on looking into his life we are led to doubt his success in this field. It does not matter much now, perhaps, for it was a hundred and thirty years ago; still, one wishes to

know the truth, even in trifles. The settlement was finally removed to the eastern bank of the river, on the site of the present Weissport, and was called New Gnadenhütten. We should like to gossip about this, and to visit the "Spring of Healing Waters," and imbibe a salutary draught, but we must on through Packerton, which is a perfect net-work of railroad tracks, is populous with railroad men, and is crowded with coal trains,—on, two miles further, to Mauch Chunk. The history of Mauch Chunk (which, by the way, is the Indian name for Bear mountain) is little else than a history of its coal, which was discovered here, on the summit of Sharp mountain, in 1791, by a hunter named Philip Ginter, who made his treasure-trove known to Colonel Jacob Weiss, who lived two miles below in what is now Weissport. Colonel Weiss took a sample of it to Philadelphia, where a number of persons believed in it, and started a Lehigh Coal-Mine Company. They proceeded to open the mines, taking up eight or ten thousand acres of unlocated land, including Sharp mountain, but met with such indifferent success for twenty years that they leased the mines to different parties, who abandoned them in 1815. The Philadelphian of sixty years ago could not be made to see the value of Mauch Chunk coal; he said it put out the fire. Even his journeymen could scarcely be bribed into trying it. Three years later another Lehigh Coal Company and the Lehigh Navigation Company were formed, and were the foundation of the existing Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. The improvement of the Lehigh river the same year opened its navigation for the transportation of coal, and settled the destiny of Mauch Chunk. If anything could exceed the hardness of this twenty-six years coal struggle, it is the coal itself, which is the hardest anthracite known in the world. It lies in a bed upon the top of Mauch Chunk mountain, fifty-three feet in depth, which exceeds the thickness of any layer yet discovered. Mauch Chunk is built at the junction of a creek of the same name and the Lehigh river, and has no room to enlarge itself, except by excavating the steep, precipitous rocks with which the gorge is lined. About two hundred feet above it there is a level, several hundred acres in extent, where Upper Mauch Chunk stands, crowded against the hillsides, with its gardens and outhouses perched above its roofs, and looking down upon its one street, which is crowded with pleasure-seekers in the holiday seasons of nature. Back of this populous little eyrie rises Mount Pisgah, the starting-point of the Switchback Railroad, which ascends to the summit, a distance of over twenty-three hundred feet, at an angle of twenty degrees. The view from the summit of Mount Pisgah is bewildering in its sublimity. The eye takes in at a glance a series

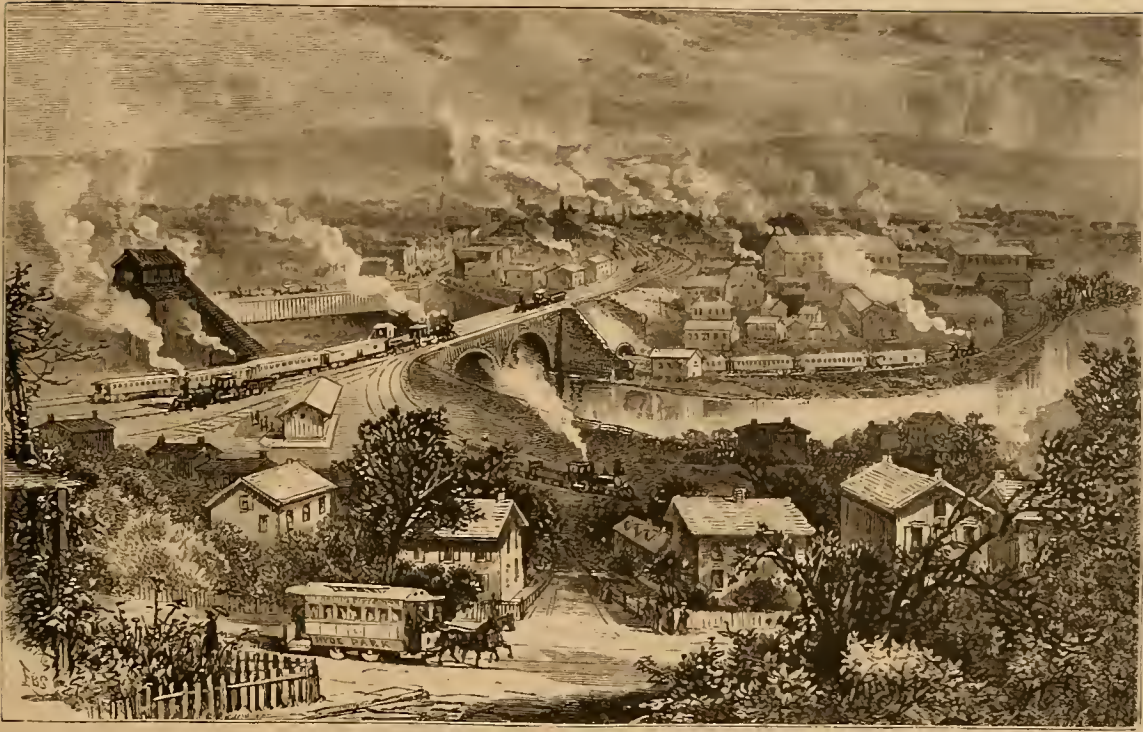


IN THE WOODS NEAR WILKESBARRE.

of mountain ranges sweeping from the Lehigh Gap, eleven miles below, to Schooley's Mountain, sixty-odd miles away, in New Jersey; the intervening space being dotted with towns and villages. Below are Upper Mauch Chunk, Mauch Chunk, and East Mauch Chunk, alive with steam-cars and canal-boats and bright with the sparkling of the Lehigh river. Fifty years ago we could not have scaled Mount Pisgah as we can to-day, for there was no track, the coal being forwarded from the mines by wagons, and there were, it is said, only two tracks laid anywhere in the United States,—one from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills and the other at Quincy, Massachusetts. This was in 1826. The Switchback Railroad was built and in operation the next year, and has ever since performed its tasks of colliery. The empty cars ascend the mountain by means of an inclined plane with a stationary engine at the top, and then descend, by their own weight, over a downward grade to Summit Hill, and thence to the mines in the valleys, whence, when loaded, they are lifted by other inclined planes to the summit, and run by their own gravity to the river, where they are discharged into boats. A tunnel has lately been driven through the Nesquehoning mountain from the Panther Creek valley, whereby the coal is sent direct to Mauch Chunk. This preserves the Switchback road for passenger travel, and magnificent travel it is, too,—the ride of nine miles through the woods from Summit Hill to Mauch Chunk being made in nine minutes. The "Switzerland of America," as Mauch Chunk is not inaptly called, abounds in wild and picturesque scenery. Whatever the traveler misses he should not miss Glen Onoko, a magnificent freak of nature, in the shape of a great pass, with an ascent of nearly a thousand feet, rocky, precipitous, wooded,—the fissure, so to speak, through which flows and tumbles and falls a little limpid stream, broken into numberless rapids and cascades, until it empties, at last, into the Lehigh.

In traveling from Mauch Chunk to White Haven and Wilkesbarre one feels the poverty of language, if he attempts to describe and characterize the scenery through which he is passing. He is in the midst of the most rugged and irregular mountain region in Pennsylvania, following the course of a river whose waters are dyed almost black with the sap of hemlocks, and which appears in some places to have no outlet; the hills, which sink sheer down to the water's edge, are cloven in gorges, through which pour tributary creeks, broken here and there into waterfalls, and shadowed with the tall trunks of leafless pines. The great freshet of 1862 has left terrible traces of its fury all the way to White Haven,—strewn with the ruins of locks, dams, and banks, the relics of the

PHILADELPHIA TO SCRANTON.



SCRANTON.

upper division of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, which has never been rebuilt. Past Stony creek, the home of speckled trout, and Tannery, with its hides and saw-mills, to White Haven, where we see a wilderness of rafts and logs, and where ten mills employ about two hundred hands, who produce annually about thirty millions of feet of lumber. We have reached Newport, which is five miles in a direct line from Wilkesbarre, but at least sixteen by rail. Here we have our first glimpse of the Wyoming valley, and are in the midst of history. One tragic leaf thereof has been set to music, and has immortalized the settlers of Wyoming. When the Revolution broke out they sent the flower of their male population into the Continental army, leaving their valley defenseless,—for those who remained were too old or too young to fight, were without artillery, almost without fire-arms, their only strongholds being the slight stockades which they called forts. To capture these and destroy the village, Colonel John Butler organized, in 1778, at Niagara, an expedition of about eight hundred British regulars, Tories, and Indians. They reached the neighborhood of Wyoming on the 2d of July and camped at Fort Wintermoot. The Wyoming militia, consisting of about three hundred and fifty men and boys, gathered at Fort Forty, midway between the village and the enemy, whom they

resolved to attack. They marched up the river the next day, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler, who was not equal to the task which devolved upon him. His men began to fire as they drew near the woods in which the invaders were concealed, and were within a hundred yards of the ambush when the Indians, assisted by the British regulars, attacked them in return. Here the historians differ, some saying that Colonel Dennison ordered his men to fall back to gain a better position, which brought on a panic, and others, who do not mention this circumstance, saying, in substance, that the Indians gave no quarter, but took two hundred and fifty scalps in less than half an hour. The prisoners were terribly tortured, especially by an old Indian half-breed, named Queen Esther, who had some twenty of them ranged near a stone on the river bank, and held there while she walked around them singing their death-song and clubbing them till they died. A few escaped to the mountains, other few swam the river to Wilkesbarre Fort. The next day Fort Forty capitulated and its occupants were butchered. The following day Wilkesbarre was surrendered and burned.

The scenery through which we have been traveling is magnificent. We have gone curving about the mountains, losing sight of the Wyoming valley only to see it again as we emerged from the depths of the Lehigh valley, until we found ourselves on the summit of Wilkesbarre mountain, skirting along the edge of the precipice. We have seen mountain-tops and valleys stretching away miles in the misty distance, as we saw them at Allegrippus, where the mountains rose and the valleys sank, as we ascended their rocky sides. What words will not belittle the greatness of nature here?

The history of Wilkesbarre is connected with that of Wyoming, as we have seen. It was named after two English friends of the colonists, John Wilkes and Isaac Barré, and is the oldest town in Luzerne county. It was twice burned, the second time in 1784, by the Pennamites, who left only three houses standing. It rose from its ashes, however, and built its nest, where it hatched, as before. Speaking ornithologically, the eggs of the *rara avis* coal were plentiful hereabout (as where are they not in Pennsylvania?), for four years before Wilkesbarre was laid out they were discovered at Ross hill, in the manor of Sunbury, opposite the town. This was twenty-three years before the find of anthracite on Sharp mountain, at Mauch Chunk, but it was no more successful here than there, for forty years elapsed before Judge Fell satisfied his friends that "stone-coal" made a clearer and better fire, at less expense, than burning wood in the common way, and grates began to come in use in the Lehigh valley.

There are now in active operation, at and near Wilkesbarre, eight collieries and coal companies, employing between twelve and thirteen thousand men and boys, and producing annually about five millions of tons. There are also large iron-works, a wire-rope mill, saw and planing mills, and similar industries. The woods in the neighborhood, as in most of the mountain districts of Pennsylvania, abound in game, and trout are numerous in the creeks that pour into the Susquehanna.

A run of twenty miles or so brings us to Scranton, which resembles Wilkesbarre in its general features, though it is much more modern in its aspect,—a busy little city, which is perpetually sending up columns of white steam from its mills and factories. Its growth has been more rapid than that of Wilkesbarre, which is voted a less enterprising town. It lies on the east bank of the Lackawanna and is the centre of the great Lackawanna coal region. Its natural situation is beautiful. The river winds pleasantly along its edge, which was left shaded with trees, and the mountains, with which it is hemmed in, are less precipitous than those we encountered below. We close at Scranton the railroad journeys which have borne us into the heart of the State, and as we return to Philadelphia, we shall do well to recall what we have seen,—coal-beds and iron-mines, a world of inland industries, which is the source of Pennsylvania's greatness.



FAIRMOUNT PARK.



ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

WHEN John Penn, grandson of the Founder and whilom governor of Pennsylvania, built himself a little manor-house on the west bank of the Schuylkill, it must have been a lonely place, or he would not have christened it "Solitude." There were stately forest trees about it, in whose shadows he

walked, and near it, at the Sweet-brier Mansion, dwelt a noble neighbor, in the person of Baron Warner, to whom the Waltonians of the period paid a yearly tribute of three sun-perch fish. The river was populous with finny tribes, the forest abounded in game, and the air was vocal with the songs of birds. The woods, the waters, the sky—triple kingdoms of nature—were before and around and above John Penn at "Solitude." They are here to-day, but with a difference. The woods for the most part are felled; the light canoe of the Indian has given place to strange craft that are paddled along with wheels, and the warble of birds is drowned by the whistle and scream of engines. What would John Penn think of the change if he could revisit his old home by glimpses of the moon? And what would he say when he saw that his home was a snake-house? What did your Excellency mutter? "A generation of vipers?" Not a whit, man; you merely behold a department of our Zoological Garden. Look around you. Just back of "Solitude" there is a little villa inhabited by *Simiadae*, *Cebidae*, and *Lemuridae*, and near that a Carnivora House. If it be a Thursday, lions, tigers, hyenas, and other gentle creatures vociferate their hunger savagely. The four quarters of the globe are represented in this unique garden, where, within a moderate stroll, we are brought face to face with the beautiful, the terrible, and the grotesque. Lovers of beauty linger at the Aviary; lovers of terror haunt the Carnivora House; and lovers of oddity and fun go from the Monkey House to the Prairie-Dog Village and the Bear-Pits. Can it be possible that we are descended from the *Simiadae*? We refuse to believe it of ourselves, though we are willing to admit that Darwin is, if he insists upon it. *He* certainly *has* a monkey face. They are amusing for a time, these hairy caricatures of humanity; but for downright fun we prefer bears, whether they mimic us by walking on their hind legs and holding out their paws



for the largess we toss down to them, apples, nuts, and the like, or whether they walk about on all fours, like the beasts they are. We love to see the black and cinnamon bears climb their poles, and box each other around the corners of the branches,—forest pugilists, dealing each other love pats, just to keep their hands in; but we fight shy of the grizzly, who is as surly and morose as the great *Ursa Major*, Dr. Samuel Johnson. From a poet to a reporter, nothing would come amiss to him. We should not like to be *his*

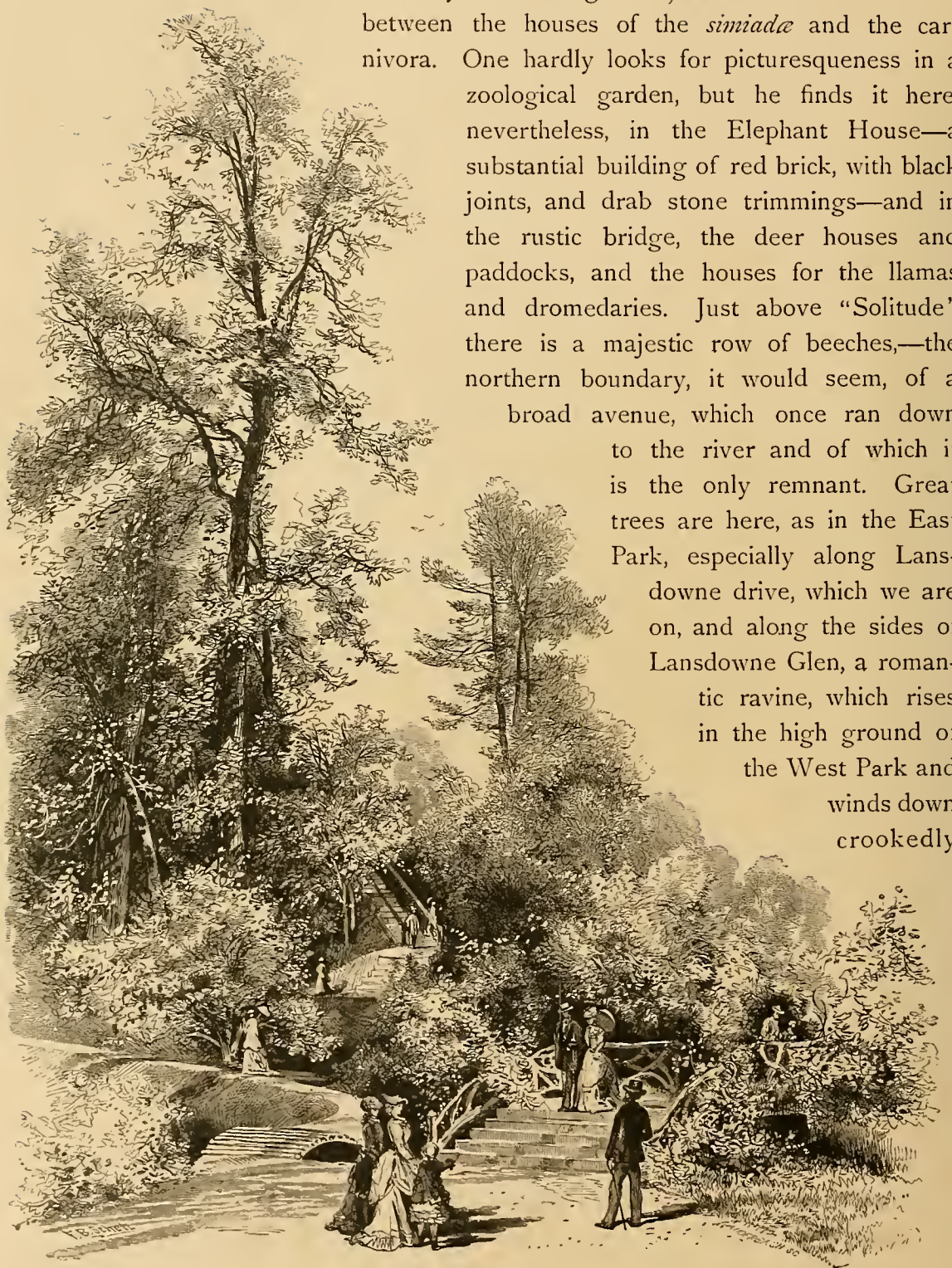


WATERING HORSES—LANSDOWNE DRIVE.

Boswell; for to eat with him would be to furnish the meal ourselves. The nominal foundation of the Zoological Society dates back to 1859, when a code of laws was adopted for its use. Attempts were subsequently made to raise funds, but they amounted to nothing, and the society was practically defunct until March, 1872, when its members reorganized. They placed themselves in communication with the Park Commissioners, who gave them ground in the East Park, above Girard Avenue Bridge, but it was not accepted, and the present site was secured. The garden was opened to the public on the 1st of July, 1874, and from that day to the 1st of March, 1875, a period of eight months, the number of admissions was over a quarter of a million, which largely exceeded the whole number of admissions for any year, except two, to the

London Zoological Society during the first twenty-two years of its existence, and in a city with a population of from one and a half to two millions. The greatest number of visitors here in any single day was on the 5th of July, 1875, when eleven thousand two hundred and forty-five were admitted; the greatest number of monthly visitors was in August of the same year, when over sixty-four thousand were admitted, the receipts being over thirteen thousand dollars. The number of visitors from March 1st, 1875, to March 1st, 1876, was about four hundred and twenty thousand, the receipts being nearly ninety thousand dollars. As with visitors and receipts, so with the population of the Zoological Garden, which has steadily increased with its growth. It consisted, in 1874, of one hundred and thirty-one quadrupeds, six hundred and sixty-four birds, and eight reptiles; it consisted, on the 1st of March, 1876, of three hundred and forty-two quadrupeds, four hundred and eighty-five birds, seventy-four reptiles, and eighteen fish. The total value of the present occupants of the Garden is over fifty thousand dollars. It requires an expert to determine values in stock of this nature, for no layman can tell us why a Bengal tiger is worth fifteen hundred dollars and seven African lions are worth only three thousand; why a black leopard is worth eight hundred dollars and five leopards only three hundred; why four Bactrian camels are worth only three hundred dollars and a Javanese swine two hundred; why the grizzly is worth two hundred and fifty dollars and eight black bears only forty; why a rhinoceros is worth five thousand dollars, an elephant thirty-five hundred, a cassowary two hundred dollars, and forty monkeys only twenty-five dollars. The mortality of zoological stock is large, but less here, it is believed, than elsewhere. About one-half the deaths are in the ornithological department, and among animals of the lowest order of intellect or instinct; the bills of mortality are larger among monkeys than among bears and foxes. The increase of membership in the Zoological Society is encouraging. There were, for example, five hundred and seven annual members on March 1st, 1874, and seven hundred and two annual members on March 1st, 1875. The accommodations erected by the Society within the last two or three years have added greatly to the value of the Garden and the enjoyment of its visitors. It contains upwards of twenty different structures, the most important being the Carnivora House, which cost about fifty thousand dollars. The minor improvements are enclosures and houses for bear-cubs and raccoons, a skating-house, an elegant aviary, pens for foxes and wolves, deer-paddocks, buffalo houses and pens, dams and a swan-pond, a lake for aquatic fowl and skating, and (since the hosts of the Zoological Garden are

fed, why not their guests?) an excellent restaurant between the houses of the *simiadae* and the carnivora. One hardly looks for picturesqueness in a zoological garden, but he finds it here, nevertheless, in the Elephant House—a substantial building of red brick, with black joints, and drab stone trimmings—and in the rustic bridge, the deer houses and paddocks, and the houses for the llamas and dromedaries. Just above “Solitude” there is a majestic row of beeches,—the northern boundary, it would seem, of a broad avenue, which once ran down to the river and of which it is the only remnant. Great trees are here, as in the East Park, especially along Lansdowne drive, which we are on, and along the sides of Lansdowne Glen, a romantic ravine, which rises in the high ground of the West Park and winds down crookedly



LANSDOWNE GLEN.

to the river. We come to a venerable chestnut before reaching the new bridge across Lansdowne Glen,—a patriarch among its fellows, which are scattered about the Park. Our school-children were allowed the run of them a few years since, a day being set apart for nutting; but of late the custom has been discontinued, and not too soon, if we may judge from the old chestnut before us. It was right and proper to carry away the nuts, my little masters, particularly



BRIDGE OVER LANSDOWNE GLEN.

when you had permission; but when it came to carrying away the trees that bore them, root and branch, you overreached yourselves.

Speaking of trees reminds us that there are some magnificent pines which we shall see in our rambles hereabout. There were originally twelve of these forest apostles, but half of them are gone, and five of the rest form a pillared pentagon, near which stands the sixth like a sentry—a grim, old grenadier—guarding the approach to this rustic summer-house. To be seen at its best,

Lansdowne drive should be seen of an afternoon, when it is alive with carriages of every description. It leads into other drives and roads where similar streams of life pursue their way up and down and across each other,—miles of manly strength and womanly beauty, leagues of health and happiness. The Centennial deflects them a little from their accustomed course, and compels them to skirt around the grounds towards the river. Fairmount is rich in ravines, but if we were called upon to decide between those of the East Park and those of the West Park,—between the great ravines south of Edgeley, say, and Lansdowne Glen,—we should hesitate in arriving at a decision. As compared with the former, the latter is perhaps less wild. Less picturesque it certainly is not. The hand of man is more discernible here than in the east ravine, in the shape of winding walks, bridges where they are needed, stairs, and steps up and down the terraced heights,—the something, in short, which separates scenery which is cared for from that which is left to itself,—in other words, training and cultivation. A little stream meanders along its winding depths, sparkling and darkling as it goes murmuring along to the Schuylkill. If the spirit of John Penn would be surprised, as we have supposed, could it revisit his old manor-house at “Solitude,” the old-time owners and occupants of the Lansdowne estate, which extended from Sweet-brier to George’s Hill and Belmont, would never recognize their grounds. They would look in vain for their mansion and the broad carriage-drive which led to it through the great gateway, and for the conservatories, vases, fountains, and formal garden-walks bordered with box. They would look in vain for the encampments of the British,—the white tents, the red coats, and the royal cross of St. George. They would find nothing that they remembered,—for the mansion was destroyed one noisy day in July, when the boys of Philadelphia were celebrating the Declaration of Independence around its walls with fire-works. They might remember the British, however, though not as they saw them here ninety-nine years ago, for at the upper end of Lansdowne there are three British buildings, whose Elizabethan architecture distinguishes them from the edifices which surround them. But what city is this before us? they ask: whereat we smile, and, perhaps, chaff these elderly personages for not reading the newspapers of to-day. City, quotha! It is just a collection of buildings, which has been run up to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of American independence. The largest of them is about a third of a mile long. No more. If you are really so ignorant of modern history, venerable shadows in knee-buckles, you had better take the horse-cars into town, (stage-coaches being abolished,) and read a little about your native

FAIRMOUNT PARK.



THE OLD CHESTNUT.

land. The Philadelphia Library (which was started by Mr. Benjamin Franklin before you were born) will enlighten you as to what has taken place since your lamented departure from Lansdowne. You shake your ancient queues, and decline. Vanish then in your stately mausoleums, for clearly you are not at home at present. We take leave of the Past here on Lansdowne drive, in sight of the Centennial Buildings, and we take leave of the Penn family in their public capacity of proprietaries of Pennsylvania. That they should have held with the mother country during the Revolution was to have been expected, and they should not be blamed for it. Many good men did the same. That England should have rewarded them by an annuity for the loss of their estate,—which is said to have been the largest ever sequestrated in civil war, amounting to ten millions of pounds sterling,—was just; and that they were not divested of their private estates, by the revolting colonies and the United States, was just, also. They kept their manors and what not, and their

descendants keep them still. "Solitude" and Lansdowne were purchased from them by the city authorities, and preserved for the Zoological Garden and the Centennial City.

We continue along the Lansdowne drive and reach the southern entrance to the steamboat-landing. Proceeding thitherward, we cross a charming little bridge, which is placidly mirrored in the canal, and pass the works which pump the water into the reservoir on George's Hill. We keep the river road until we come to Belmont valley, where we begin to ascend,—skirting around the Belmont Mansion,—until we are in the neighborhood of George's Hill. We have silently noted many delectable places as we passed,—glimpses of Lansdowne Glen, its wooded hollows and winding stream; and glimpses of Belmont valley, lesser, but lovelier,—romantic recesses, rural retreats; but we have not lingered among them as we might have done at an earlier period, for we could not escape the sight of the public buildings which have risen like exhalations along our way. We cross Belmont avenue and clamber up the green slopes of George's Hill until we reach the reservoir, and look down upon its millions of gallons of water,—an inland lake, over two hundred feet above the river level. It lies unruffled just below us, pent up in its great chamber of brick. If the fountain is playing,—a pretty little fountain in the centre of four square bases capped with floral urns,—the water builds up its greater and lesser dome of spray and runs softly out of its overflowing basin. What can compare with the sparkling bowl before us, brimming with nature's wine,—pure, translucent, cool,—as healthful as the wind and the sun?

There are many ways of perpetuating our names, but no better way than in giving enjoyment to our fellows. One man endows a college, a hospital, another a great library, a third a public park. We are not always anxious for academic degrees, nor do we wish to put ourselves in the hands of the doctors; there comes a time when the sight of books is tiresome, but never the time when nature is not delightful. Great parks, like Fairmount, are the pleasure-grounds of thousands, and additions to them are benefactions to the race. Such a benefaction is George's Hill, which will preserve the memory of Jesse and Rebecca George to future generations.

It was a noble gift we see as we stand upon its summit, breathing the fresh air, and looking upon the magnificent panorama before us. From Port Richmond to West Philadelphia we have an uninterrupted view of the city massed in the distance, and on the line of the southern horizon a glimpse of the Delaware, dotted with the white sails of vessels and the black smoke of

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

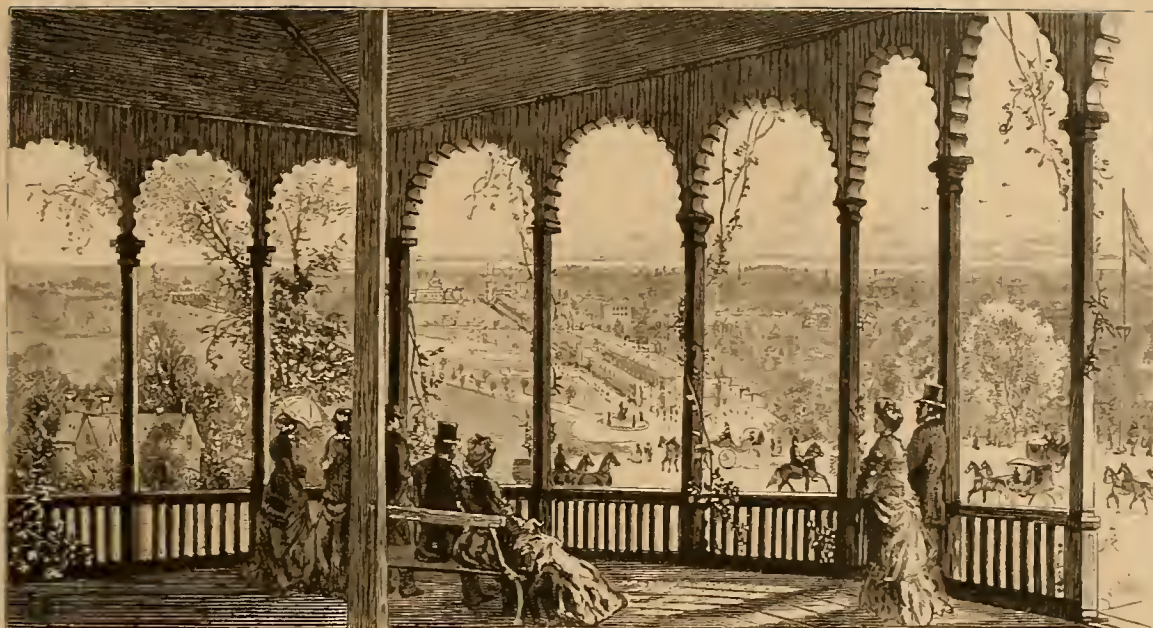


BELMONT LANDING.

steamers going to and coming from the ocean. Just above the horizon we distinguish the shores of New Jersey and the pines on the heights of Red Bank. We might separate the masses of buildings and map out the city by its domes and spires and public edifices, but it is better to take in their effect as a whole. We shall see them plainer at Belmont. In the meantime let us sit awhile in the pavilion and enjoy our picturesque surroundings,—the carriages sweeping around the concourse; the flower-beds spread like mats on the green carpet; the flag waving above the fountain in which the brook of the Georges leaps out into the light, and the sloping hill widening into pleasant reaches of grass and woodlands.

We shall have many distinguished guests in Fairmount Park during the summer,—diplomats, statesmen, noblemen, and one or more royal highnesses,—but none more distinguished than those who used to be guests at a mansion to which we are now strolling. Belmont drive—supposing it existed in the days we have in mind—was as famous as the street that led to the little theatre in which Talma played to a pit-full of kings. They were not kings, however, who visited this old mansion, though one of them had been a king, and they probably reached it by a river-road, riding up to its door on horseback or in stately equipages with outriders. We cannot state the exact age of this venerable house, but it is certainly more than a hundred and thirty years. The main outbuilding was erected in 1745, as a slab let into the wall testifies; but the house itself was built before that date, for a boy was born there in the previous year, lived his life there, and died there in 1828, at the age of eighty-four. Of his father, it is enough to say that he adhered to the Crown during the Revolution, like many another gentleman hereabout, Governor Penn, for instance, and that he returned to England, where, in loyal dust, his bones repose. He had an Uncle Richard, after whom he was probably named, who was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, was rector of Christ Church, in Philadelphia, for thirteen years, was secretary of the land office under the Penns, and secretary to several governors of the colony. It is to be presumed that he, too, was loyal; but his loyalty was not for long, for six days after the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed he rendered up his earthly account. Our hero—a stalwart gentleman of thirty-two—cast in his lot with the revolting colonies; like his elder contemporary, Robert Morris, the owner of goodly acres on old Vineyard Hill. He was a poet in a small way—that is to say, he wrote fluent verses, which were handed round in manuscript and sung, and which, finally, got into print. There is extant a song of his on that historic tree, the Treaty Elm,—“good Onas’ elm,” as the Indians called it; but it is not invigorating reading now. The same must be said of another of his songs, written at a meeting of St. George’s Society nearly two years before the Revolution, and closely parodying Thomson’s hackneyed old anthem about Britannia’s ruling the waves, and Britons not being slaves, which, by the by, this Briton of ours was determined not to be, whatever his father said and his uncle preached. The filling of secretaryships seemed to run in the family, for he was secretary of the Board of War from 1776 to 1781, when he was made a member of Congress. He had a pretty turn for humor of the obvious sort, and was kindly considered a wit by his acquaintances. If we bore a

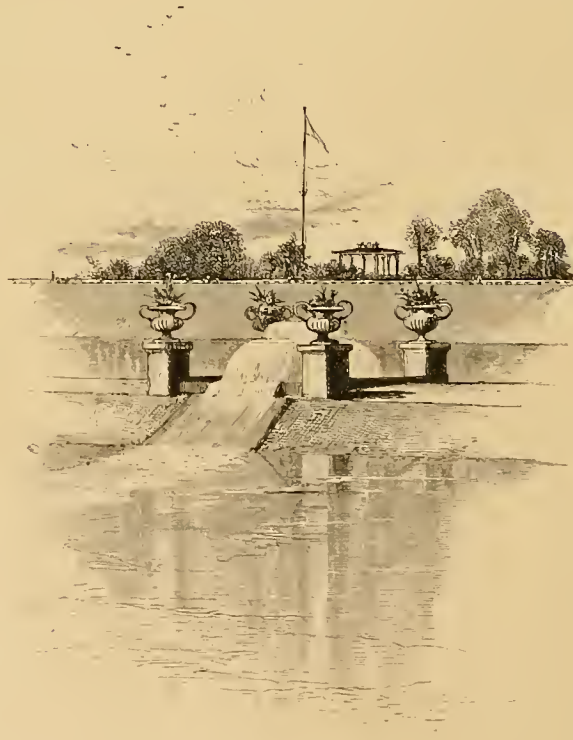
FAIRMOUNT PARK.



GEORGE'S HILL.

grudge against the memory of this worthy man we might exhume some of his jokes. They would not set the table on a roar to-day, whatever they may have done a hundred years ago. It should be said in his favor that he could not help making them. He had a grave reputation to sustain, for he was a judge of the United States District Court. He was a most pleasant district judge, one authority tells us, and was a good admiralty judge, but was much disposed to leave the watch on deck, in all weathers, to his sleepless colleagues, putting forth now and then for his refreshment some *facetiæ* or other, pun, quip, crank, or quiddet, for which he was very famous. He published a couple of volumes of admiralty decisions for the Pennsylvania districts, covering a period of twenty-seven years, which were generally regarded as sound. "I have learned much in his school," Judge Story wrote, "and owe him many thanks for his rich contributions to the maritime jurisprudence of our country." He corresponded, as did also his friend Washington, with that eminent statistician, Sir John Sinclair, LL. D. and M. P., published many papers in the "Memoirs of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society," of which he was president, and introduced the use of gypsum into agriculture, printing a pamphlet on that subject towards the close of the last century. He might have been comptroller of the treasury of the United States, but he preferred to be a judge, which he remained until his death. Such, in brief, was Judge Richard Peters, the

master of Belmont Mansion, which we have now reached. It is not what it was in his day, though it is still a pleasant old place. Its glory, thirty years ago, was a magnificent avenue of hemlocks, which extended from the house to a road back of Belmont avenue. Upwards of a hundred feet in height and draped with masses of English ivy, they were best described by the line of Keats, for beyond all their leafy compeers in Fairmount they were, indeed, the green-robed senators of the summer woods. A few venerable stragglers remain and look down upon us mournfully, majestic in decay. If there were tongues in trees, what tales they could tell us of the stately gentlemen and ladies who strolled beneath them or in the garden-walks bordered with box and privet! The walks are gone, the flower-beds, the vases, and the statues. Much remains as it was; the broad hall and small sleeping-rooms, the little window-panes set in the heavy sashes, the high, carved, wooden mantel-pieces, and the wide, open fireplaces, up which the hospitable fire roared in the olden time; but much is changed. The piazza is modern, so is the raised roof and the upper story. A portion of the lower end of the house has been torn off and a restaurant erected, running thence and backward like a long wing. Back of this there is

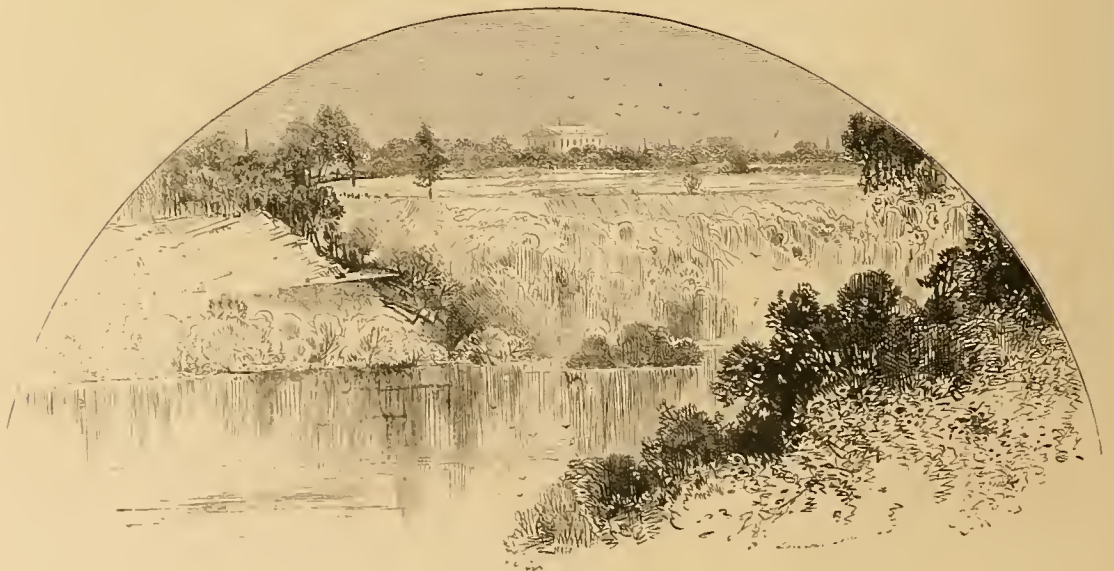


FOUNTAIN AT RESERVOIR.

a tower-like structure, a Boston "notion," we opine, containing an elevator, for the delectation of those who are not satisfied to look about them as we do, at some two hundred and forty or fifty feet above tide-water, but want a higher old time a hundred feet or so above us.

The friends and neighbors of Judge Peters were the most eminent men of the time: to name them is to turn the leaves of history. His positions as secretary to the Board of War, member of Congress, and admiralty judge, naturally brought him in contact with soldiers and statesmen, and his tastes brought him in contact with wits and scholars. Across the Schuylkill, at "The Hills," lived his good friend and fellow-patriot, Robert Morris, to whom, as a financier, the success of our arms was indebted, and who was an honored guest at Belmont. Others were William Bartram, naturalist and ornithologist, who had traveled largely in the Southern States, observing the manners of the Choctaws and the morals of crows; David Rittenhouse, clock-maker, surveyor, mathematician, and astronomer, treasurer of Pennsylvania, and successor of Franklin as president of the American Philosophical Society, and director of the Mint; Franklin, staid, sagacious, fresh from Versailles, famous in both worlds, president of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; Thomas Wharton, who succeeded John Penn as governor when the colonies revolted; and John Penn himself. They were gentlemen then, and political differences counted for little. Whigs and Tories respected each other when the struggle was over, and so great a man as George Washington was not above visiting old John Penn at "Solitude." Other friends and guests of Judge Peters were Baron and General von Steuben, officer of the great Frederick, who turned our raw recruits into soldiers; Alexander James Dallas, secretary to the Commonwealth, lawyer, and man of letters; Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, *routé*, speculator, bishop, emigrant, and cynic; canny Louis Philippe, who could black his own boots; the Count de Survilliers, Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, who resided awhile at "Solitude;" John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, venerable names; the Marquis de Lafayette, soldier in our armies at twenty-one; and—greatest of all—Washington. These men, and others of less note, were welcome visitors at Belmont. They rambled through its grounds, beneath the shade of its hemlocks, chestnuts, and walnuts; stretched their legs under the hospitable mahogany of their host; talked war, politics, history, jested, mayhap, or let the Judge have his jest; rode to town on horseback at night, or slept the sleep of the just in the cosy little dormitories above. There were giants on the earth in those days, and these were of them. Richard Peters kept an open house for his friends,—a prosperous, merry

gentleman. Memories of departed greatness hover in the air at Belmont, shadows of stately figures flit along its walks. Foremost among them is the man of all time—Washington. “Whenever a morning of leisure permitted that great man to drive to Belmont, it was his constant habit to do so: in its beautiful gardens, beneath the shadows of the lofty hemlocks, he would sequester himself from the world, the cares and torments of business, and enjoy a recreative and unceremonious intercourse with the Judge.” Sometimes he came alone, riding the white horse which bore him in the Revolution, and sometimes with attendants. If he came in state it was in a cream-colored coach, drawn by six horses, mounted by postilions in tasseled caps, and driven by a dignified coachman. No such turnout as his ever rolled up to the door of Belmont. A chestnut commemorated one of his visits. He was walking one afternoon, the story goes, with Judge Peters, who handed him a Spanish nut, and on his suggesting that it should be planted, the Judge ran his cane into the ground and made a hole into which his Excellency dropped the nut, which was then earthed over. It grew to be a great tree, and was very fruitful; but it is gone now, though its descendants are said to survive. There is another historic tree here—a white walnut—which was planted by Lafayette on his second visit to America, in 1824, a man of sixty-seven, whom the nation delighted to honor. Six years ago this Centennial summer there was a party of distinguished strangers seated in the grounds of Belmont. They were twelve in number, and they came all the way from Dakota. Natives of the soil, Indians, they had





VIEW FROM BELMONT.

been to see the Great Father, and returning home they halted here, of course to smoke their calumets, and talk of the good Onas and his Elm.

From the terrace at Belmont we have a magnificent view of the Park. We see the river curving away in the middle distance, the Pennsylvania Railroad Connecting Bridge, with Girard Avenue Bridge in the rear, and the city spreading below in the far distance. From Girard College, which rises on the left, spires and towers stretch along to a noble group of structures composed of the Masonic Temple, the dome of St. Peter and St. Paul's, with neighboring spires and the rising masses of the new municipal buildings. Immediately in front of us is the bridge of trestle-work, which spans the end of Lansdowne Glen, and on the right, commencing with Agricultural Hall, we see the dome of the Art Gallery and the upper portions of the Main Building. Around us are idlers like ourselves,—gentlemen and ladies,—sitting at tables here on the terrace, resting their limbs and refreshing the inner man and woman with ices and what not that is cooling; others are rambling about, sight-seers, as we have been, under the old trees, royal even in their ruggedness,—there are some old box trees which we must visit before we leave,—and others, lessened to children almost, are strolling on the slopes below in the direction of the fence which encircles the Centennial Grounds, around which carriages are being driven in the bright sunshine. Look where we will we encounter human beings, and we know that they are absolutely swarming in and about the great structures which are going up so rapidly below. We escape the bustle here, and willingly, for we eschew work when we are in the Park, and to us, in our idle mood, the Centennial City, which is rising before our eyes, is as wonderful as the Temple which was builded for Solomon without the sound of a workman's hammer!



THE CENTENNIAL.

WHEN the first century of the independence of America was in its last decade it was felt by many that its full completion should be celebrated as a day of national importance. The sentiment was as spontaneous as the flowering of the century plant at its appointed time. It cannot be said to have originated in the mind of any one person, though Professor Campbell, of Wabash College, Indiana, is mentioned as the first to urge its adoption upon the Hon. Morton McMichael, then mayor of Philadelphia. Where the Centennial anniversary should take place, and what form it should take, were not doubtful; all agreed that it should be here, and should be an International Exhibition, to which the world should be invited. Two years before the close of the last century the earliest of these fairs was held in France, which had then, and retained for eight years later, enough civic energy to cultivate the arts of peace in fairs at home while her armies were overrunning Europe. Thirteen years of destruction passed before they were renewed; then she had a succession of them at intervals of from two to twelve years, there being nine in all, down to that of 1867. They have obtained during the last fifty-six years in Holland, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Russia, England, Ireland, and New York. Their name was legion; their work was good. What can be better than for the nations of the world to meet in a brotherly way, as they did there, and as they will here? We need not follow out the red tape which led to the Centennial. There was no more of it than was needed in order to reach the necessary action of our municipal, State, and national legislatures; to introduce and endorse resolutions; to appoint committees to meet and consult with other committees; to appoint commissioners; create a board of finance to raise funds, and all the rest of it. We are familiar with this, especially the raising of funds, the share contributed by Philadelphians and Pennsylvanians amounting to over five millions of the six millions and seven hundred and odd thousands of dollars of the estimated cost of the Centennial Buildings. The cost of these exhibitions has largely increased since the World's Fair, so called, was held in London twenty-five years ago, and which demanded an outlay of less than a million and a half of dollars. The New York Crystal Palace cost the trifle of half a million, the two Paris Expositions



MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

one four and the other nearly five millions, and the Vienna Exposition nearly ten millions. The area of ground covered has also been steadily added to, the two London Fairs covering twenty and twenty-four acres, the two Paris Expositions thirty and forty acres, and the great New York Palace less than six acres. There are seventy-five acres under cover in the Centennial Grounds. It is the opinion of those who have seen all the great fairs of the world during the last twenty years, that the natural surroundings of none were equal to what we have here at the gateway—for it is no more—of Fairmount. We will claim nothing for the city below and opposite. It certainly lacks the antiquity and historic interest of Paris and London, the picturesqueness, or what you will, of Vienna, Munich, Moscow, and Amsterdam; but it is not entirely without picturesqueness of a primitive sort, and a genuine, though not remote, historic interest attaches to its sylvan people. What was it that the grand son of New Hampshire and great expounder of the Constitution said in a convivial moment at a public celebration,—that Greece and Rome, in their palmy days, never had such a waterfall as that at Syracuse, which is seventy feet high? Let us remember this, and check, if not our pardonable pride in our city and Park and Centennial Grounds, any—the least—expression of fancied superiority to the humblest of our visitors.

Not to be bewildered in the maze of avenues, drives, and buildings, we must start somewhere and see something. We will commence at the west entrance to Fountain avenue and take our way along Elm avenue until we come to the space that separates Machinery Hall from the Main Exhibition Building. It requires a cool head to keep cool at what we see now, and a sharp eye to save ourselves from being pushed and jostled about and possibly knocked down by carriages, coaches, wagons, carts, horse-cars, horsemen, and footmen,—the great crowd of a holiday city. The view of the Main Building, as it goes away down Elm avenue, lessening in perspective until it reaches the last of its eighteen hundred and eighty feet of length, is magnificent. It is not quite so impressive as it might be, on account of our nearness to it. It would be more impressive from George's Hill, where its extent and symmetry are strikingly apparent, but, unfortunately, it can only be seen at an angle there. The eye takes it in here with difficulty, for, what with its extreme length, its breadth, which is nearly a quarter of its length, the succession of the towers at the corners, the seeming three-storied main entrance, and the simple details of its architecture, it is a little confusing. In its general character it resembles the similar structures erected twenty-five years ago at Hyde Park and three years ago at Vienna,



MACHINERY HALL.

though it is less ornate than the one, less ostentatious than the other, and considerably larger than either. It has occupied about a year in construction, and cost in round numbers one million six hundred thousand dollars. While dealing with numbers we may as well mention that it is composed of nearly four thousand tons of rolled iron, nearly two hundred and forty thousand square feet of glass, and over a million square feet of tin roofing. The weight of iron in its pillars is over two millions of pounds and in its roof over five millions.

But a difficulty, which must be avoided, meets us here at the outset. We must not allow ourselves to go into enumerations and details, or we shall never get on. The history of the Centennial will be written when it is done, as it has been written any and every day since April and May, 1875,

when the Main Building, Machinery Hall, and Horticultural Hall were begun; it will be written by light pens as it has been written by strong and skillful hands, and we cannot well help reading it. We called the grounds a Centennial City, what shall we call the interior of the Main Building? It is a palace filled with pavilions,—the palace of the New World filled with the pavilions of the nations of the Old World, built by themselves up and down its long avenues, under the iron net-work of its lofty roof. We cannot overstate the material magnificence of this, no matter from what point of view we regard it. All should have seen, as we have done, the Main Building in its various stages of progress and completion; the laying of its stone foundations, the gradual uprising of its hundreds of iron columns, and its mile of iron and glass walls and towers and roof; the bustle of the workmen, indoors and out, month after month, and later the bustle of the different nationalities in the erection of their pavilions, hundreds of carpenters putting up every conceivable building in hot haste, hundreds of porters unloading cars and carting and hauling boxes here and there and everywhere; commissioners from England, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Japan, Brazil,—everywhere under the sun,—walking about in the clear light, in bright uniforms, amid decorations of scarlet and gold; it was an indescribable series of brilliant pictures, a dream of peoples and nations and tribes and the arts and industries of the earth. Words cannot paint it; song cannot celebrate it; it is incredulous. We must submit to the dogma of the old schoolman:—"We believe, because it is impossible." But let us stroll about and look about and note what we see. We have come to the pavilion of Spain, an emblazoned and elaborate enclosure, with the entrance through the grand portal on the main front and long passage-ways running right and left. The high, arched portal in the centre and the two side portals are finely decorated. The doorways are hung with silk curtains of red and yellow, and in a pediment above the main entrance there is a picture which commemorates the discovery of America by Spain. Below this are portraits of old Spanish worthies and unworthies,—Columbus, Isabella, Cortez, Pizarro, De Soto, and others, and over all a display of shields, helmets, and standards won in old times from the Moors. Spain has done well here,—better than some of the larger and more peaceable powers, and we honor her for it, torn as she has so lately been by fratricidal warfare. We shall see other evidences of her life in the Centennial Grounds, and other products there of her peaceful arts. England and Germany are business-like here, as elsewhere. Their buildings are on opposite sides of the central aisle, England on the north and Germany on

A CENTURY AFTER.



MEMORIAL HALL OR ART GALLERY.

the south side, west of the great transept. England, rich in everything, is rich in the ceramic arts, in majolica ware, in Worcester ware, and in fine examples from the potteries of Staffordshire, the last being in an enclosure, the inner walls of which are lined with encaustic tiles. Shall we step in and examine the great chimney-piece of carved oak, with mediæval paintings on a gold background, and a little fire-place of pictured tiles? or shall we see how the illustrated papers of the English are made? (Which of them, pray, will compare with "A CENTURY AFTER"?) We shall do neither, but pass on. The pavilions of the Netherlands refute the slander that the Dutch are a heavy race, for no more delicate and graceful decorative work than theirs can be found in the Main Building. We salute the blue caps of their workmen, who have finished their cream-colored and gilded wood-work, have brought out their industries and the plans of the dikes and dams by which they resist the inroads of the sea. We feel more comfortable standing by their cheerful structure than by the funereal, black cases of the English and the French, though the latter are somewhat relieved by gilded ornamentation and lettering. The question of the use of woods in exhibitions like this opens a wide field for consideration,

but we must not be led into it. It is to be wished that every foreign nation present were represented by the best of its native woods; whether we are well represented by our black walnuts is a disputable matter. From the Netherlands we walk to Brazil, who is present in the person of her emperor, an independent gentleman of business, seated with his staff somewhere within those clustered columns and behind those arches, and in the shape of her products and industries, which surpass those of any other nationality in South America. What lessons, if any, other magnates and commissioners may derive from us, Dom Pedro will derive that which is best for the great country he governs so wisely. We find one republic here—Switzerland—who is busy behind her lace curtains and among her plain iron show-cases filled with elaborate wares and toys,—tokens of her ingenuity and evidences of her thrift. There is an air of freedom there,—a breath from her rugged mountains; we think of the hardy men who defend them, and we seem to hear the joddling song of her milkmaids around her pretty *chalet*. Austria is not far off, in her blacks and yellows, under the shadow of her imperial black eagle, whose talons rend nothing here. Yonder are little Denmark and Norway, and Sweden, in her wooden flagree house, leaning upon her great column of porphyry, while her people show what they have done and can do. Yonder is the pylon and temple-enclosure of Egypt, and there are Chili and Japan. Three Continents pass and repass each other in this great Hall of Peace. We cannot begin to give an idea of what it contains, and after we have seen it we can bear away only the merest fraction of it. In one great department, devoted to minerals and metallurgy, we familiarize our sight with minerals, ores, stones, and mineral products, and with metallurgic products and mining engineering. In another and greater department, devoted to manufactures, we are almost stunned by our surroundings, by the glories of ceramic art, potteries, porcelains, and glasses; by the comforts of yarn and woven goods, and goods of felt and wool; by the beauty and sheen of silks and jewelry; by the glitter of weapons; by the mysteries of medicine and surgery; by the usefulness of edge tools and cutlery; and last, for we must stop somewhere, we are carried away by wheeled vehicles, in which dozens of us may ride. In another department, devoted to education and science, we come upon the finer side of man's nature,—in educational libraries, in scientific and philosophical libraries and instruments, and in works on architecture, geography, and the physical, social, and moral conditions of man. The mere enumeration of all this is bewildering. We had better escape it, and turn to general literature, which we find in the south-east corner of the Main Building, where some of

A CENTURY AFTER.



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

the booksellers of America have erected a publishers' pavilion, and where we see what our authors and printers and binders have done. The multitudinous shelves about us groan with books; or is it the moan of ill-paid American authors, and not-paid British authors, clamorous for international copyright? Are we bewildered enough yet? or shall we go up in the elevator in the tower and, from the platform, have a complete view of the whole interior of the Main Building? No; let us go elsewhere, say to Machinery Hall, where we shall be astounded, no doubt; but with different things. The new sensation will rest us.

Let us stroll across the Avenue of the Republic, a little way down Belmont avenue, where we can take in the whole length of the structure. We work our way through the crowds with care, and approach the lake, whose waters are a cool refreshment to us, and the plash of whose fountain, rising and falling in the clear sunshine, is a pleasant sound in our ears. It is an imposing building which stretches away before us, lessening in the distance, rising tier above tier; its corners bristling with spires; its great entrances capped with towers; its

THE CENTENNIAL.



INTERIOR OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.

length broken by projections and smaller entrances,—the simplicity of every detail adding largely to the nobility of the whole. The eye hardly perceives that it is over four hundred feet shorter than the Main Building. "It is more than twice the size of the Vienna building," a traveler at our elbow tells us, (it is a good thing to have crossed the seas,) "and finer every way in its architectural effect." "We are happy to hear it, sir, and are happy to have made your intelligent acquaintance, even for a moment." We stroll back along Belmont avenue, avoiding the surging crowd as well as we can, and find ourselves at

the main entrance to Machinery Hall. We cast our eyes upon its front, along the arches and pillared arches, and tiers of pillars above them, up from the base to the spiral corners and square towers, and are impressed with their simplicity and beauty. If we had not eschewed enumeration we should be tempted to give the dimensions of the two main avenues, the aisle between them, and the aisles on either side; the breadth of the promenades in the avenues and the transept; the breadth of the transept and its southern prolongation, and the eastern and western annexes, the former of which is nearly as large as the transept itself, and other architectural statistics which force themselves upon us. We meet, as we should, our guests first,—the whole eastern front being occupied by foreign peoples, the sole exception being Canada, who is before us. North of Canada is France, and adjoining Canada, in the north-east corner of the building, is Spain. Back of Spain is Sweden, and back of Sweden Russia. South of these are Belgium and Great Britain and her colonies, who are broadly arranged in the second group of nations, stretching across the hall until they reach the southern wall. On our left (we are still at the main entrance, remember) is Germany and Austria. All these powers fill less than one-fourth of the structure. The rest of the space—ten or twelve acres,—the prolongation and the annexes—is peopled by ourselves. The first thing to do is to see the tremendous iron heart, whose energies are pulsating around us. Our *cor cordium* beat first in the brain of Mr. Corliss, who conceived it, shaped it, and set it throbbing on the seventeenth day of April of this memorable year. To drop the figure and speak for a moment in figures, the great Corliss engine weighs eight hundred tons, and has a capacity of fifteen hundred horse-power, which can be increased to twenty-five hundred horse-power. It will run in eight miles of harness—we mean shafting—and urge on all the lesser enginery of the world on exhibition here. Not that it is expected to do so, or need do so, for the multitude of iron horses surrounding it, down to the smallest Shetland pony among them, will emulate it, and show what they can do. Will the flooring support its weight? Certainly; for the polished iron platform on which it stands rests upon solid and far-sunken foundations of brick. Poets see sublimity in the ocean, the mountains, the everlasting heavens; in the tragic elements of passion, madness, fate; *we* see sublimity in that great fly-wheel, those great walking-beams and cylinders, that crank-shaft, and those connecting-rods and piston-rods,—in the magnificent totality of the great Corliss engine. What would John Fitch have said to this when he conceived and abandoned the idea of

THE CENTENNIAL.



AGRICULTURAL HALL.

running carriages by steam one April day ninety-one years ago, or thirteen years later, when, despondent and desperate, he swallowed his last dose of opium pills, and slept his last sleep in Kentucky? Poor old John Fitch! One must be more familiar with machinery than most of us are to classify and describe the masses of it here, along every avenue and intersecting avenue and aisle, ranging up and down the whole length of the building, across the main entrance and the rear,—machinery everywhere, English, German, French, Austrian, Spanish, and American,—a city of it and its prodigious activities, making mining, chemical, and other tools; tools for working metals, wood, and stone; spinning, weaving, and sewing; printing, making books, and working paper; motors and power-generators; rolling stock and agricultural implements; aerial, pneumatic, and hydraulic,—everything you can think of in machinery and enginery, ingenuity, power, and speed,—human intelligence and industry at work for all mankind. We walk about as in a dream, confused with the forces which Labor has conjured up; spirits which it has let loose upon us, but which it controls with its iron hands and commanding voices. We are still more confused when we look from the interior gallery up to the thousands of feet of intersecting rafters and stays, and down upon the wonderful creations below. Shall we stay longer or go now, while it is multitudinous in our minds? Suppose we saunter

off elsewhere, pecunious and princely, and purchase a Turkish rug or a Persian carpet? We shall never have a better chance, nor a better memento of Machinery Hall. It will bring the Orient to us, and visions of grave-looking, long-bearded old pachas, who sit cross-legged on divans, smoking nargilehs, drinking coffee, or sipping sherbet.

We have seen what has been done in Machinery Hall, and the multifarious industries in the Main Building; let us turn now to art, horticulture, and agriculture. We have passed the Bartholdi Fountain and the Judges' Hall, and, sauntering along the Avenue of the Republic, are approaching the Art Gallery. It strikes us as being the most beautiful structure in the whole Centennial Grounds; symmetrical, massive, imposing, rising from its terraced height and overlooking the Schuylkill, which goes sparkling away over a hundred feet below. It is worthy of the permanence it is to have, thanks to the liberality and public spirit of the city of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania. We thread our way through the crowds, ascend the steps up the terrace, passing the horses of victory, which we prefer not to notice, turning any attention we have to spare upon the front of the Art Gallery and the great dome surmounted by the statue of the Country, a colossal woman looking down upon us, and the group of statues below her, and the victorious eagles on the four corners of her spacious palace. We pass up the short flight of steps which lead to the main entrance, and begin with sculpture. This, if the painters will allow us to think so, is the highest form of art. We feel here what Mrs. Browning failed to express in her "thunders of white silence," and, in a lesser degree, what Keats felt when he first saw the Elgin marbles. The avenue of sphinxes which led from Luxor to Karnak was barbaric to what we see here, where the sculptors of Europe compete with our sculptors in their noble art. Is America inferior to Europe in sculpture? The judges must decide that; we merely decide for ourselves that she is not. We walk through this avenue of statuary, passing from shape to shape. Can we retain what we receive and reproduce it in words? We cannot, and shall not attempt to. We enjoy the symmetry and grace and beauty of the forms and faces before us; "the rest is silence." It is impressive, but it is becoming oppressive; it draws upon too many moods and nerves. We can come back to it when we have rested our minds and refreshed our eyes. Everything that can be called art is here,—color in oil and in water, on porcelain, enamel, and metal; decoration on pottery and glass; mosaic and inlaid work; engraving and lithography; architectural designs and models,—there is no end of artistry in

THE CENTENNIAL.



UNITED STATES BUILDING.

the Memorial Hall. It is the same with the extension hall, where many of the best works are. Never before were Europe and America so largely represented in friendly rivalry. The best art of modern Europe is here; if the best art of America is not here it is not because committees have not selected from the art societies of the Continent. It is safe to say that the pictures of no American painter, living or dead, that are worthy of being seen, are absent, from the great canvases it is the custom to cover now down to the delicate little miniatures of Malbone. We shall see them all in time, and what England has sent,—the achievements of her Royal Academy, and some of the Queen's paintings; what France, imperial in art, has sent, and what Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, and Spain have sent. We can compare our artists with theirs, as theirs do, when they condescend to, and judge, every man of us for himself, what America has accomplished. We are sure of her in landscape and in sculpture. If Rome was not built in a day, she was built. If America has not attained the highest eminence in art she will attain it. With this cud for the critics to chew, we proceed to Horticultural Hall.

If we said the Art Gallery was the most beautiful building in the Centennial Grounds, we must for the moment have forgotten Horticultural Hall. It stands, as we see, upon the plateau between Belmont valley and Lansdowne Glen (hark, the band is playing in the glen!) and commands a wide view of the Park. Approach it from whatever direction we will, it is a marvel of beauty. The architecture is Moresque, light, elegant, charming; not so fantastic as most Alhambra structures, but substantial, and, in a certain sense, imposing. The main entrance, with its porch of arches crowned with a low dome, the front broken by a projection behind the porch, from the roof of which rise two flag-staffs flying the blue Centennial pennons, is strikingly picturesque. The side view of the building, with its central entrances flanked by the arch-roof of the conservatories,—the pillared and arched projection behind the entrance, and, beyond and above all, the long, arched, lantern roof,—is magnificent. Not less so the grounds which surround us, and which contain all out-door pageants of horticulture and arboriculture; great parterres that illustrate all methods of ornamental gardening, and are filled with flowers and the light of fountains; a forestry of ornamental trees, natives to the land, and choice and costly plants brought from distant quarters of the world,—Japan, China, and the like, and from England, France, Germany, Brazil, Cuba, Mexico; and promenades extending in all directions through this maze of greenery and color. There are over three miles of them in the forty acres of the Horticultural grounds. It is a perfect dream of Summer!

The interior of Horticultural Hall is to the exterior what the attar of roses is to roses,—the quintessence of all sweetness. The finest flower-language we have—that of Shakespeare in the mouth of Perdita, in the “Winter’s Tale,” and that of Milton, in “Lycidas”—suggests itself, and makes us feel how weak it is in the midst of these blooms and splendors. If we saw a dream of Summer without, we see Summer herself here in all her opulence. We see more, for, magnificent as the floral display is, we cannot keep our eyes from the walls which enclose it, and are finer than any we have yet beheld. They are glorious in the Moorish beauty of their reds and whites,—an apparent tile-work of squares, relieved by arches and rosettes, from the floor to the ceiling. We have waters, also, as we had without,—in the centre of this great conservatory Miss Foley’s marble fountain, and the eight lesser fountains which adorn its sides, younger sisters of that shining Naiad. If we are not learned in botany, we have the sense of seeing, and the sense of smelling—an innate botany, which is delighted now. We have also the sense of colors and forms. Who can sum

THE CENTENNIAL.



BRITISH AND NEW YORK BUILDINGS.

up the riches of this great treasure-house of Nature,—the curious and costly flowers and plants and shrubs; the shapes of the stems and boughs and leaves; the hues and tints of their buds and fruitage; their tropical lights and shadows; their far-off gorgeousness of bloom and verdancy; the great palms, the little blossoms, the yellow-red oranges, the yellow-white lemons, the roses, the lilies,—the inexhaustible resources which Nature is lavishly spending and receiving? She imposes her extravagance upon us, and as we hate to be extravagant we will ascend to the galleries, and taking a downward glance thence at this vision of Flora and Pomona, we will go out on the promenade, and resume our wonted composure with the sight of the grounds, which are to remain as they are, a permanent glory of Fairmount.

A few steps down Fountain avenue brings us to Agricultural avenue, which leads us past the New England Kitchen, and across the little stream that goes sparkling down Belmont valley, till we approach Agricultural Hall. It is an odd-looking structure, it must be confessed,—a combination of the fronts of squat cathedrals, flanked by towers with bulging copes and crosses, the gabled ends of interjected aisles, pointed arch windows, and what not beside that is

bizarre and Gothic. Architecturally speaking, it consists of a long nave crossed by three transepts, both the nave and transepts being composed of Howe truss arches. It is the third in point of size of the Centennial Buildings, covering an area of over ten acres, which is about half that of the Main Building. There is no room lost in it, though you would not think so as you approach it, for the spaces enclosed between the nave and the transepts, and the four spaces at the



SWEDISH SCHOOL-HOUSE.

corners of the structure, are roofed, and occupied by agricultural exhibitors. The simple word "agriculture" has a vaster and more varied meaning here than is given in any of the dictionaries. The old word-makers never saw anything like what is before us, and like what neighbors us; for forest products are here, as well as the tillage of the fields, the garden with its fruits, and distant lands with their pomology, marine animals and fish culture, animal and vegetable products, textile substances of animal and vegetable origin, not forgetting the dumb creatures, as we call them, who have a little enclosure of

twenty-two acres just outside,—horses, mules, and asses, horned cattle, sheep, swine, goats, and dogs (dogs dumb!), and all varieties of fowl and poultry,—a kingdom of obstreperous subjects, who neigh and bray and low and bleat and squeal and bark and crow and scream and cackle (dumb animals, quotha!): live stock, machinery, engineering,—the world of activity and industry represented in the word “agriculture.” We must enlarge our dictionaries, or create a new speech. We are reminded of the Main Building by the pavilions and houses which are scattered about us. Yonder, for example, we see the pavilion of Brazil enclosed in a bright painted railing, and yonder the tall archway-portal



JAPANESE DWELLING.

of Spain. There are over twenty nations here, thirteen of the powers of Europe,—all Europe, we may say,—China and Japan, three South American republics and one empire, Mexico, Canada, and a deputation of our own States. We occupy at least two-thirds of the space, showing more largely, perhaps, than anywhere else in the Centennial Grounds, in the shape of special exhibits contributed by the State Agricultural Boards of New England and the West. To describe all these products and implements, this world of tillage and husbandry, demands more bucolic knowledge than any one of us possesses, whatever he may pretend, and the man who can do it, if he exists, must be

A CENTURY AFTER.



NEW JERSEY BUILDING AND WOMEN'S PAVILION.

a formidable compound of directories and encyclopedias. Who is this greater Virgil?

We ramble down Agricultural avenue to Fountain avenue, and down the last until we stand in front of the United States Government Building. It is noticeable for its simplicity,—a business-like structure, with two short transepts, slanting roof, and a massive dome and cupola. The national flags are flying,—east, west, north, and south, and high over all on the dome. The Government is present in this edifice and in the two lesser houses north of it,—present in its might and its knowledge. The War Department is here with its display of weapons, from old wall-pieces, such as our forefathers hunted and fought with, to the huge cannon of to-day,—muskets, rifles, field-pieces, howitzers, swords, sabres, bayonets, and musket-making and cartridge-making machinery; the Navy Department, with its marine enginery and marine ordnance ready for action, and its trophies of adventure in Arctic seas,—a boat that was used by Dr. Kane and one that belonged to Sir John Franklin; the Post Office Department, with its model post and money-order offices and its corps of carriers,—industrious men of letters; the Treasury Department, with specimens of its moneys, paper

THE CENTENNIAL.

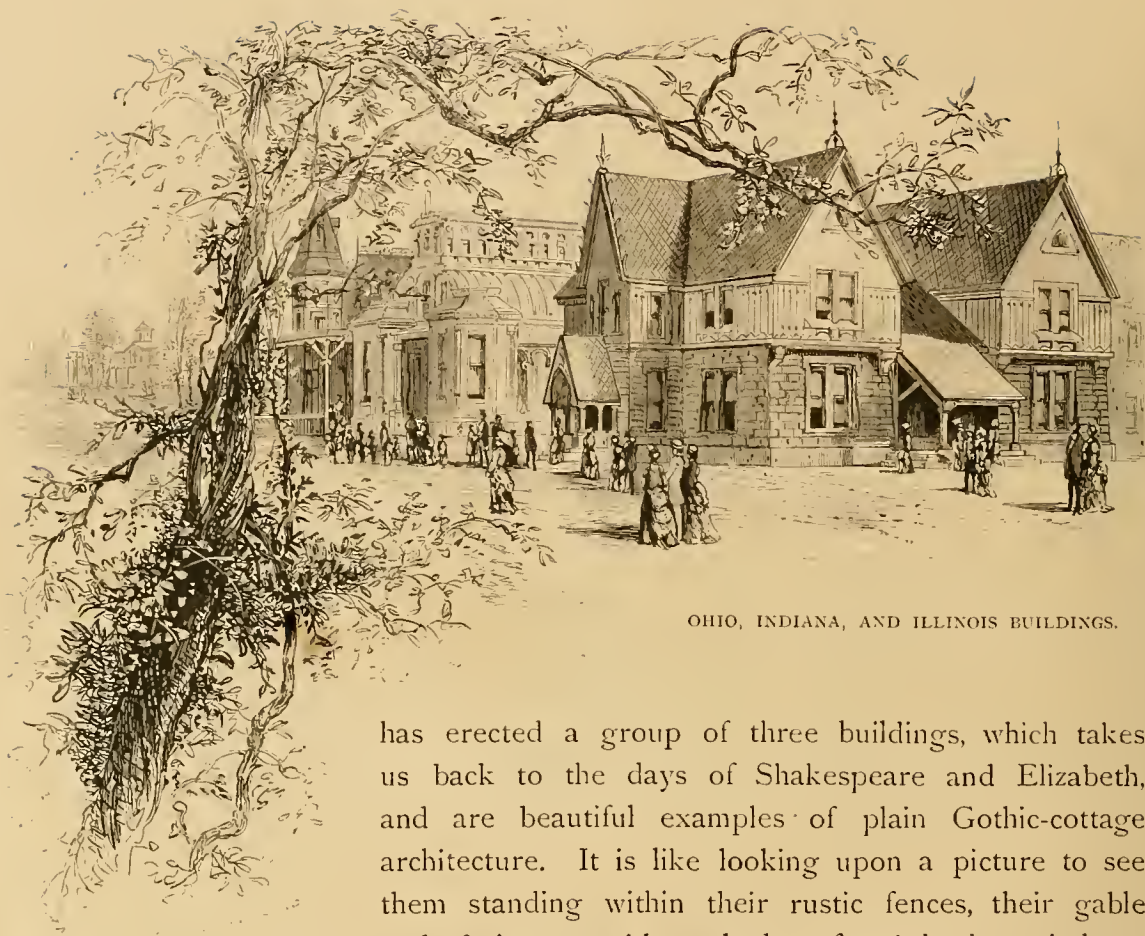


CONNECTICUT, NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND MASSACHUSETTS BUILDINGS.

currency and fractional currency, and coinages of gold, silver, nickel, and copper; the State Department, with rare and valuable papers; the Patent

Office, with its numberless plans and models, and last, the institution which takes its name from an eminent man of science, who came into the world with a ducal bar sinister in his escutcheon,—James Smithson. The Smithsonian Institution fills nearly one-half of the building with its archæological, ethnological, geological, and mineralogical collections and curiosities. One must be a *savant* to remember the different “ologies” that the Smithsonian is hatching into science. War in his highest capacities and Peace in her highest intellectuality are side by side, victorious and triumphant. The larger of the lesser buildings, which we see as we stroll up Belmont avenue, is the United States Hospital, occupied by the Army Medical Bureau; the other, between it and the Government Building, is the United States Laboratory, and the canvas there on State avenue is the United States Hospital Tent.

As we may be said to have done with the General Government, we are free to visit the houses of the States and nations scattered on and back of State avenue. We will begin with some of our visitors, say England, who



OHIO, INDIANA, AND ILLINOIS BUILDINGS.

has erected a group of three buildings, which takes us back to the days of Shakespeare and Elizabeth, and are beautiful examples of plain Gothic-cottage architecture. It is like looking upon a picture to see them standing within their rustic fences, their gable ends facing us, with peaked roofs, projecting windows, and gabled windows and porch; alike, but no two just alike in their interlacement of squares and slopement of angles and total architectural effect.

The most characteristic structure hereabout is the little cottage of Japan. It transports us into the very heart of that strange island-empire, whence its materials were brought over thousands of miles of sea, and the ingenious craftsmen, who handled them so deftly, shivering in the sharp air of our winter, working by eye-measurements and without nails. Our carpenters have ceased to smile at their odd fashion of working and their simple skill. Pursuing our way from State avenue to Belmont drive, we come upon the State buildings of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire. They are picturesque enough in a homely way,—gabled, porched, shingled, in what we take to be a Gothic-cottage style. If we had to make a choice out of the three we should select the pretty little house of Connecticut. From these we proceed to the State

THE CENTENNIAL.



PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING.

buildings of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. They are, we suppose, fair examples of Western architecture; at any rate they are curious ones. There is something effective in the color of the Ohio building, in the green stone and the variegated marble, and the front of the Indiana building is slightly suggestive of the stern of a double-deck river steamboat. A short stroll down Belmont avenue and we come to the unique building of New Jersey. It is a house of many gables and porches, built of cross-beams of timber, the first story filled in with light paneling, all the rest being covered with bright red tiles. What with its verandas, balconies, gables, and dormer windows, its square tower and its red tiling, it is the best piece of color in the whole Centennial Grounds. In the large building just below—the Women's Pavilion, a Maltese cross, with a handsome dome in the centre—the women of America have done themselves great honor. It was projected by them, was built with their money, and is filled with their pretty industries and winsome arts. If we had wine here our toast would be, "Woman, God bless her!" Strolling down Agricultural avenue, past the Brazilian building, (best respects to Dom Pedro,) we have reached the Swedish School-house. It is the most unpretentious building here, and one of the prettiest, with its

native woods shining in their polish, not a nail in sight, and no attempt at ornamentation in its simple peaked roof and its plain arched windows. Rambling down Agricultural avenue and along the Avenue of the Republic, we come to the Pennsylvania building. Let us enter its doors and rest and meditate.

One hundred years ago the colonies assembled in Independence Hall and declared that their allegiance to the mother country was ended. They were weak and she was strong; their only strength was in the extent of their territories, which was her weakness, and in the undaunted spirit of her sons, which was her defeat. They won their independence, the world looking on and minding its own business. The colonies became States, and were attacked again by land and sea. They conquered and prospered and grew great. To-day their dominion extends across the whole breadth of the Continent, from ocean to ocean. There is more in that simple statement than in any eloquent flight of language. One hundred years ago the State of Pennsylvania was sparsely settled; its immense wealth of iron and coal was unknown; its rivers were unnavigated; the population of Philadelphia was about twenty thousand. What the State is now we have seen in our journeying through it, and what the city, which has now a population of about eight hundred and twenty thousand. The tree that was planted by our forefathers, defended by their bayonets and watered by their blood, has shot up its sturdy stem, and is budding here, with the nations and the peoples of the earth around it. It was glorious in the seed; it is more glorious as we see it now, full-flowered, A CENTURY AFTER.



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